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By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

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VOL. IX.

MAY, 1906.

No. 1.

CHICK-A-DE-DEE.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snowbird was sitting close by on a tree
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long,
When Emily heard him, so loud was his song.
"Oh, mamma, look out of the window," said she,

"Here's a dear little bird singing 'Chick-a-de-dee!'

Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
Here's a dear little bird singing 'chick-a-de-dee!'

"Poor fellow, he walks through the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet.

I pity him so, how cold he must be!
And yet he keeps singing that chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And yet he keeps singing that chick-a-de-dee.

"Oh, mamma, do get him some stockings and shoes,
A frock and a cloak and a hat, if you choose.
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we could make him, poor chick-a-de-dee.

Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
How warm we could make him, poor chick-a-de-dee."

The bird had flown down for some crumbs of bread,

And heard every word little Emily said.
"What a figure I'd cut in that dress!" thought he,

And he laughed as he warbled his chick-a-de-dee,

Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And he laughed as he warbled his chick-a-de-dee.

"I am grateful," he said, "for the wish you express,

But I've no occasion for such a fine dress.
I had rather remain with my limbs all free
Than to hobble about singing chick-a-de-dee.

Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
Than to hobble about singing chick-a-de-dee.

"There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already and warm enough, too;
Good morning. Oh, who are so happy as we?"
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee.
Chick-a-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee.

MRS. HANFORD.

THE BOBOLINK.

Common names.—In New England, Babolinkum, Meadow Wink, Skunk Blackbird. In the middle states, Reed Bunting, Reedbird (four on a skewer, fifty cents.) In the southern states, Ricebird, Ortolan (a garden), Maybird. In Cuba, Butterbird, Cleamberg.

Migration—In the Spring they come from the Brazils and South America up to the New England states and then straight west to Utah and Montana,—4000 miles. They fly north exclusively by night; males come first. In October when returning they take no short cuts. Baskett says:

"It is stated that such Bobolinks as have gone west and are building beyond the Rocky Mountains have not learned how to take a short cut south to their winter homes by passing west of the Gulf of Mexico, but must return (as they worked their way out) to the Atlantic slope and go south as their tribe has done for ages."

Plumage—Changes twice a year; males wear white night caps, females are brown. In the fall they are "yellowish brown streaked with darker," sparrow-like, with

brown little feet, tail pointed and used as a third foot, hence supported on the reed.

Nesting and Nest—Males have as many partners as there are “years in their little lives.” The male’s “girl that he left behind him” the previous year may have gone off “with a handsomer fellow.”

The nest is hard to find, concealed in hay fields. After five years I found one on the prairie, where, like Thoreau, I had a long search and all the time it was within twelve feet of me. The little ones soon scamper away, and like little Bob-whites cannot be found.

Voice—“A delicious song,” “Acrobatic vocalization,” “A feathered extravaganza,” “Intoxicated vocalist,” “Artistic comedian,” “Music gone mad.”

“The Bob-o-link never ceases to worry the most superficial or profound geniuses of the world, from Emerson all along the line with Bryant, Irving, Thoreau, as to his voice.” He sings *in* and *through* the air.

Minot interprets him thus:

“Tom Noodle, Tom Noodle,
You owe me,
You owe me, ten shillings and sixpence.
I paid you, I paid you! You didn’t, you
didn’t,
You lie, you lie, you cheat!”

Another:

“How about your cart?
Your wheel’s off.
Linch pin, linch pin, linch pin,
Old Mrs. Parker.”

Burroughs:

“Ha, ha, ha!
I must have some fun.
Miss Silver Thimble,
If I break every heart in the window,
See, see see!”

There is another description of the Bobolink’s song which was first printed in Bird’s Congress book of the World’s

Fair. It was given to me by Ex-Secretary of Agriculture, General Leduc, by word of mouth from memory. I think it one of the very best that has ever been given:

“Bobolink, Bobolink,
Chewink, Chewink,
Che-weedle-weedle.
Never let Mary Link
Gad about with Harry Hoss, Muckle
Weaver,
Nor shall she marry Michael, Mangle,
Wurtzell.”

“When Nature had made all her birds
And had no cares to think on,
She gave a rippling laugh,
And out flew Bob-o-Linkon.”

In my boyhood days I have often sung with my playmates this ditty set to a tune in two sharps, and published in the Juvenile Choir in 1845:

BOB-O-LINKUM.

Tinkle, tinkle, Mister Winkum,
I’m a merry Bob-o-Linkum.
Prithee tell me what’s the matter
That you make such a clatter?
Can’t you leave us honest folks
To sing our songs and crack our jokes?

It is cruel, Mister Winkum,
Thus to bother Bob-o-Linkum.
I had thought the meadows mine
With their blossoms all so fine,
And I make my little nest
’Neath the clover all so blest.

But you come, O naughty Winkum,
All unheeding Bob-o-Linkum,
And you swing your saucy blade
Where my little nest is made,
And you cut the blooming clover
Which did wrap my young ones over.

Get you gone, you ugly Winkum,
Leave the field to Bob-o-Linkum;
Let him on his light wing hover
O’er the summer scented clover,
Let him sing his merry song,
And he’ll thank you all the day long.

G. Buffett Pratt.

To the Young Readers of *By The Wayside*.

In March the birds begin coming from their winter homes in the south, sometimes in South America, to their nesting places in the north. In May this *migration* is at its height. The woods and fields are full of them, they invade the city parks, and the trees in front of our houses. We can hear them calling to each other as they fly at night, or, perhaps, even see them passing across the face of the full moon.

Now is the time to go out and see how many kinds you can discover. I do not advise you all to go together; divide up into small groups and make as little noise as possible. Keep a list of all the birds you have learned the names of, and I am sure your teacher will be willing to let you have a big paper, at school, on which you will write the names of all the birds identified by the school, and the day when first seen. The next year when you go out you can compare what you find with what you have found this year.

May is the month for Warblers. You say you have never heard of them. Well, I will quote what some bird students say of them. Mr. Walter in his little book on "Birds in City Parks" describes Warblers as: "Tiny, tireless, gaily-colored explorers of the twigs of trees and bushes." Mr. Frank Chapman writes: "Warblers may be described as among our most abundant, most beautiful, and least known birds. * * * It is because we do not see Warblers unless we look for them, that they are strangers to so many people who go to the woods," and again "Between thirty and forty of these active, beautiful little creatures may be found in the course of a year in a single locality."

All warblers have long sharp bills

quite different from those of the sparrows.

Now I hope next month you will each have something to tell us about at least one Warbler.

J. T. G.

All honor to Queen Alexandra for giving her full support to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds in its crusade against the practice of destroying rare and beautiful wild birds for the value of their plumage. For years princesses of the royal family wore aigrettes on their heads and hats, but when the movement against the custom began to agitate society, the Queen, then Princess of Wales, was one of the first to enlist the sympathy of Queen Victoria for it, and by her own example make the ornament obtained at such sacrifice unfashionable. But it was not until she herself became Queen, and the slaughter of birds had alarmed every right-minded person, that she publicly gave support to the cause. Now, however, there is no uncertain measure in her majesty's action, and the wearing of birds, and more especially aigrettes, will condemn the woman to a limbo more dreadful than words can paint. the limbo of "bad form."—From the *Boston Herald*.

School Branch Audubon Societies have been formed in Wisconsin, since the last issue of the *WAYSIDE*, as follows: Cumberland, Miss Minnie Cliff, teacher, 54; Antigo, Miss Mae McNutt, 14; Heller, A. M. Bessey, 18; Wyocena, Jesse Miles, 24; Flambeau, Miss Adelyne Gordeau, 20; and the Elkhart Lake Society has added 43 new names, some of whom are adults who have asked to join the children. This makes a total of 341 school branch members during the school year.

An unfortunate error appeared in the April number of *BY THE WAYSIDE* in the article, "Bird Houses in Chicago Parks." Orioles do not use boxes nor is it expected that nightingales will come to Chicago.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

The Soil.

Soil study may be made interesting work for the children. They delight to play in the dirt, and the adult is to be pitied who does not like to get his hands into the rich mellow earth.

Perhaps the best way to introduce the subject is in relation to plants. Germinating seeds cannot be studied without some reference to the soil. Our familiar plants must have it. They get from it, first of all, a foothold. Then it is their source of water. But plants will not grow for any length of time in pure sand or sawdust which is kept damp, although both supply a support and moisture. Certain other substances, mineral matters and important nitrogen compounds are dissolved in the soil water. Plants grown in distilled water will not thrive, although if we add to this small quantities of the substances found in the soil they will grow almost as well as in the earth. Most soils have the material which plants want, but they differ in readiness with which they give them up.

Soils are divided roughly into clay, sand and loam. Clay consists of fine particles, sand of coarse. Both come from the decay of rocks, while loam comes largely from the decay of vegetable matter. Clay holds water best, preventing its escape below and its evaporation into the air. So will loam. Sand, on the contrary, will not hold water. But

plants need air as well as water, and if the soil particles are too close together and their interstices filled with water, they will suffocate. Sand is a good substance to start seedlings in because they can get the air and water they need, and they have food stored up in their seed leaves. But sand particles are too large to hold water, and plant roots cannot readily get their mineral supplies. They do not expose, in the aggregate, as much surface as do clay particles. Each grain of soil, when in the best condition for plant growth, is surrounded by a film of water. These soil films, assisted by minute quantities of acids excreted by the roots, and the carbon dioxide of the air, are slowly but surely dissolving the soil particles.

Humus, or loam, is particularly rich in those very important nitrogen compounds, and these are in a condition in which soil water can dissolve them. Most fertilizers are of the nature of humus, that is, decayed organic matter.

These considerations will suggest that sand mixed with clay and having a little loam with it, makes the ideal soil.

The next consideration is the condition which the soil should be kept after planting. There must be enough water and air. Out of doors, there is generally enough water, if it is not allowed to run off too quickly, or evaporate from the surface. In the former case it carries away the fine particles of the soil. The earth will soon become packed and hard and the air cannot enter. Some one has advised young farmers to water the ground with a rake instead of a watering-pot. That is, loosen the soil and thus form a dry porous mass on top which will allow the entrance of air but will check the evaporation. This cultivation of the soil

Continued on last page.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Goodrich or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards, Librarian, 846 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Fifteen Common Warblers.

Descriptions are of adult males only, and the dates of average arrival are those given by Professor W. W. Cooke in his compilation on the migration of warblers, appearing at present in *Bird Lore*.

BLACK AND WHITE WARBLER

Length, 5.3. Above streaked black and white; throat black, or black and white; belly white; sides streaked black and white. ("Color key to North American Birds" by Chapman and Reed.)

NASHVILLE WARBLER

L., 4.8. Olive-green; head and neck bluish gray; indistinct brown patch on crown; *bright yellow below; white eye-ring*. ("Wild Birds in City Parks" by H. E. and A. H. Walter.) Average date of spring arrival in Chicago, May 3.

CAPE MAY WARBLER

L., 5.1. Ear-coverts and wash on throat chestnut; crown blackish; back olive-green with black spots; below yellow streaked with black; wing-coverts broadly white * * * (Chapman and Reed.) Date of arrival in Chicago, May 6; Southern Wisconsin, May 11.

YELLOW WARBLER

L., 5.1. Inner vanes of tail feathers yellow; crown yellow, shading to greenish on back; below yellow streaked with reddish brown. Date of arrival in Morgan Park, Ill., May 1; Rockford, Ill., May 8; Southern Wisconsin, May 6.

BLACK-THROATED BLUE WARBLER

L., 5.2. A white patch or spot at base of primaries (wing quills); grayish blue above; face, throat and sides black; rest of under parts white.

MYRTLE WARBLER

L., 5.6. Crown, sides of breast and rump yellow; above blue gray streaked with black; throat white, breast largely black; two white wing bars, outer tail feathers with white. (Reed and Chapman.) Date of arrival, in Chicago, April 16; Rockford, Ill., April 15; Milwaukee, Wis., April 18; Central Wisconsin, April 19.

MAGNOLIA WARBLER

L., 5.1. Rump yellow; seen from below a white band across middle of tail; crown ashy, back black; wing-coverts broadly white; below yellow streaked with black. (Chapman and Reed.) Morgan Park, Ill., May 6; Rockford, May 7; Southern Wisconsin, May 10.

BLACKBURNIAN WARBLER

L., 5.2. Throat, line over eye, center of crown, and sides of neck bright orange; back black with a few whitish streaks; wing-bars broadly white; tail spots white. (Chapman and Reed.)

BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER

L., 5. Throat and breast black; cheeks greenish yellow; back olive green, wing-bars and tail-patches white. (Chapman and Reed.) Chicago, May 1; Rockford, May 3.

PALM WARBLER

L., 5.2. Back olive-brown, rump brighter; chestnut crown-patch; a line over eye; throat and breast yellow, belly much paler; breast and sides streaked with reddish brown. Chicago, April 25, Southern Wisconsin, April 30.

OVEN-BIRD.

L., 6.1. Above brownish olive green; crown orange-brown bordered by black; below white streaked with black. (Chapman and Reed.)

GRINNELL WATER THRUSH

L., 6. Above dark olive-brown; a whitish line over eye; below yellowish white heavily streaked, throat spotted with blackish.

MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT

L., 5.2. Forehead and cheeks black bordered behind by light gray; back olive-green, below yellow, brightest on throat and breast. Chicago, May 1.

WILSON'S WARBLER

L., 5. Crown shining black; forehead, cheeks and under parts yellow; back olive-green. (Chapman and Reed.) Chicago, May 14.

REDSTART

L., 5.4. Black, sides of breast, band on wings and on tail, rich salmon. (Chapman and Reed.)

These are all very common birds during the migrations. Look carefully at every little bird you happen to see moving restlessly about among the new leaves and you are sure to see most of these; the Palm Warbler, the Oven-bird and the Grinnell Water-Thrush, however, will usually be found on the ground, the latter along the shores of woodland streams.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Appleton, Wis., May 1, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

The red-headed woodpecker is about nine inches in length. They are very

good workers and are useful to man by destroying harmful insects. The eggs are more rounded than most birds' eggs. They are very smooth and glossy like porcelain, and pure white. The female lays from four to eight eggs. This woodpecker has a red head, bluish black on its back and tail, and all the rest is white, except a little red tinge on the belly. The nest is made in a tree, but not like other birds' nests. Most of the birds use dry grass, hair and string; but the woodpecker does not. The nest is simply a hole in the tree, which they make with their bills. Have you ever heard what a noise they make they make when they are excavating their nests?

Last year in March, two came every morning on the roof of our house and woke us up. They tapped away day by day until at last they made a hole in the roof. We had to put a piece of tin over the hole. The next morning when they came they did not know what to make of it! I suppose they would have made their nest there. Now, they have their nest in an oak tree behind our house. The first red-headed woodpecker that I saw this year was on the thirteenth day of February. It had, I believe, stayed in the oak tree all winter.

Yours truly,

Aged 13 years.

Alice Whitefoot.

Maywood, Ill., April 26, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

I saw nine bluebirds April 5th, then I saw one more on Wednesday, the 15th. They are seven inches long. They are beautiful song birds. They are blue and red. Their color is pretty, I think. Mamma said that they are about the prettiest birds in Maywood.

Yours truly,

Aged 14.

Hazel Simons.

Maywood, Ill., April 19, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

The meadow lark is a beautiful bird. The bird is a lightish brown and its breast is yellow with a black stripe around the front of its neck. His legs are very strong. It lays its eggs in a nest on the ground and it is hard to find its nest.

I have seen a bird and its color was all brown; its breast was lighter. It had red on its head. But I do not know its name. Will you please tell me what kind of a bird it is?

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Elsie Gesch.

This bird was probably the Flicker.

Creedo, Colorado, April 19, 1906,

Dear Wayside:

The magpie is a bird that lives in the mountains and our altitude is 9000 feet above the sea level. The magpie is larger than a robin. They are black and have a little white on them. They are very pretty birds. You can teach them to talk and they can call you. They are thieves and they will take anything they can lift. They build their nest in a tree in the mountains so cruel boys won't steal their eggs or little ones. But sometimes the boys go in the woods and take their eggs or little ones. They make a queer noise worse than a blue jay's. If you can catch them you can teach them to stay with you and not leave you or run away and they will come home at night. Grade 3.

Zella Blades.

Elkhart Lake, Wis., April 19, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

I am very much interested in birds I will tell you a story of a bluebird which

was in our cottage. There were three birds there; they had come in through the chimney and could not get out again. There was one oriole and two bluebirds. The oriole and one bluebird were dead. The other one was almost dead, but I took the live one home and fed him and then put him in a cage and kept him in a cage until morning. Then I took him outside and let him fly away.

His color was a bright sky blue on his back and yellowish-brown on his breast. Bluebirds like to build in boxes or in a fence post where there is a hole. They lay from five to six pale blue eggs. The bluebird gets its name from its color. Miss Ida Diehl is my teacher. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade.

Yours truly,

Viola Laun.

Medford, Wis., April 27, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

We all like to read THE WAYSIDE. We have a house of our own with a large yard and many trees. In the back yard we made bird houses. In our front row of large trees there are so many nests that we can hardly count them until the leaves have fallen. The robins have an old nest that they use every year. There are also many wrens here. We have sparrows but we do not know what kind they are; they are large and the male has a black necktie with some white. We have a kind of an ash tree that is covered with red berries in fall. No birds touch them but as soon as they are fully ripe a flock of cedar waxwings will have a feast on them. Last fall we counted more than thirty. The goldfinches come and get the seeds. We have also seen a white-breasted nuthatch

and a downy woodpecker once in a while in our trees. There are many more here, but we do not know their names yet.

Yours respectfully,
Aged 11 years. Willie Zeit.

Appleton, Wis., May 3, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

Last summer some robins built a nest in our box elder tree. It was not long before there were three blue eggs in it. In a few weeks there were three hungry birds to be fed. The mother and father would go away and come about every hour. When they came back they would have their mouths full of worms to give to the little robins. The mother bird came in our back yard, and how do you think she got the worms? She would hop a little and then put her ear to the ground and listen if there were any worms. She then would peck into the ground and pull the worm out.

In about a month, the little birds had feathers and strong wings. They have speckled reddish breasts, brownish heads and wings. They learned to fly in our back yard among the cherry trees. The mother bird would call to them, and they would try to fly to her. It was not long before they learned. Then they left their nest. I have not seen them back again this year.

Yours truly,
Aged 11 years. Henry Belszer.

Appleton, Wis., May 2, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

One day in March, I saw a flicker across the road near our house. The flicker has had his nest in a tree for the last few years, but this year the sparrow built his nest in the tree, so when the sparrow came, he found that some other family had moved into his house. The

flicker did not like this so they had a fight. The sparrow soon gave up fighting and went away. Then the flicker built his nest in the tree. In a few days the sparrow came back and looked in the nest, but did not go in.

The flicker is about thirteen inches in length, and the female lays five to ten eggs. It has been known to lay seventy-one eggs in one season. The eggs are white in color and are quite large.

Yours truly,
Aged 11. Raymond Kranzusch.

Letters have been received from Otto Zimmerman, Elda Laun, Edna Metze, Russell Pope, Ida Bratz, Blanch Schwass, Margaret Bitner, Florence Loos, Emmery Gruenke, Irving Van Oyen, and three letters from some young readers in Creedon, Colorado.—Carl Blades, Major Frazee and Zella Blades.

NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

The Soil.

(Continued from page 4.)

serves another purpose, for it helps the plants to break up the soil so that they can get at the mineral stores. In this connection the work of the earthworm should be mentioned.

All of these points may be illustrated to the children by simple experiments. If there is a school garden, the work can be very complete, but much can be done in the school room. The origin and fate of soil is a fascinating subject. The soil mantle over the rocks of Wisconsin is especially interesting and in its simple elements not too difficult for grade children to understand. Now that spring is here, would it not be profitable to spend some time in the study of the relation of the plant to the soil so that throughout his life each child may have an appreciation of his dependence upon it?

R. M.

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VOL. IX.

JUNE, 1906.

No. 2.

Annual Meeting of the State Audubon Society.

An audience that filled the first floor of the Baptist church listened to a friendly talk by Professor I. N. Mitchell of Milwaukee on the Value of the Birds, illustrated with lantern slides, last evening. It was the occasion of the annual meeting of the Wisconsin Audubon Society, and after the address the business session was held at which officers were elected for the coming year. The audience was composed largely of children, many from the primary grades and it was interesting to note how readily these youngsters would call the name of a bird as its outline was flashed upon the screen. The speaker was introduced by the president, Mrs. Joseph Jastrow, in a happy speech recounting the work of Professor and Mrs. Mitchell in preparing reading matter relative to birds for the children of the state.

As many as fifty views were used showing a large part of the insect-destroying and weedseed-eating birds that live in Wisconsin all or a part of the year. The last views were of the Egret, the bird that has been so often cruelly scalped to cater to the vanity of humanity. The prepared plume, as worn in millinery, has been dubbed the "white badge of cruelty." The speaker mentioned the sources from which the country is receiving information regarding the habits of birds, as the various Audubon societies, the department of agriculture in Washington and

the mania for nature study now sweeping through the land.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

The following officers were elected for the year 1906-7:

President—Professor William S. Marshall, Madison.

First vice president—Dr. R. H. Deniston.

Second vice president—George Rayermer.

Secretary-treasurer—Mrs. R. G. Thwaites, 260 Langdon St. Madison.

Secretary-treasurer of children's department—Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton.

Directors—Mrs. W. F. Allen, Mrs. C. N. Brown, Mrs. C. E. Buell, Miss Louise Claude, Mrs. F. K. Conover, Dr. J. C. Elsom, Miss Therese Faville, Miss Helen Kellogg, Mrs. W. A. P. Morris, Professor H. L. Smith Mrs. F. J. Turner and Mrs. Joseph Jastrow, all of Madison.

Honorary vice presidents—Mrs. F. W. Allis, Colonel W. J. Anderson, Mrs. R. M. Bashford, Mrs. O. D. Brandenburg, Mrs. F. M. Brown, Dr. J. C. Elsom, Mrs. R. M. La Follette, John M. Olin, Mrs. E. T. Owen, Justice J. B. Winslow, Dr. A. P. Wilder, all of Madison; Dr. H. W. Abraham, Appleton; Mrs. F. G. Bigelow, Milwaukee; Mrs. G. A. Buckstaff, Oshkosh; Mrs. W. K. Galloway, Eau Claire; Mrs. S. S. Merrill, Professor I. N. Mitchell and Mrs. G. W. Peckham Milwaukee; Professor E. C. Perisho, Platteville; Mrs.

W. H. Upham, Marshfield; Mrs. H. F. Whitcomb, and Professor O. B. Zimmerman, Milwaukee.—From Madison, (Wis.) Democrat.

At the business meeting, after the secretary-treasurer's report, an informal report of Miss Marshall's work on *BY THE WAYSIDE* was given by the secretary and her resignation received. A vote of thanks was passed in acknowledgment of her service. Miss Edna Edwards of Appleton, was chosen to continue her work.

Proposed State Parks.

The project, started over three years ago, to have the state park or preserve the Devil's Lake region, one of the most beautiful in its boundaries, is assuming definite form and receiving increasing favorable and enthusiastic advocacy.

When governor, Mr. La Follette, by authorization of the legislature, appointed a commission "to investigate the advisability of establishing and maintaining state parks at Devil's Lake, Sauk county, and the Dells of the Wisconsin in Juneau, Adams, Columbia and Sauk counties."

Two of the commission, Mr. Griffith, state forester, and Mr. Hutchins, of the state library board, (the third member has not yet been appointed) have inspected both localities and favor parking both, but on account of the lack of unanimity of opinion of the people of Kilbourn, consequent of the uncertainty of the outcome of the proposition to develop the water power at the Dells, their report to the governor will be, it is understood, in favor of the lake region. A moment's reflection will convince anyone that this does not preclude the possibility, or even probability, that the Dells will be parked at some future time; indeed the parking

of the Lake will, it is believed, be but a forerunner of the parking of the Dells.

The thing desired by those interested in the project is that advocacy which shall best acquaint those people of this state and of other states who will use their influence to secure the passage of a bill by the next legislature providing for an appropriation for the purchase and maintenance of this most beautiful region.

This lake park is designed to serve as something more available and accessible, something nearer to the great centers of population, something between a formal city park and a large and scattered forest reserve, and a place more completely under the control of the state and the watchful eye of the many who will surely come to look on it as property common and requiring the protection of all.

There is in the promotion of this project no contemplated exploitation of the industrial building up of any local community; its prime movers are actuated by the insistent realization that here is a beautiful spot which calls for immediate protection against certain destruction. That is, and will continue to be, the main propelling force back of this movement. The proposition is certainly outside of politics—let it be kept there—and let every reader of this lend his enthusiastic support to the consummation of this commendable undertaking.—From Baraboo, (Wis.) Democrat.

"If the people of Wisconsin know what they are about they will take early steps to prevent the desecration of the beauty of the Wisconsin river dells at Kilbourn by commercial interests which are preparing to develop electrical power there," said E. H. Roger, Buffalo, at the Plankinton yesterday. "We of New York

know what that means. We have a fight on to save the beauty of Niagara. We have been compelled to appeal to congress. What the result will be I would not presume to prophesy, because attempting to forecast congressional action is as uncertain as betting on an election. But we have confronting us a well organized attempt of commercial interests to desecrate the grandest of nature's works in America. It should serve as a warning to all other portions of the country that we have been compelled to appeal to congress at a time when it is all but too late to save any of the beauty of the falls.

"It certainly would be too bad if commercial efforts should be permitted to desecrate the only beauty spot, the only piece of scenery between the Alleghany and the Rocky mountains. I am in no position to say what will be the result of the erection of the power dams at Kilbourn and Portage. But in the light of the experience with Niagara I am in a position to say to you and the people of Wisconsin that you should take steps immediately to find out what the effect will be. They should not wait until after the damage has been done, and the desecrators have hidden behind the bulwark of 'vested rights.'"—Milwaukee Free Press., Feb. 16, 1906.

Save the Robin.

Many people of the North are probably unaware of the fact that in the Southern States, where Robin Redbreast spends the winter, he is regarded as a game bird and is persistently shot both for recreation and for the market.

By far the greatest destruction of robins occurs at night when the birds in immense numbers assemble to roost, flying in from all directions as the evening gathers.

The roost is in some favored growth of cedar trees or small pines, and is generally used throughout the season. So closely do the birds sit on their perches that a single discharge of a gun will often bring down twenty or thirty victims. However, the negro or average country boy does not need a gun in order to kill all the robins he may want. These hunters usually go in pairs, and after one, who carries a torch, has climbed into a tree, his companion disturbs the boughs of the neighboring trees with a pole or by means of a club. The frightened birds dart toward the light, and the torch-bearer, seizing them as they flutter about the flame or alight near by, crushes their heads and drops them to the ground. Sometimes a second man climbs the tree and with a brush strikes down the terrified birds. Frequently a dozen or twenty lights may be counted about a robin roost in a night, and the number of birds slain on such occasions aggregate into the thousands.

The National Association of Audubon Societies (Incorporated), which has already done so much to cultivate a better sentiment for bird and game protection in the United States, has intelligently taken up this matter.—Audubon Leaflet.

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"To add to the resources of one's life. —Think how much that means! To add to those things that make us more at home in the world; that help guard us against ennui and stagnation; that invest the country with new interest and enticement; that make every walk in the fields or woods an excursion into a land of unexhausted treasures; that make the returning seasons fill us with expectation and delight; that make every rod of ground like the page of a book in which new and strange things may be read; in short those things that help keep us fresh and sane and young, and make us immune to the strife and fever of the world."—John Burroughs.

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

Mosquitoes.

Out of the thousands of insects in the world, what ones shall we select as subjects for the nature lessons? So far as our relations to them are concerned, there are two kinds, those that are friends and those that are enemies. To the former class belong the bees; there are hosts in the latter class, and it is important that the children know a few of these, too. In all cases they should get, not only the external characters, but the life histories and the relation to man.

The mosquito is one of the most common of injurious insects. It belongs to the class *Diptera*, and its relatives are the flies. They have, as the name indicates, but two wings, instead of four as most insects have. However, the rudiments of the second pair may easily be found. The metamorphosis, or change from the young to the adult, is very complex. In fact, the insect passes through two distinct forms before reaching maturity, the larval and the pupal stages. The mouth parts are peculiarly developed to form a piercing organ, two sharp needles lying in a proboscis formed by the upper and lower lip. Its usual food is probably the juices of plants, but when it has a chance, it pierces the skin of animals and sucks the blood.

It is the females only which "bite." If one be captured when it is gorged with blood, and confined in a glass containing

a little water, the eggs will be deposited on the surface. A twig should be placed in the water for the mosquito to rest upon. The eggs are placed together in a case called a boat. They can often be found on the surface of stagnant water. They hatch the same day. The larvae or "wigglers" are worm-like. They swim about in the water, coming to the surface to breathe through the air tubes which open at the posterior end of the body. In a few days they change into pupae; unlike most insect pupae, the mosquito is active. These are also called "wigglers"; but they are shaped like a comma. From these the mature insects issue in a short time, to repeat the life cycle and incidentally to make life miserable for man and domesticated animals.

Mosquitoes were commonly regarded as necessary evils until a few years ago when the discovery that certain species (not the one commonly found in Wisconsin), were the carriers of diseases like malaria and yellow fever, made it imperative that some way be found by which we could be rid of the pests. A moment's consideration shows that the time to attack the insect is when it is in the immature stages.

A few drops of kerosene oil on the surface of a glass containing wigglers will destroy them, because they cannot get air at the surface. This can easily be demonstrated. But the best way to be rid of these insects is to see that no water is allowed to stand when the eggs can be deposited.

Children can be shown this after the life history has been taught, and it will lead them to see the necessity for clean and well kept yards and streets. A few intelligent lessons in school will go a long ways in educating the public along the lines of sanitation and control of noxious insects.

R. M.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By The Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Goodrich or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards, Librarian, 846 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Miss Edna Edwards librarian, will act as secretary of the Children's Department and editor of the *Wayside* for the coming school year. After June tenth all communications may be sent to her at Appleton.

Summer Bird Work.

The Wisconsin Secretary wishes again to offer a prize of a bird book to the boy or girl who will write the best letter containing original observations made this summer in the study of birds. Many of our young *WAYSIDE* readers have put up bird houses to tempt the birds to build near their homes. Some are watching the nest building in other places. Here are chances to see the home life of the birds. If all of these observations could be written down they would make some good stories. Letters should reach *BY THE WAYSIDE* by September 1st.

The School Branch Societies.

The editor is glad to print such reports as the following.

In behalf of the Hillside Home School

Audubon Society I send you a report of our last meeting held on Arbor Day in connection with our Arbor and Bird Day exercises. We have a most enthusiastic society and the systematic study we make of birds in our regular school work make of our students not simply bird students but bird lovers as well. This year we have had thirty-two new members. The wearing of feathers and birds was presented in a manner to greatly impress the pupils with the enormity of the fashion. Even our little six-year old Mary was greatly shocked the next Sunday to see in church a lady with two gull wings upon the hat. Verily—"A little child shall lead them."

From Superior the editor has this very encouraging letter:

I am sending you the signatures of our forty-eight new members from the primary grade. The Nelson Dewey Audubon Society now has four hundred and five members. I have charge of it and interest the primary children each year. (I teach the first B grade.) Then we have one general meeting each year in the high school assembly room at which time each grade contributes a number to the musical and literary program and we have one speaker from outside. This plan has been followed for the past three years. Mr. U. E. McCaskill of the Superior State Normal School has been the one to make the address each year, speaking on some phase of the subject of birds.

The Elkhart Lake schools are doing good work under the leadership of Miss Ida Diehl; they have a total membership of 146. At Heller, A. M. Bessey

teacher, there is an increase of 9 members, making the total 26. Miss Adele Lange has organized a society of 37 in the sixth grade of the Walker School of Washburn. At Augusta, Miss Jennie Wadley teacher, has organized the Kirkland Valley Audubon Society with a membership of 23. The Misses Lloyd-Jones have added 32 new members to the society at the Hillside Home School. Miss Amy Whipple of Waupaca reports a branch of 25 members. Miss Alice Bennett of Wyocena adds 24 to the society already formed. Miss Elizabeth McCormick of the Nelson Dewey School, Superior, sends 48 new names, making a grand total of 405 for the school. Miss Lillian Bushman of the Howell School, Racine, has organized a society of 27. Miss Grace Marshall, of La Valle, has a society of 22; Miss Kate Baker, Stevens Point, has organized her rural school of 25; Miss L. Esther Stuart, South Wayne, sends 21 names; and the school children of Rhinelander, to the number of about 350, have taken the Audubon pledge under the leadership of the librarian of the public library, Miss Mary Bevans. This gives a total of 650 new names, bringing the entire enrollment for the school year up to 991.

Cross Plains, Wis., May 31, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

I request you in the name of our school children to please tell us the names of the following birds. The bird is about as large as a goldfinch, probably a little longer. It has a black head; this black extends down the breast. On each side of the breasts are spots of bright orange. There is also some orange in the wings. The rest of the latter are black. In the tail are feathers of orange tipped with black. But this orange is

not as bright as that of the wings and breast. This bird often spreads its tail very prettily and hops about in the tree from branch to branch as if it could not sit still. The under part of the body is light gray.

Another little bird that we have seen but do not know is one a little larger than a goldfinch. It has a plump little body, the top of its head, wings, tail and back are gray. The entire under part of its body is a bright yellow. Either the male or female, (which it is we do not know) has a black collar around its neck. Hoping to receive an answer, I remain as ever,

Yours very respectfully,

Aged 12.

Mamie Meyer.

The first bird is the male redstart without doubt; the second is probably the male Canadian warbler.

Feb. 25, 1906. Necedah Wis.

Dear Wayside:—

I will tell you how our society started.

It was John James Audubon, a distinguished American ornithologist, born in 1780 in Louisiana, May 4. He was educated in Paris, his parents being of French origin. After returning to America he was married and went to live on a plantation. He spent his time wandering through the woods watching the habits of birds. Often he was gone for months entirely alone in absolutely uninhabited regions. The varieties of birds which he observed he sketched at once. After about fifteen years of such exertion, he went to Philadelphia and while living there drew many birds from nature, but his pictures were all destroyed. About ten years later he removed to Hinderson Kentucky and spent many years in the woods of the

west and south catching birds and painting pictures of them.

In 1826 he went to England and published a work called "The Birds of America," which contained pictures of more than a thousand birds, all of life size and in their natural colors.

This was followed by another great work on the habits of the birds of the United States, and after that he began a book of the "Quadrupeds of America," but he died before it was done and it was finished by his sons. Audubon died in New York, seventy-one years of age, January 27, 1851. His works brought him very much fame.

Andre Fisher.

About Trees.

Our nature lessons now are about trees. We have learned a lot of their names. There are the red, hard, and ash-leaf maples, the cottonwood and the locust with its two little guards for each leaf. The buckeye is another, then there are the beautiful beech and elm.

Miss M. has all these trees represented by twigs. She has us put them in two different piles, the ones with alternate buds in one pile and the ones with opposite buds in the other.

The little round scar below the bud is called the leaf scar; it is where the last leaf grew and dropped off.

People can almost teach themselves nature if they only notice things and know their names. I have found this true.

Angeline Freeman.

LaCrosse, Wis.. April 19, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

The Meadow Lark is a beautiful bird. It lives on the ground eating bugs and worms, and does not destroy crops. It

has a very beautiful song. I have gone out several times just to see a meadow lark, but was not lucky enough to see it. I have heard it sing several times and thought I saw it, but it would always be a flicker eating worms out of the ground.

The Prairie Horned Lark is quite common now. Almost every time I cross the prairie I see one.

The Meadow Lark is about eleven inches long and belongs to the blackbird family. The back and sides are brown and chestnut striped with black. The top of the head is brown and black with a light colored line running through the center. The throat is yellow with a large black crescent on the breast. Underneath it is yellow fading into dark brown. The nest is built on the ground and is very hard to find. Last year I saw several Meadow Larks out near the bluffs.

The other day I found a towhee's nest in a yard on Eleventh street and a phoebe's nest under a bridge near the bluff. I hope no boys destroy the nests, for I would like to watch the young ones. Last year I found a mourning dove's nest and I watched the young ones until they flew away. It wasn't much of a nest, there were two eggs on a stump and a mourning dove flew up when I came near, so I knew it was a mourning dove's nest.

Yours truly,
Russell Pope.

The Downy Woodpecker.

One evening, while going home from school, my friend and I heard a sharp "peek" coming from an orchard which we were passing. The call wasn't quite so loud as that given by the Hairy Woodpecker but we decided that the bird was

some kind of a woodpecker just by his notes.

We went into the orchard, but when we got close enough to see him, he flew away. We went on until we came to a group of willows near the road when we heard the same call again. We also heard him pecking on the trees. We went over there, getting within twelve or fifteen feet of him. He seemed very tame and flew from tree to tree, picking at the bark. He would alight on a tree about ten or twelve feet from the ground and then go around the tree and upward till he reached the top. He clung to the sides of the trees, bracing himself by his tail. His tail was short and stubby. He was a little larger than an English Sparrow and had a band of pure white on his back. On either side of this white band there was a black band with a few white spots in it. He had a bright scarlet spot on the back of his head and a white breast. His head was black striped with white. His feet were just like claws and he went easily around the tree trunks. His bill was stout and he looked as if he were a little humped.

We looked in the Bird Guide and found that he was a Northern Downy Woodpecker.

The next day he was in the same grove of trees with his mate. She didn't have the red patch on her head.

We understand these woodpeckers make holes in old trees and live in them in the winter and that they also nest in them, laying from four to six white eggs on the bare wood. So we have determined to keep a good watch on our new acquaintances and see if we can find their nest this summer.

The woodpeckers do a great deal more good than people usually think, by destroying the grubs and larvae in the orchard trees.

Arcola, Ill.

Nellie Fleming.

Elkhart Lake, April 19, 1906.

Dear Miss Marshall:

The teacher and the children in our room went walking last Monday. We saw eight gulls, six blackbirds, two robins, three bluebirds, two orioles and some other ones. We found two orioles' nests and some other nests. In our front yard is an oriole nest. It is a hanging nest. I like to hear birds sing. I like them very much. My sister made two bird houses. She put them in a tree. I saw two robins Monday. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade.

Yours truly,

Elda Laun.

Gross Point, Ill., March 26, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

Last summer one day while we were at our lunch we saw two bluebirds go into the old apple tree which had a hollow hole in it. They had a few strands of hay and went into the hole and in a few moments they came out. Then we went to look into the hole and the birds were making a nest. A few days after we went to look again and there were two pale blue eggs. We did not tell anybody for we were afraid they would break them or touch them. We went to look again and they were broken. I think the little birds must have come out. Every morning we took bread crumbs out to the tree.

Yours very truly,

Aged 12.

Gertrude Blum.

An extract from a letter to the editor from a Wayside mother:

Daniel came home this noon with a small wooden box from the store which he intends making into a bird house. He will then take it to school for inspection by his teacher who will act as judge. Several of the boys are to make one. They will finally place them at home somewhere for use by the birds. We enjoy "By the Wayside" very much.

By The Wayside

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Fields Ruined by Pigeons Years Ago.

Mrs. Jane E. Rappleye of Brooklyn, writes to the New York Sun as follows:

"In Adams county, Wisconsin, one morning in April, 1871 or 1872, a large flock of strange pigeons alighted in our yard and foraged on the acorns. The previous autumn there had been the most beautiful crop of nuts we had ever known. Every day large flocks of the birds appeared, until within a week the air was so full of them that their shadows were like those from heavy rain clouds.

"At that time, thirty-five years ago, that part of the country was thinly settled. One could ride miles without finding an inhabitant. We were pioneers. The endless forests of oaks and pine were still untouched. Every few miles was a beautiful stream. It was an ideal resting place for the pigeons. From daylight till dark they were busy building nests, and the noise they made was incessant and so great that it was a relief to us when the birds settled down for the night.

"The nest was a frail affair of a few twigs, leaves and grass. It was a wonder such a nest could hold the one or two eggs and the fat little squab until it was able to fly, and as I remember now, we never saw more than one squab in each nest, though there were often two eggs. There were perhaps twenty-five nests to every tree, and these nests extended

thirty-five miles through the forest, the belt of nested trees being from one mile to a little more than a mile in width. The belt was fairly straight and regular.

"Our fields were soon ruined. It did not take such an army long to consume everything near the rookeries. After that we were told they fed as far as the Minnesota wheat fields.

"Very few of us in that country at that time knew what it was to have feather pillows and feather beds, a much needed comfort for that bitter winter climate, and so it was a great treat for the old settlers to have such a bountiful supply of game and feathers come to them. Every one that could muster a shotgun was out whenever a flock of pigeons descended near a settler's home in the open. The hunters had only to wave their arms to scare up the birds, then fire, walk over the ground and pick them up in baskets or bags.

"The birds were not very wild and were not quite as large as our tame pigeons, but fine eating. It was a great treat for the Indians, both for food and oil. The oil they collected in vessels. They used the oil for cooking, besides oiling their faces with it to make the skin tan and shine better and show off their paint.

"There is no game superior to the wild squab. We would take our baskets, dog and ox team and ride out in the woods, take an axe and strike a tree a hard

knock till the birds would fall to the ground, and then such scrambling as they and the dogs would make until the baskets and bags were filled. Then back to the house to take out the breasts as that was all we used of them. We would pack them in jars with a little salt and water, and eat them fried, stewed or in pot-pie. The season lasted, as I remember now, about six weeks from the time they made their appearance until they suddenly disappeared.

It was a long time before we heard where they located again. The next time we heard of them they were nesting in Ulster county, New York state.

"It was a mystery to me how, after they had flown away miles for food they would return, each bird to its own nestlings. One would always stay with the squab while the other hunted food. When they migrated the parent birds took all their young that could fly, and those that were not able to keep up were left to perish or struggle up as best they could and follow on.

"There was a story told to give strangers some idea of the millions of birds in that flock—of a farmer who blazed away as the birds rose for flight. He did not bring down a bird, but picked up a bushel basket full of legs. He had fired low. It did not require a very remarkable imagination to invent even such a yarn after seeing fully 23,000 acres of dense forest filled with one army of countless millions of wild pigeons."

The Orphans.

Some time ago, in a secluded, far-back country, a young loving couple were about to set up a home of their own. Although they had no wealth but healthy bodies and loving hearts, they did not wait or ask for help from their relatives,

but went to work with a will to build their own home.

There was plenty of material which they could have without asking but it was in a raw state, and must be gathered, prepared and carried to the little nook which had been selected as the site for their home.

The wife bravely went with her husband and worked early and late in the fields, woods, and by-ways gathering material for their future home. After long and patient labor they had a rude frame constructed, and after it was sided and made warm and comfortable their attention was given to the adornment of the interior, and soon the cozy home was tastefully furnished with soft little beds and couches filled with feathers, hair, down, grass, and any other material which they could find, and, when finished, they were very proud and happy indeed.

The overhanging trees put forth their leaves, and so completely surrounded their home that one would hardly notice it unless especially looking for it. And it was well that nature threw out this protection for the land was infested with robbers and foul murders had been committed in the vicinity for the small pitance of the very clothing that their victims wore.

Now these young housekeepers still wore their wedding suits, simply because they were not able to procure any others, and being made of good, substantial material, they would easily last a whole year, and by that time they were sure of a new suit. They were a beautiful shining black with here and there touches of a bright orange. The husband's coat was of a gayer hue than the wife's, having more of the orange trimming, for she always liked sober colors even when a

bride. This made them more in danger than their more plainly dressed neighbors.

They worked in the fields with much fear and trembling and they were always on the lookout for harm. Occasionally they would hear an unusual tread or rustle of leaves; they would hie themselves to to some place of hiding till the danger was passed. So they toiled on many happy and contented days in spite of this one great trouble, and they often sang merrily at their work and the woods rang joyfully with their music for they were sweet singers. And whenever they were not afraid one could hear their sprightly notes far away.

In the course of time there were four sweet little darlings given to them. They were the exact counterparts of both their parents, for every one said that husband and wife resembled each other very much.

The little children grew and thrived and the parents were proud of them and loved them very much. But as they had as yet been unable to lay by any of the world's goods, they were still both compelled to work in the fields, and it was necessary that they should labor more now that they had others than themselves to care for. But it was not irksome for it was a labor of love! They were happy to do the extra work and felt fully repaid when they could sit with their little ones in the evening and listen to their childish prattle. They were kept very busy during the day in order that their dear ones should have the comforts of life and they were obliged to leave them alone in the home while they went bread-winning, but they often returned during the course of the day to see that all was well, and to bring them some little dainty which parents are wont to indulge their children in.

The children were always much pleased to have them come as they were often very lonely during the long summer days, and they eagerly watched for their coming.

One fatal morning the parents bade their children a more affectionate good-bye than usual, the father thinking how the children were growing and how fine and healthy they were looking; the little ones loving their father, if possible, more than ever; the mother with a secret mis-giving that something was going to happen to rob them of their great happiness.

The parents went to their task of earning a livelihood, talking on their way of the future and of the bright prospects of their dear ones at home, the mother stating her intentions, as soon as they had some leisure, of giving them some lessons in the many arts that she so well knew.

Now and then they would join in a glad song for it was a bright June morning and everything seemed happy with no thought of evil. Indeed it seemed there could be no evil in such pleasant surroundings.

During the forenoon the mother had made frequent visits to the home to see that no harm had come to the dear ones. The father laughingly said he thought it his turn to make the next visit, and started toward the home calling back to his wife a favorite tune, in which she joined, when snap from a rifle and he fell, never more to rise, with only a faint good-by gasped to his wife who, escaped from sight just in time to save *her* life. And from behind the bushes she saw the body of her husband carried away with other victims to be stripped of their clothing.

Sorrowfully she went homeward for she had no heart to work any more that

(Continued on page 24.)

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

Course of Study. I.

[The following brief outline follows the course adopted by the Appleton schools and is based upon the course of Dr. C. F. Hodge, altered by the teachers to meet the needs of Wisconsin schools. It is intended to suggest work for systematic nature study for the first five grades. At least one half hour a week should be devoted to work with the children. The aim is to give the pupils a first hand knowledge of the common plants and animals of the region in which they live and to put them into the right relations with them. Economic values and life histories are emphasized. Only the biological side of nature study is here dealt with. This course of study will appear in the issues of BY THE WAYSIDE for the coming school year. Other articles in the series, begun May 1904, will be found helpful in successfully carrying out this program.—R. M.]

Grade I (with kindergarten).

Lessons with Animals.

Domesticated Animal.—The cat: habits, day and night, its prey, food, care to be given it about the house. The attention of older children should be called to its relation to birds, and its undesirability as a pet.

Birds.—Identify the following list by color and song; learn nesting and feeding habits by actual observation if possible.

Redheaded woodpecker

Downy woodpecker

Sapsucker

Barn swallow

Baltimore oriole

Blue jay

Crow

Robin

Chickadee

English Sparrow

Toad.—Specimens kept in the school room under daily observation. The food, how secured; protective color and forms hibernating; its use in the garden and the care due it.

Goldfish.—Keep and watch habits in school aquaria.

Insects.—Learn the common forms from living specimens; rear if possible and have the various stages of the life histories in the school room.

Milkweed butterfly

Woolly bear

Cecropia

Flea

(Continued)

Ages of Birds.

The birds that reach the ripe age of one hundred years are the crow, the eagle, the swan and the raven. Those that reach the ages of between fifty and sixty are the goose, the heron, the parrot and the pelican. Those living at the ages of twelve, fifteen, twenty and twenty-three are the blackbird, the blackcap, the goldfinch, the lark, the nightingale, the partridge, the peacock, the pheasant, the pigeon and the robin. The canary and crane live to the age of twenty-five; the thrush, ten, and the gentle little wren lives to be only three.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Goodrich or Miss Edwards.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards, Librarian, 846 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

The Cedar Waxwing.

My Dear Children:—The bird for this month is the Cedar Waxwing and I will give you only a short description for I want you to find out about him yourselves and write what you have learned to me. The writer of the best letter will receive our silver Audubon button to have for the next month. He is a dear little chunky bird between six and seven inches long. His sober cinnamon color is relieved by a big black line through the eye and a small red spot on each wing. The crest on his head makes him easy to identify.

Edna S. Edwards.

846 Prospect street.

Appleton, Wis., May 2, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

We went to the woods Saturday. We had to go through a meadow where we heard a song of a bird, but we didn't know what it was until we saw it fly. Then we knew it was a meadow lark.

The meadow lark is a little larger than the robin. It has a stripe of yellow on top of his head. He wears a black bib

and his head is yellow with brown spots. His tail is short with white feathers. His back is brown with darker brown spots tinged with yellow. His mate is not as dark as he is.

He builds his nest on the ground in the field or meadow. Do you know what he makes his nest of? I will tell you. He makes it out of sticks, grass and weeds. The female lays from three to seven eggs and they are pure white with brown spots on them. The tall green grasses hide the nest from their enemies.

Some people think he says "Spring of the Year," and others think he says, "I'm a meadow lark."

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Florence Loos.

Cross Plains, Wis., March 29, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

The bluebird is about seven inches long. The wings, back and tail are blue, but the breast is red. The eggs are a kind of light blue and it lays from four to six eggs at a time. In winter the blue birds go south, but early in spring they return to us. I have not seen any this spring but I hope I will see some soon.

Once a blue bird built a nest in a tree near our house. The tree was near the railroad track and near a creek. The nest was low and could easily be reached. It had four eggs in it. All the eggs hatched and four little bluebirds were in the nest. But when they were hatched the water rose and washed the nest with the young ones away.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

John J. Zaxder.

Elkhart Lake, Wis., April 17, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

When I was playing a game near my home, I saw two robins. They were singing on a hickory tree. There was a nest on the tree, too. Afterwards they flew away. Then one came back again and sat on a shed. Yesterday I saw a robin about five or six feet away from my cousin and me. He was on a bush and was looking at us. I am a member of the Audubon Society and want to learn more about birds.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Otto Zimmermann.

Appleton, Wis., May 2, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

The bobolink is a very pretty bird. He is not as large as a robin. He is black and white with a yellow hood. I have never seen Mrs. Bobolink, but they say she looks like dead grass. She lays from four to six eggs which look like the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Bobolink are not as good as they look. They eat the farmer's rice down South, so the people down South call them rice birds. They come here in May but they do not get enough to eat so they go south where they can get more to eat.

I will tell you about a bobolink that came every morning and sat on the top of the tree near our house. He would sing and would wake me up every morning. One morning I thought I would follow Mr. Bobolink to his nest and see his pretty wife and his children or eggs. He is very shy and I did not find his nest.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Irving Van Oyen.

South Wayne, Wis., June 16, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

One day my sister and I went out walking to see the birds and we saw fifteen sparrows, three orioles, one scarlet tanager, five bee-birds, six blue-jays, two bluebirds, four catbirds, two robins, one chick-a-dee, one yellow warbler, and two chimney swifts and lots of other ones.

My sister and I made two bird houses, and we set them on a pole.

We enjoy BY THE WAYSIDE very much.

Yours very respectfully,

Aged 11.

Esther C. Keister.

Maywood, Ill., April 2, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

The bluebird is a very pretty bird. It is a little over seven inches long. Sometimes they lay about five eggs at a time. Its legs are a light blue and sometimes white. Their nests are made of grass and they will build in your bird houses if you do not hurt them. I am going to build some bird houses and see if I can get a pair of bluebirds and try to tame them.

Yours truly,

Earl Broberg.

Gross Point, Ill., March 24, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

I saw a bluebird's nest last summer. It was in an old chimney pipe. The mother and father birds weren't home, so we had a good chance to peep. The young birds were fluffy little things. The father bird is a very pretty bird. His song breathes of love. He sings, "Tur wee, tur wee," so sweetly. His back, wings and tail are bright blue

tipped with a rusty color in the fall. His throat, breast and sides are a dull cinnamon rufous. The lower part of his breast is white. He does not stay here all winter. The bluebirds eggs are white and sometimes bluish white.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Dora Gautschy.

Granville, Ill., March 28, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

I thought I would write a letter this month.

There are many different kinds of birds here now. While I was going to school I saw a red-tailed hawk and a screech owl. It is nearly time for the birds to come back again.

I will tell you about the bluebird. Its head and back are blue and its breast is reddish brown. It builds its nest in holes in trees and lays four, five or six beautiful blue eggs. The bluebird is a song bird and a very common one. It is the earliest to come in the spring.

Aged 14.

Alvina Dippel.

Elkhart Lake, Wis., April 20, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

This morning my sister and brother and I took a walk in the woods. We saw a bird that looked so large that we thought it was a henhawk but afterwards it said "Caw, caw," then we knew it was a crow. We stopped awhile and looked at it. He was on the top of the tree. When he saw us he flew to another tree. When we came back from the woods we saw a scarlet tanager. My teacher is Miss Ida Diehl. I am in the fifth grade and I am nine years old.

Yours truly,

Edna Metze.

Necedah, Wis., March 20, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

The bluebird is 7.1 inches long. It is brownish red on the breast and blue on the tail. They sing a sweet song. They are very pretty when they fly also when they are perching upon a post.

Two years ago the bluebird chased the wren out of the bird box. We had four bird boxes up, one that had seven nests in, another that had only one, another that had two nests in, and another with one nest in.

I did not remember all of them. We have seven but one is on the ground; the other is in an oak tree near the pig-pen. I knew of ten bird nests around here last summer. We had two chipping sparrows that built in two trees. The bluebird eats worms and bugs.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Andre M. Fisher.

Cross Plains, Wis., Nov. 29, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

A catbird meows like a cat when in danger, but its song is very pretty otherwise. Sometimes it perches itself on the highest limb of a tree and sings for about ten minutes all in one string. Its eggs are something like a robin's only they are a little smaller. One day when we were on our way to school we heard something that sounded like a cat meowing, we looked around and saw a bluejay robbing a catbird's nest. We chased the bluejay away and then we watched behind some bushes. The catbird began to cry louder than before, because the bluejay had torn its young ones all to pieces.

Yours,

Aged 11 years.

Mame Meyer.

The Orphans.

(Continued from page 19.)

day, although she realized that a double burden rested on her shoulders now. Eagerly the children looked for their father and missed his merry song that he was in the habit of greeting them with. And when the mother related the circumstance and they realized that he was no more their grief knew no bounds.

Sadly and patiently the mother toiled through the long days to supply the place of both parents, but they must deny themselves of many luxuries that they were accustomed to. But she hoped it would not be long until she would have help as her children were becoming quite large and often during the long twilight evenings she would talk to them and try to teach them how to earn their own living, but as yet she dare not trust them from their home, and they, having learned from the fate of the dear father, were in constant fear concerning the mother.

And alas, one day she failed to come home. She had seen the same evil-doers that destroyed her companion lurking near the little home that contained all that was dear to her. And with the true instinct of a mother's love, willing to give her own life for her children, (but it would have been far better for them had she not made the sacrifice) she began to sing, though her heart was breaking with sorrow and terror, and wander further and further from her treasures. The robbers were deceived by her as to the location of the home. They followed her far into the thicket and soon she was breathing her last. Her body was crowded in a large receptacle which contained many more victims.

The children wondered why mamma

had not made her frequent visits to them as was her custom and finally when she did not come at noon time they began to fear the worst. There were four little hungry babies when night came, and they had cried for her till the fount of tears were dry and four little hungry frightened children huddled together to keep warm, for she had always warmed the house for them through the long chilly nights.

They finally fell asleep only to awake in the morning with heavy hearts and hungry bodies. All day in the hot sun they watched and waited, with the pangs of hunger and fear gnawing their lives away. When night came again there was no sleep, but they tossed on their bed in an agony that cannot be expressed in words. Day after day this scene was repeated only they were each day growing weaker and their cries fainter. They could no longer climb up and look out of the home, but lay in a little withered quivering mass. Finally one by one their little heads drooped and with a few faint gasps for mamma, papa, bread and water the little sparks of life flickered out.

All this misery, and for what?

Just because some fashionable milliner wished a few Golden Oriole's wings for black and orange were the prevailing colors that year and she was sure to have a ready sale for them. Hence some men (?) saw a chance to make a few dollars as they could get a good price for birds' wings, regardless of the misery which it might cause.

Since our last issue an Audubon society has been formed at Belmont, Wis., with fifty-three members and Mr. O. N. Jones principal.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

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VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1905.

NO. 4

A Humming Bird's Nest.

The pleasure of finding a humming bird's nest is given to but few. Mabel Osgood Wright, in her "Citizen Bird," tells of finding four nests in her garden, but she, indeed, is among the chosen few. The one I am going to tell you about was found at Bayport, Long Island, by a party of art students. It is a dear little ball of plant fiber and lichen. It is about an inch and a half in diameter and the opening in it is much smaller. The interior is so soft that it can hardly be felt and is a rich brown in color, just about the shade of the downy covering of the early ferns. The outside is covered by lichen which is glued on in the most artistic manner and the shades are beautifully chosen to match the silvery green of the leaves of the old apple tree in which it was found. There was great excitement among the bird lovers the day it was found. Someone heard a humming sound over head and looked up in time to see the bird settle onto its nest. Her breast went down into the opening and her head and tail stuck up together. After the first time they never caught her in the act of returning. She would bide her time and the first thing they would know she would be there. The nest was in a small crotch so close to the ground that by giving a slight spring the limb could be caught and the nest brought to the level of the eyes, but this rough method of inspecting the private family life was not indulged in.

One girl, more inquisitive than the rest, mounted a stool and looked in at one tiny egg about the size of one common navy bean. At last a time came when the mother bird was not seen about its home. Thinking that the nest was abandoned Miss Inquisitive again mounted her stool and there lay the tiniest bird, less than an inch long. It looked dead but a gentle poke on its bill sent the whole thing squirming. After that it was left in peace until the one fledgling flew away. Then the nest was gathered in, crotch and all, before the rain could destroy it, for moisture soon dissolves the glutinous substance which holds the materials together. That is one reason why so few old nests are found. This one was packed in a box and brought clear to Wisconsin where it has the place of honor on our library table.

E. S. E.

An Albino Robin.

A short time ago I saw a very interesting specimen of bird which it may interest Wayside readers to hear about. This was an albino robin which was hatched in a nest on the window sill of a house near my home. When the robin was about a week old the mistress of the house spoke to her husband about there being a white robin in the nest; but as he had never heard of such a thing before, he laughed and said it would prob-

ably turn out to be like the others. However, as the bird grew older, and was still white he was not so sure it would become ordinary.

On June first the lady took the little robin from the nest and put it on a fence so they could see the mother bird feed it. The other young birds had already left the nest, and the parent birds were much concerned for this peculiarly distinguished member of their family.

When I first saw the bird it was old enough to fly and seemed as perfect as other young robins and acted as any ordinary bird would do. It exhibited all the usual albino characteristics and was very beautiful in its coat of snow white feathers.

I obtained a very good picture of the bird and it has been a good subject for guessing among people who have never seen or heard of a like specimen.

Harold A. Maxwell.

The Woodpecker Family.

The Woodpecker family is one of the handsomest as well as one of the most useful of bird families. These birds eat many grubs and worms which would otherwise harm the trees. They are friendly with other birds and with man.

All of the Woodpeckers have some red feathers about the head; that is, all the male birds, for Mrs. Woodpecker does not wear such fine clothes as does Mr. Woodpecker. Their coats are black and white, except the Flickers, whose coats are golden-brown and black. All have long and strong bills for making holes in the bark. Let me tell you something about the different members of this family.

The Red-headed Woodpeckers are not quite so large as the robin. They are black and white above, and white be-

neath. Not only their heads but their necks and throats are red. They cannot sing us a sweet sound like the robin, but they have a noisy cry which sounds like the call of the toad only it is much louder. They select a partly decayed tree in which to make their nests. Both papa and mamma woodpecker work at the nest. One rests while the other works. They hollow out a tunnel, then, on the chips and sawdust in the bottom of this tunnel Mrs. Woodpecker lays her white eggs. The Red-headed Woodpecker stores away nuts in the knot-holes of trees or in cracks on the fence-rails; in fact in any place where it can find a good store-house.

The Hairy Woodpecker is about the size of a robin. Instead of having a red breast, it has only a red band on neck. It is fond of the forests. In the fall it begins to make its winter home. First it makes a round hole under the branch of a tree. Then it digs a horizontal tunnel to the very center of the tree, and then turning downward, it hollows out a little room where neither snow nor wind can reach him. Here it spends the winter. The Hairy Woodpecker, like the Red-headed, cannot sing, but it likes to tap or drum on the trees.

The Yellow-bellied Woodpecker, or Sapsucker, is smaller than either the Red-headed or Hairy. It has a red crown and a red throat. It is black and yellowish-white above and pale yellow beneath. There is a black spot on the breast in the shape of a crescent. This is one of the prettiest of the Woodpecker family, but it is not a useful bird, for it drinks the sap of trees. It selects a young and strong tree, and after making a hole in the bark, will drink its sap until it has injured or killed the tree. These birds dig far into the trees when

making their nests, often as deep as eighteen or twenty inches.

The Downy Woodpecker is the smallest member of this family. It is about the size of the English sparrow. It is black and white above and white underneath, and has a red spot on the head.

The Flicker is the largest and handsomest member of the Woodpecker family. It is golden-brown striped, with black above. Its breast is light brown, spotted with black. There is a red spot on its head. Its wings and tail are lined with yellow. On its breast is a black spot shaped like a crescent. Unlike other Woodpeckers, it can sing, and will often feed on the ground. The Flickers hollow out three or four holes for their nests in trees or in buildings. I do not know why they go to so much trouble, for one nest seems enough for any bird.

—*Narcissa Lewis in Birds and Nature.*

The Audubon Movement.

The effort of which the outside public has heard most has been that directed against the use of native birds in millinery, and incidentally the sale of song-birds in the markets for food. So far as these objects are concerned, the whole situation has been changed in twenty years. In this city, where in 1886 Frank M. Chapman found forty species of the most beautiful native birds on women's hats, the shops could be searched now and not a handful of skins discovered. The "model law" drawn up by the American Ornithologists' Union is in force in thirty States and the District of Columbia. The organized bird-lovers ask for the enforcement of the laws against bird slaughter as other bodies of citizens ask to have enforced those against policy-playing or burglary. The Federal power

has been invoked in the Lacey law, which excludes from interstate commerce all birds killed illegally in any State, and makes those legally killed subject to the law of the State into which they are brought.

Until a few years ago the makers of air-rifles invariably advertised that the half-toy weapons would "kill small game at fifty feet." As a glance at magazine advertising pages will show, they do not emphasize that feature any longer. It is merely another sign of the great growth of humane feeling which has accompanied the enthusiasm for "nature study" in the last few years. This has been undoubtedly one of the forces which have helped the present Audubon movement succeed where an earlier one failed. But if any one supposes that these sharpened sympathies would have secured results without the aid of stringent restrictive laws, let him consider the case of the aigrette. Of all forms of feathers worn for adornment, no other is secured at such a cost in bird life or under circumstances so calculated to awaken human pity. No other instance of bird slaughter has been so constantly dwelt upon by the Audubonites. Yet in a State like New York, where the efforts to secure a law prohibiting the sale of aigrettes have been unsuccessful, these delicate plumes, even at rapidly advancing prices, are worn, for all that evidence can show to the contrary, about as much as they ever were. It was in revenge for interference with their highly profitable trade that the Florida plume hunters killed Guy Bradley.—*The Nation.*

Sidney S. Stansell has organized a Junior Audubon Society in his school at Tonica, Ill. This is the first in Putnam county.

related to the May beetle. The catbird subsists largely on fruit, of which one-third is taken from cultivated crops. It eats caterpillars, grasshoppers, and crickets, with a small percentage of leaf-eating and click beetles. The volume of these insects destroyed is equal to only one-half of that of the cultivated fruit eaten. —*S. D. Judd, Yearbook of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, 1895.*

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Cross Plains, Wis., Sept. 29, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I will write about the whip-poor-will. I have often heard a whip-poor-will, sometimes two or three of them. But I never saw one. Once I heard a whip-poor-will very near, and I think he saw me, and he flew away and scared me. For the winter the whip-poor-will goes to the far south. I belong to the Audubon Society. I have learned much about birds during the past year.

Yours,

Aged 10.

Mary Rollenbeck.

Cross Plains, Wis. Sept. 23, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Some time ago I mocked the whip-poor-will and it came nearer. It looked like a little rooster. It had black and white streaks. Its eggs are white and have brownish gray spots. It lays two eggs. I heard many whip-poor-wills during the summer.

Yours truly,

Christina Ripp.

Letters have been received from Edward Noltner, Willie Woringer, Katie Endres and Christina Eartung also from Cross Plains, Wis.

Portage, Wis., Feb. 24, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Last summer the blue jays built a nest in a cedar tree about eight feet from the house. We could look down from the chamber window and watch the birds build their nest. One day I looked out of the window and saw four little eggs.

About three weeks later when my little brother and sister and I were left alone and all was quiet except the chattering of the blue jays, I guess they thought it would be a good time to teach the little ones to fly, so they got them all out of the nest. And by this time there were four more old blue jays around. The little blue jays all flew down to the ground, and my little sister ran out and picked one up and an old bird flew down and picked her on the head and made her cry, so I went out and got her and an old bird scratched me on the head and by this time we were obliged to leave them alone. But after that I never saw them. I hope they will nest there again next year.

Aged 12.

Jessie Turner.

A Bird Story.

The eagle is a strong bird with large claws and strong beak, which is curved and very sharp at the end. Some eagles build their nests on the high cliffs where they think no one can reach it. A man was once up the Wisconsin River. He shot a very large eagle in the Dells. He tore down the nest; three eggs were in it. The eggs were very large.

Aged 12.

Grover Olson,

Kilbourn, Wis.

Appleton, Wis., Sept. 25, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

A few weeks ago a boy gave me a little bird. He said, "A boy knocked down

the nest with five little birds in it and killed two of the birds. I got the other three but two died." So that one that was left he gave to me. I had a bird's cage which I put it in and made it a snug little home of cotton batting.

That day it was rather afraid of us and would not chirp at all, but the next day when we went to feed it its bread and water it would open its mouth wide and chirp. But the day after that it acted very sickly and afterwards died. But I never found out what kind of a bird it was.

Yours truly,

Aged 10. Elfrieda Hampel.

Waumandee, Wis., Feb. 28, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I am going to tell you about the red-winged blackbird. Blackbirds are very noisy birds. They do not sing nicely.

The red-winged blackbird sings very nicely. It is a black bird with a red spot on its wing.

One time my sisters saw a red-winged blackbird. The next day we saw it again. It was sitting on the top of a tree. It was singing very nicely.

Red-winged blackbirds build their nests in marshy places. We saw two of their nests. There are some quite marshy places along the creek. We saw the nests there.

The nest was made of dry marsh weeds. It was hanging in a bunch of weeds. There were no eggs in it.

On our house a bird built its nest by the window. I do not know what kind of a bird it was.

Your friend,

Aged 11. Alice Ochsner.

Deer Park, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

The sparrows are very comical little

birds, most generally keeping themselves in flocks or flying about from place to place into every barn, shed and corncrib, picking every crumb and seed, chirping and fluttering as though the world belonged to themselves, or as if they wanted you to look at them.

The sparrows nest in trees, barns, and haysheds. They seem to like the eaves best or some place like that, probably because it is the easiest place to build.

The sparrow lives mostly in northern states. It does not seem to care for the heat of southern states but likes to have its feet wet with the cool snow of the north.

Aged 16. James O'Bryan.

Chicago, Illinois, April 11, 1805.

Dear Wayside:

I will tell you about the downy woodpecker. He is a bird with a long spot of red, and white and black spots. He is as large as a sparrow. Do you know how he makes his nest? He digs along and then stops and digs down. He does this with his sharp bill. He has many muscles in his head. If he had not he could not dig. He is a pretty bird.

The downy woodpecker has four toes, two in front and two in back, and he has a tail like a fork. It is very strong. It helps them a gooe deal. He has that so he can balance himself.

Yours truly,

Aged 7. Harvey Huszagh.

Maywood, Ill., May 29, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I have built three bird-houses, and the birds are building in them. In one house I have sparrows; in another I have bluebirds. My, but they are little birds! They were born yesterday morning. I

watched through the bird-house window, and one egg was not hatched yet. In another bird-house I have barn swallows, and they have eggs that are not hatched yet.

Yours truly,
Aged 12 years. Harold Smith.

Maywood, Ill., May 29, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

There is a gentleman across the way who has a tame thrush and when it is warm he lets it out in the garden and it runs around. He got it when it was a little thing. It had fallen out of a tree.

Yours truly,
Aged 12. Mary Bodman.

Other letters have been received from Maywood from George Warde, Ebba Olsen, Muriel Bodman, Helen Hinemann, Mamie Lembke and Delia Banks.

Another Albino Sparrow.

For two summers Harold Peebles reports that he has seen a pure white English sparrow near Bear Creek Corners, Wisconsin.

NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS.

Moths and Butterflies.

Continued from page 28.

in the latter they are commonly slim shafts ending in knobs.

The adult life is commonly short, often only long enough for the eggs to be deposited. In some, even, there is no mouth. When mouth parts are present they are converted into a long tube for sucking honey from flowers, coiled up like a watch-spring when not in use. In gathering their food they do good service to plants by carrying pollen from one to another.

The stages of this wonderful development may be followed in any school.

Caterpillars can be found in the fall; quantities of them the children will bring in. Commonly they are ready to pupate: often as if by magic the green crawler has disappeared and a hard case may be found in its place. The larger insects like the common big *Cecropia*, are, of course, more valuable for showing clearly, especially to the small children, the stages in the life history. The heat of the school-room will commonly hasten the development, and the adults may be expected to emerge in late winter or early spring.

While the metamorphoses is being observed, point out the economic value, too. Those that aid in the fertilization of plants are, of course, useful to man. There are also many that are harmful, eating the foliage of useful plants. Knowing the life history, it is easily seen that the most effective way to destroy these is when they are in the egg or larval stages. But man for all his knowledge has little chance to wage successful war on so small an enemy. Fortunately nature has placed a check upon them. The birds come to our aid. Many of our feathered friends, like the woodpeckers, eat enormous numbers of the larvae and eggs. When they become scarce through natural causes or man's neglect, insects multiply.

R. M.

This number of *BY THE WAYSIDE* goes to many of the rural schools of Wisconsin, free of charge, a gift from the State Audubon Society. It is hoped that it many thus reach a larger number of children, and that they may be interested more actively in bird study and protection. It will be sent for one year, in care of the teacher. All that is asked in return is that acknowledgment be made to the editor, and that pupils be encouraged to write letters to the paper about their bird interests.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

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VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

No. 5

A Series of Interesting Letters.

The following letters, which Mr. John Ferry has so kindly lent us for publication in our magazine, were written to him by his cousin, Emerson Tuttle, and are printed exactly as he received them. Emerson Tuttle is no older than many of our young readers and we hope we shall receive, this winter, other letters as interesting and showing as much knowledge of bird-life as his.

Westminster School, Simsbury, Conn.
March 21st, 1906.

My Dear Cousin:

I have just gotten your letter. I am always glad to get one from you because we have so many things in common.

I have seen more Bluebirds here to-day, with fourteen inches of snow, than I have seen at home in a month's time.

I remember one morning early last summer that I discovered a long-eared Owl in one of our trees. After observing it for some moments, I threw a stone at it, whereupon it began to mount skyward, like a large bat, with softly flapping wings. I think I spoke to you about it. It was a most novel sight.

I went out snow-shoeing yesterday and saw a few Bluebirds and also a Fox Sparrow. I think I wrote you that I saw a Meadowlark some weeks ago.

I am keeping my notes faithfully again in the little red book you gave me. That did more toward starting me to keep ac-

curate notes than anything I know of. I have the exact date of the Meadowlark in that, but can't recall it just now.

I still hold you to your promise of spending a few hours or perhaps a day with me afield. It has been definitely decided to have come me home at Easter, so just whistle it to the birds around Libertyville that I am liable to pay them a call, so as not to catch them unawares. I do not insist on a tramp near Libertyville. Anywhere that you think the birds are stirring, provided that it is quite a tramp will do. Your affectionate cousin,

Emerson Tuttle.

Lake Forest, Ill., April 26th, 1906.

I sent a crow to Kaempher four weeks ago and received him stuffed to-day. I never knew till now that a taxidermist could mount so perfectly so large a bird.

I would have sent it (the crow) to Mr. Woodruff, but feared he might be away and that unpleasant results might follow, if left till his return.

The crow is a beauty in a coat of shining steel blue-green and purplish-black, his beak partly open as if about to "caw." He is perched on a branch in an easy position as if on guard, the very picture of a dark, silent if not gloomy sentinel. He has something of majesty about him as he stares at you unblinkingly with his ever watchful eye, and you could almost expect if you approached too near, to hear him sing out that ringing "caw, caw," and jumping into the air flap grandly away.

I found a Crow's nest this year and found the female sitting. The male stood on guard nearby for *one hour* without changing his position.

Our Phoebe has started her nest, so has a Robin.

Westminster School, Simsbury, Conn.
May 22, 1906.

I thought as I had found quite a number of interesting nests I ought to write you. I will enclose my latest notes.

I took a canoe trip along the river and in that way covered a great deal of ground. I saw the Cliff Swallow for the first time and found the nest of that pretty little bird, the Tree Swallow. These birds fluttered near my head uttering little cries. I also saw for the first time the nests of the Red-winged Blackbird.

I am keeping very careful notes and by watching pairs of birds get the nests pretty well located and then just find them. It seems to be a knack with me to put my foot within an inch of the nest thus flushing the bird from it. I have done it three times in the last three days.

What surprises me is that birds which are not common West are common here: such as Scarlet Tanagers, Chestnut-sided Warblers (they nest here), Grouse and Chickadees, and Tree and Cliff Swallows.

I hear from father that you have adopted some young Red-tail Hawks. Please write me about them and send me your latest notes. I want to hear from you very much.

I must close now. With hopes that the Hawks will be a success, etc.

NOTES

Sunday, May 20th, Indigo Bird; nests of Field Sparrow, Chipping Sparrow, two of Bluebirds, and Mourning Dove (last on burnt stump, one and one-half feet from ground, nest of pine needles). Monday,

May 21st, Black-billed Cuckoo (pair quite fearless). Tuesday, May 22nd, nests of two song sparrows (one young one, two eggs and one half-hatched bird); Kingbird (just building); Tree Swallow (came within foot of me when I approached the nest and made pitiful cries); Chickadee (would not budge from the nest even when poked, five eggs); three Red-winged Blackbirds (five eggs in two nests, one I could not see into); two Robins' nests (one within six inches of Tree Swallows); saw also Cliff Swallow for first time; many Barn and Tree Swallows.

June 2, 1906.

I got your nice letter a few days ago and now I am going to answer it. It won't be very long before I can talk to you about birds again.

I have tried very hard to find an Ovenbird's nest, but have failed principally because the birds have evinced no excitement and don't seem to care, no matter how hard I try to find them. I generally make the bird tell me where the nest is, provided I neither stumble on nor find it after a careful search, by either pretending to go away or keeping still and watching the bird.

My latest find has been the nest of the Chestnut-sided Warbler, containing four eggs and built in a blackberry shoot. The male was sitting and came quite close to me when I was inspecting his home. The nest was like the Yellow Warbler's with the absence of any down or willow-fuzz and made rather roughly of bark and small strips of weeds.

The Song Sparrows, at least some of them, are able to fly and so are a few Chippies. There are lots of Vireos here and lots of old nests, but I haven't seen any new ones yet. One brood of Song Sparrows and a Tree Swallow's nest were

drowned out in the flood from so much rain, the nests being both close to the river.

There are lots of Sandpipers on the river and I would like awfully well to discover their nests. The Vesper Sparrow also has defied me to find its domicile and so far has succeeded.

June 8th, 1906.

I have found the nest of the Louisiana Water Thrush in the roots of a fallen tree in a swampy place beside the little brook. Affectionately your cousin,

Emerson Tuttle.

We Ask You to Feed the Birds This Winter

A year ago, when winter was coming on we asked you to feed the birds about your houses or schools, and now, for fear you have forgotten, we are going to write to you about it again.

You know that, although most of our birds leave us in the autumn to seek a warmer climate, there are some which love their homes in the North so well that they try to brave our cruel winters. And as the birds not only give us pleasure by their beauty and singing, but are the farmer's best helpers in his war against insects, we should all do all we can to help them through the hard part of the year.

The following, quoted from an article in last year's *Bird Lore*, is some excellent advice given to the schools of Connecticut by the State Board of Education:

"Every school has a flag-pole, and, while some are fastened to the building itself many stand free and are planted in the yards.

"Around this pole a square or circular shelf about eight inches wide can be fastened, four feet from the ground, and

edged with a strip of beading, barrel hoops or the like. A dozen ten-penny nails should be driven on the outside at intervals, like spokes to a wheel, and the whole neatly painted to match the pole.

Then each week one child should be appointed as *bird steward*, his or her duties being to collect the scraps after the noon dinner hour and place them neatly on the counter, the crusts and crumbs on the shelf and the meat to be hung on the spikes.

"Nothing will come amiss—pine cones, beechnuts, the shells of hard-boiled eggs broken fine, apple cores, half-cleaned nuts; and if the children will tell their parents of the counter, they will often put an extra scrap or so in the dinner-pail to help the feast. Or the fortunate children whose fathers keep the market, the grocery store, or the mill, may be able to obtain enough of the wastage to leave an extra supply on Friday, so that the pensioners need not go hungry over Sunday.

"All the while the flag will wave gaily over little Citizen Bird, as under its protection he feeds upon his human brothers' bounty."

Whenever suet, that is beef fat, can be had it is a favorite food with the birds. Tie it securely to the limb of a tree and if jays, crows or red squirrels are likely to carry it away, tack wire netting securely over it.

Squash seeds, doughnut crumbs, a soup-bone after it has been used in the kettle, the bony frame of a turkey or chicken off which the meat has been eaten, cracked corn, mill-sweepings and bird seed are among the other foods recommended, and one contributor to *Bird*

Continued on last page.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

Course of Study. III.

Grade II.

LESSONS WITH ANIMALS.

Domesticated Animal.—The dog, its traits, uses and care. Lead the children to tell about their own dogs or those they know; read or tell them some of the well-known stories and poems about dogs. Let them tell in their own words the characteristic traits, and the ways in which the dog is useful to man. Add a few very simple and plain directions for the care of their pets. If possible, teach the children how to recognize a few of the common kinds. Do not spend time in senseless questions on very apparent points in the animal's anatomy; but direct attention to the structure of the teeth and feet. It is not necessary to have any specimens in the school room.

Birds.—Review the list of Grade I and add following:

Flicker	Red-winged blackbird
Phoebe	Hairy woodpecker
Bluebird	Scarlet tanager

In addition to the plan of study for the first year, keep a bird list on the blackboard and let the children report what they see. There will be many mistakes, but the teacher can begin here to cultivate habits of careful observation.

Frog.—Specimens should be kept in the school room in vivaria under conditions as nearly normal as possible. From

actual observation the children should be able to tell what food is taken and how it is obtained, how the animals spend the winter and their use to man. Direct attention to the protective color.

Insects.—Review the list of Grade I. Encourage the children to bring the common large insects to school, especially the larvae, that the transformations may be seen. The children should tell what they have observed about the habits of the insects in this list, besides learning to name them:

Locusts	Luna moth
Crickets	Polyphemus moth
June beetles	Sulphur butterflies
Flies	Potato beetle

Rats, Mice.—Habits and destructiveness.

To be continued.

A Baby Wren's Adventure.

I cheated the cat of a much coveted morsel one evening when I rescued a tiny bird. He was probably the most venturesome baby in the nest and had tried his wings too soon, for he fluttered to the grass.

He made himself very much at home that night in a jeweler's box lined with cotton, but he was one of those naturally unfortunate children who are always in trouble or mischief of some kind, for the next morning, at breakfast, he tumbled into the cream pitcher and almost drowned.

The first thing to do was to find a good bird home for our waif, so we had him put in the nest, in a nearby tree, that belonged to a particularly maternal looking Robin, in hopes he would be adopted.

Madam Robin was very much excited and after fluttering about the nest and

Continued on last page.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Goodrich or Miss Edwards.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Junco.

Length—6½ inches, about the size of English Sparrow.

Male—Upper parts dark slate gray; gray on breast *sharply* marked off from white belly; bill flesh-color; *two pairs of out or tail feathers white.*

Female—Similar, but washed with brownish.

Range—North America. Not common in warm latitudes.

Migrations—September; April. Winter resident.

"Leaden skies above; snow below," is Mr. Parkhurst's suggestive description of this rather timid little neighbor, that is only starved into familiarty. When the snow has buried seed and berries, a flock of juncos, mingling sociably with the sparrows and chickadees about the kitchen door, will pick up scraps of food with an intimacy quite touching in a bird naturally rather shy. Here we can readily distinguish these "little gray-robed monks and nuns," as Miss Florence Merriam calls them.

They are trim, sprightly, sleek and

even natty; their dispositions are genial and vivacious, not quarrelsome, like their sparrow cousins, and what is perhaps best about them, they are birds you may surely depend upon seeing in the winter months. A few come forth in September migrating at night from the deep woods of the north, where they have nested and moulted during the summer; but not until frost has sharpened the air are large numbers of them seen.

Early in the spring their song is sometimes heard before they leave us to woo and nest in the north. Mr. Bicknell describes it as "a crisp call note, a simple trill and a faint, whispered warble, usually much broken, but not without sweetness.—Neltje Blanchan in *Bird Neighbors*.

"The Junco," Mr. Chapman says in *Bird Life*, "is one of the birds whose acquaintance can be easily made. His suit of slaty gray, with its low-cut vest of white, is not worn by any other of our birds; and while some species show white outer tail-feathers in flight, the Junco's seem to be more than usually conspicuous.

Except when nesting, Juncos associate in loose flocks of from ten to fifty. Generally you will find them feeding on the ground near evergreens, into which, when disturbed, they fly with a twittering note. If they are excited by your appearance you will hear a sharp, kissing call.

Mrs. Baily tells us that "Juncos are foresters or mountaineers who are driven down from the mountains into the mild valleys when the severe snows come."

This is written particularly of the West but our Juncos, too, are driven down by the snows from the forests of the great North.

Illinois Prize Letter.

School 3, Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

The Black and White Warbler arrives in April and departs in September or October. The nests are on the ground, and made of leaves, grass and hair. They lay four or five eggs with brown spots.

They have a thin, wiry note, "see-see, see-see." They come down the tree trunk sometimes head downwards. They scramble around the tree trunks intent for food getting. They look in the bark of tree trunks hunting for insect eggs.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Clara Mary Surrel.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Rhineland, Wis., October 31, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

The Black and White Warbler is entirely black and white, having one black streak, and one white one, and then another black one. It is a very neat bird. He is an active bird and restless. He flies from one place to another and if you turn your back he will be in another tree. He is very much like the chickadee which makes a person think of him for his fondness of tree trunks and branches. He does not go down a tree head first. He has not many eggs. He has a high shrill tone. It is like "ti-ti-ti-ti." His song is very pretty. He builds his nest of hairs and straw. He does not leave the hairs of his nest hanging out; he sticks them together so as to have it very pretty. The Black and White Warbler is five inches and one-fourth long.

Yours sincerely,

Aged 9.

Ruby Hansley.

School 3, Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

When I was going to school this morn-

ing I saw a Black and White Warbler. He was going around the tree. He had his head down. As soon as he saw me he flew to a tree near by. I went to the tree and he flew away again.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Herbert Heineman.

Maywood, Ill., October 1, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

One morning my brother got up; he looked out of the window and he saw two little Wrens. The next morning they came back, so he made a bird house and they built a little nest. They stayed all summer till it got cold and they went down South. After they were gone he looked into the house and he found four little eggs. They were very small and were brown with little white dots. The nest was made of sticks, grass and hay. They would sit on the branches of the tree and sing. They sing so nicely. I would like to have one for a pet. I would sit and listen to it sing.

Yours truly,

Ella Decker.

September 28, 1906.

To-day a girl in our room brought a bird to school. I think it is a young Purple-finch, but Mrs. Reade thinks it isn't yellow enough. This year from May to August I saw at least two robins a day.

Yours truly,

Ernest Waldt.

Rhineland, Wis., Oct. 29, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

I saw a little bird called a Black and White Creeping Warbler. It is about five inches in length. It was striped

black and white on the top of its head, bordered by black. The cheeks are black, the breast white in the middle with black stripes by the sides, and tail black. Wings with two cross-bars, some white edged with white quills. Its bill and feet are black.

It comes in April and stays until late September. Its nest is made out of bark, grass, leaves, and hair and built in a stump, or a low bush. It lays from four to five eggs which are colored red and brown. In the winter they go south or to Central America. The song is "see-see-see." It is a cunning little song. It is sometimes called a creeper because it creeps from branch to branch hunting for bugs and insects. It likes these insects for food.

Yours truly,

Aged 11. Constantina Nagel.

A Bird Story.

I live at the foot of a large bluff and every morning I hear a great many birds singing.

I have seen the Indigo Bunting, Scarlet Tanager, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Catbird, Brown Thrush, and a Chippy Bird has been coming down to our house every day and eats what the cat has left. I throw crumbs out for it.

I go to school every day. The school house is a little farther around the bluff than my home. There are a great many birds around our school building. I saw the female Tanager for the first time this summer. You would not believe it was a Tanager if you did not know it. It has a very dark green on its back, and a greenish yellow breast and a black tail and wings.

One Sunday afternoon my friend and I went up on the bluff. We were looking

over the country at other bluffs. I saw a very pretty bird. I have not been able to find out what bird it was. This bird was dark blue down to the top of its wings and in front it went down to a point and below this it was reddish brown as well as I could see.

E. E. E.

A Robin's Nest.

One day when my sister and I had to stay out of school we didn't have anything to do. We had been looking out of doors for a long time when we noticed a robin working away in one of our lilac bushes. It was building a nest. After it had flown away I put some string and rags in front of one of our windows, then watched for it to come back. When it came back it saw some string and rags and went to get them. It hopped along on the ground until it came to where the things were, looked around, folded them in its mouth, hopped back, and began to weave them in its nest. It worked very fast. I put some rags out quite a few times, and each time it took them.

After a while it laid some eggs but left its nest.

Marguerite Jennings.

Dear Wayside:

I have seen many beautiful birds, but the beautifulest one of all is the robin. He is always happy. No rain is wet enough to make him unhappy.

One day I noticed a bird's nest in a tree by my house. Of course I was so inquisitive I climbed up to see what kind of a nest it was. When I got to the top of the tree I saw it was a robin's nest. It had four blue eggs in it. Every day since I watched it to see the little birds. Soon I forgot about it. But as I was

walking one day I saw Mr. and Mrs. Robin teaching their young one to fly.

They soon learned to fly and now you cannot tell the young ones from the father.

Florence Williams.

Birds.

Right in back of our house is a bluff. Every morning the birds come around my window and wake me up.

There is a Cat-bird's nest in our tree and there are three young ones in the nest. In the same tree there is a Blue-jay's nest with little Bluejays in it. One day I climbed up and put a little Blue-jay in my hand, and the old bird pecked me on the head. At the school house there is a Tanager and its mate singing every day.

Louis Greenberg.

An Oriole's Nest.

There is an Oriole's nest in our tree. It swings back and forth like a little bag. As I sit and swing he sings to me. One day I went to look at the nest. It was gone! Oh, how sorry I was. The bird had been killed, too. Its beautiful golden feathers were scattered all over the ground. I knew that the cat had killed the bird so I whipped her good and she never killed another bird since then.

Agnes.

Dear Wayside:

One day when I was swinging in the hammock I noticed a Robin picking at the strands. I ran in the house and cut up some string and put them on the lilac bush. I put some more out in the morning. I put out some string every other day. Till one day I looked in the tree, and there was a nest with four eggs in it. Late in the summer the mother bird taught them to fly. Ralph Huntly.

We Ask You to Feed the Birds This Winter

Continued from page 35.

Lore speaks especially of giving water. She fed the birds on her window-sill and in cold weather she always gave them a cup of hot water, which, she says, they seemed greatly to enjoy.

We hope some of you at least will help us for we are all working hard for our feathered friends in one way or another and if you young people would undertake the feeding of them in winter, you could save a great many of their little lives.

One thing however we especially ask of you and that is that you do not begin this work and then tire of it, because after becoming dependent upon your bounty they will be less able to forage for themselves.

BY THE WAYSIDE will be glad to receive and publish letters about your experiences with bird-feeding.

Now is the time to begin. Tie some suet to your tree this very day, for the cold weather has come.

A Baby Wren's Adventure.

Continued from page 36.

talking to her mate for some time, proved her kind heart by flying off and getting a worm, which was greatly appreciated.

In the meantime the news had spread through the whole bird settlement. Sparrows and Thrushes and birds of all kinds perched upon the tree together amiably, all curious to see the lost child, and all eager to suggest something.

Presently there was a great commotion; the little mother Wren arrived and with a great many glad chirps, claimed her child. One could imagine her shrill story of his disappearance, and how she never closed even one eye all night.

With the help of his mother and her mate our little bird was taken home, flying from tree to tree and taking long rests.

Perhaps it cured him of being naughty, but my opinion is that he enjoyed every moment of it and felt very heroic.

By The Wayside

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Humming Birds.

It was on Sunday, the hottest day of a hot July, that the Enthusiast, who is a friend of mine, came panting up the terrace to drag me from my cool retreat. "I just can't go now," I said. "Don't you see I've just put on a clean white dress?"

"Take it off then," she replied briefly. "I've found a humming bird's nest in the orchard."

That settled it, of course; and equally of course she, not I, had found the nest. In finding birds we were as one individual, somewhat keenly endowed, when we hunted together, for she possessed wonderfully sharp eyes and I could hear the faintest lisp of a bird note on the instant. But I had no eyes to speak of, and she no ear for music. It takes eyes to find a humming bird's nest, or a humming bird when it sits motionless on a dead limb some fifteen feet in the air.

The nest was saddled on a limb of an apple tree on the steep slope of an orchard that overhung a mill race. It was a beautiful little cup, lined with the softest and whitest of plant down upon which Mistress Humming Bird was busy plastering lichen when we arrived. The side that was yet unfinished looked like a tuft of cotton on the limb and I never should have seen it unless it had been carefully pointed out to me.

The bird, as humming birds are apt to be, was very tame and seemed to mind us not in the least. She would come with an invisible mouth- or bill-full of

lichen, alight on the nest, put her bill over the side and affix the morsel. Then, sitting in the nest, she would put her head over the edge and pat and poke the outside with her long bill, then press her breast against the inside, turning around and around as if on a pivot, intending, evidently, to have her dainty cup perfectly smooth and circular. She would keep this up for what seemed a long time, then, like a flash, she would be off after more lichen. Sometimes she would light on the dead branch above mentioned and make a careful toilet, before making another journey. When the nest was finished we waited impatiently a day or two before she decided to lay the first pearly egg. By climbing on a chair one of us could just peer into the nest while the other held onto the chair like grim death to keep it from starting for the mill race.

The next day there was another egg—each about the size of a large pea. How we anticipated the time when the young birds would first appear! But there were not to be any young birds. One morning when we came to the orchard we found one tiny shell upon the ground, the nest was half torn from the limb and the little mistress was nowhere to be seen.

Even the finding of another nest farther up the slope with one young bird in it did not console us. But we watched him for several days and saw the mother go through the terrifying process of feed-

ing him by thrusting her long slender bill so far down his tiny throat we feared to see it come out of the other end of him. But he was not afraid nor squeamish about swallowing anew the morsels his mother pumped up for him from somewhere in her own interior. We were not there when he flew, and this was another disappointment. But we had seen more of humming bird life than most bird students see in one summer and were very grateful. We never caught a glimpse of the father of the family. He is somewhat noted as a shirk, though his wife may prefer not to have him bothering about the house. But he helped not at all in the building of the one nest, or feeding the youngster in the other.

E. D. R.

A Children's Christmas Bird Census.

Have you ever heard of *Bird-Lore's* Christmas Bird Census? Since *Bird-Lore* invites grown-ups to take an annual census of the birds, why should not BY THE WAYSIDE do the same for the young people of Wisconsin and Illinois?

We celebrate Christmas with trees. Do we not usually think of birds as living in trees; then why not extend our interest at that season to take in birds also?

Can you imagine what a bird census is? You know what a census of people is; how the census-taker comes to the door of each house and asks how many live there and what their names are; thus is learned the number of people who live in a town or state and who they are. We will do the same with the birds. They will not be plenty by Christmas time, but we will go out to their homes in the woods, the fields and even the parks. We will see how many are about and who they are. Of course I cannot expect you to give up Christmas day to this occupation, but choose some day between Christmas and New Years. take a long

tramp with your eyes wide open and perhaps an opera glass to help them, and see how many birds you can discover; then write about it to BY THE WAYSIDE.

Before leaving home notice what time it is, and again upon returning. Make a note of both time and temperature. If you have no thermometer, mention whether it is mild or cold, also whether clear, cloudy, etc.

When your report comes to me it should be something after this order:

Evanston, Ill.—December 27; time, 9:30 A. M. to 1 P. M. Cloudy, ground bare; wind north-west, moderate; temperature, 35°; Herring Gull, a great many; Chickadee, 2. Name and age, or

City? Wis.—December 31; time, 10 A. M. to 12 M; 2:30 to 4 P. M. Clear, followed by snow flurries; ground covered with snow; wind west, brisk; temperature, 26°; Downy Woodpecker, 2; Brown Creeper, 1; White-breasted Nuthatch, 1; Chickadee, 4. Total, species, 4; individuals, 8. Name and age.

If you see birds on some other day during that week besides the one on which you set out to see them, let me know about it, always remembering as much about time and weather as you can.

These lists may be sent this month, from Wisconsin to Miss Marshall, and from Illinois Miss Goodrich. The prize list will not necessarily be the longest but the one which shows the most careful observation. Write down no bird which you are not perfectly sure of having identified.

In this same number of *Bird-Lore* you will find short descriptions of some of the birds which have been seen other years at Christmas time in Wisconsin and Illinois.

Birds seen climbing on trunks or large limbs of trees:

RED-HEADED WOODPECKER, length $9\frac{2}{3}$ inches, black and white, no streaks; whole head and upper breast red.

HAIRY WOODPECKER, length 9 inches.

DOWNY WOODPECKER, length $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches; white band down middle of back; wings black, spotted with white; *plain* white beneath; males with red band across back of crown; outer tail feathers white; *plain* in Hairy, barred with black in Downy.

WHITE-BREADED NUTHATCH, length 6 inches; cap and back of rich black, grayish black in female; sides of head, throat and breast clear white; back bluish gray; wings and tail marked with black and white; often seen on tree trunks with head down; notes "yank, yank."

BROWN CREEPER, length $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches; brown above, finely streaked with white; a buffy white band on wing; white below; long curved bill; flies to base of tree and works up.

Usually seen in branches of trees:

CHICKADEE, length $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches; ashy gray above; cap and throat black, cheeks white; dirty white below; pale rusty brown on sides; often seen swinging head downward from tips of twigs; notes, "chick-a-dee-dee," and a sharply whistled "phebe."

Birds seen on the ground or among low bushes:

TREE SPARROW, length $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches; back streaked, black, reddish brown and buff; two conspicuous white wing bars; white breast with one little black spot in its centre; cap reddish brown; often seen among weeds.

SNOWFLAKES, almost 7 inches; upper parts a rusty color, back streaked with black; wings white marked with black

Continued on last page.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year.

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All communications should be sent to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis.

NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS.

[The WAYSIDE takes great pleasure in presenting to its readers the following article by Miss Jennie R. Faddis of the State Normal School at Stevens Point Wis. This paper was originally presented at a meeting of the Northwestern Teachers' Association at Chippewa Falls. It will appear in two parts.—EDITOR.]

The Literature of Nature Study.

Nature Study literature forms an important factor in the movement that has spread over our country in recent years and made great changes in educational ideals and methods. Though the greater part of the literature intended especially for the Nature Study work has been given us within a dozen years, the mass of literary output labeled with Nature Subjects is now a bulky one, and I may add, a somewhat heterogeneous one. The catalogs, circulars and announcements of thirty-seven publishing houses out of thirty-nine furnish the information that they have books for Nature Study purposes on their lists.

This means that everything is included from the luxurious "Nature Library" with its ten good sized volumes of knowledge and wisdom well arranged, and other works of equal value from a scientific and literary point of view to the "pitter-patter" kind of printed lessons intended for children's edification, and the question and answer form of guides for teachers that one of our leading educational magazines criticised as the "chatter variety."

Besides the books, there are magazines, bulletins, pamphlets, leaflets, charts and pictures being issued constantly, and often these are of great aid in the Nature Study work.

It is my purpose to speak of some of this literature that is proving its right to be, through the test of school room use, by the teacher and by the younger students of nature, who are more or less influenced by the point of view taken by the teacher. This literature, which helps to interpret nature, is mainly for the teacher. If she finds that which can be adapted to her needs, her personality must bring that part of nature that can be learned through books to the child in the right way. Less and less will the thinking, discerning teacher put books on nature subjects into the hands of young children for regular use. More and more will she lead the children to see and hear and think the answers to their own questions through their own direct contact with nature.

The greatest book ever written on Nature Study is "The Nature Study Idea," by Professor L. H. Bailey, one of the masters of the movement to see and know and live close to nature, who is characterized by a fellow worker in the Nature Study cause as being "a poet, a scientist and a worker—a rare combination."

Professor Bailey tells us in this book that Nature Study is "the movement originating in the public schools to open the pupil's mind by direct observation to a knowledge and love of the common things in the child's environment—not science, not knowledge, not facts. It is spirit. It is concerned with the *child's* outlook on the world. Whatever the method," he says, "the final result of nature-study teaching is the development of a keen personal interest in every nat-

ural object and phenomenon.

"The multitude of books may be confusing, but the greater the number the greater the chance that you will find one to your liking."

So I proceed with the books that are to *my* liking. One that is full of clear explanations of useful and attractive things to *do* in connection with gardens, with insects, and with animal pets is Hodge's "Nature Study and Life." It is useful for every teacher who has the spirit of working out with children the problems found in nature.

Another guide, full of information like the first and work for all times of the year, is Lange's "Handbook of Nature Study." A third one, full of the right spirit and clear-cut helpful detail work, for lower grade teachers especially, is Scott's "Nature Study and the Child." Mr. Scott conceived the highest aim of Nature Study to be "to adapt the child to his environment," as he tells us in Chapter V. This book contains many careful references to helpful sources in literature that will correlate with each subject of the work presented.

One of these full, well-arranged manuals will do for a guide; then there are the books best suited to the study of birds animal life, insects, flowers, plants, trees and shrubs—if we do not go beyond these in nature subjects.

For bird study I shall mention first Blanchan's 'Bird Neighbors,' for I agree with the *Reviews of Reviews* that "as an aid in the elementary study of bird life nothing has ever been published more satisfactory than 'Bird Neighbors.'" The good colored plates make it possible for the beginning bird students to identify birds." Other helpful books are Chapman's "Bird Life," with the colored plates and Merriam's "Birds of Village and

Field." Chapman's "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America" is for advanced work, and a convenient book to carry in the field.

There are several interesting books on insect life. One of the best for the study and identification of all insects is Comstock's "Manual for the Study of Insects." Professor Comstock spent ten years of earnest effort on the text of this volume, while at the same time his wife devoted herself to the work of making correct and appropriate illustrations for the same. A smaller book and simpler is "Insect Life" by the Comstocks. This gives valuable instruction pertaining to the collecting of insects and the care of them indoors.

Another book that has been an addition to insect literature is "Ways of the Six-footed." It is written and illustrated by Mrs. Comstock and reads in the delightful way in which Mrs. Comstock talks. What she says and writes is truthful, wholesome and full of inspiration for the teacher and student.

Among the several helpful books on nature subjects by Clarence Moores Weed are "Insect World" and "Nature Biographies." These are small volumes containing good accounts of common butterflies like the Monarch, Viceroy, and Mourning-cloak, the moths, grasshoppers, and so on. The latter contains fine photographs by the author.

Miss Morley continues to add to the collection of books she began sending forth some years ago on plant life and insect life. Her two little volumes called "Insect I" and "Insect II" are scientific, attractive and readable by children. Miss Morley was at one time a thorough teacher, as well as a student and lover of nature. Her student life was influenced by Professor and Mrs. Straight who are

mentioned by Professor Bailey as being among the pioneers in the Nature Study movement.

A book of first hand information about the common spiders is "The Spinner Family," by Alice Patterson.

For a good work on animals we have American Animals by Stone, Widmer and Cram. This gives the native mammals of Mexico and Canada, as well as those of the United States. Ernest Ingersoll's books on animal life are entertaining and instructive. His "Wild Neighbors" shows an intimate acquaintance with a good many of the common mammals of our country, and "Wild Life of Orchard and Field" embraces all life found in these places. Perhaps the best book for the study of animal life for teachers is "Animal Life" by Jordan and Kellogg. This is a volume of about three hundred pages of live workable material on animal ecology, "the relation of animals to their surroundings and responsive adaptation to these surroundings." This is the combined work of two able men who appreciate what is needed in the way of a work on zoology for teachers.

For work in the plant world we may turn to a volume that is parallel with Animal Life, in Plant Relations by Prof. J. H. Coulter, the author of several books on botanical subjects. The best work we have for identifying wild plants of every kind is Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States and Canada, in three volumes by Britton and Brown.

A good botany is indispensable in plant work. None is better than Gray's, revised by Prof. L. H. Bailey. For tree and shrub study we have Keeler's "Our Northern Shrubs," and Huntington's attractive volume, "Studies of Trees in Winter."

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of **BY THE WAYSIDE**

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By The Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Goodrich or Miss Marshall.

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A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

The Screech Owl.

No person can mistake a Screech Owl for any other species of Owl. The only other species that might possibly be confounded with them is the Sawwhet Owl, which lacks ear-tufts, is brown, and does not have black shaft-lines. A family of birds of such wide distribution naturally has several common names. The Screech Owl is often known as the Red Owl or Mottled Owl, probably derived from its plumage, or Shivering Owl, undoubtedly derived from its notes, and Little Horned Owl, from its ear-tufts, and Cat Owl, evidently from the shape of the head.

In the East, Screech Owls are very fond of living in apple orchards, especially if the trees have been neglected and are decaying, thus furnishing holes in which the Owls may breed or hide. The farmer who is so fortunate as to have a pair or more of Screech Owls attach themselves to his orchard, should consider himself especially favored, for the good that they will do him by keeping in subjection the mice pest is beyond calculation. It is probably a fact that Screech Owls remain mated during life, and, as they are

non-migratory, if they once become attached to a locality, they are apt to remain there, unless they are harassed or driven away or their home tree is destroyed, and they are compelled to seek another, in which case they do not move any great distance.

For this reason they are doubly of value to the agriculturist, as they are his helpers during the entire year. Their prey, the mice, are his yearly tenants, and the farmer who is wise will give the Screech Owl on his acres a perpetual free lease.

Another feature in the life-history of the Screech Owl, that makes it doubly valuable, is that it is nocturnal in its habits and hunts for food at night when all the other birds are at rest. It thus complements the day work of the rodent-eating Hawks,—Nature in her wisdom thus providing a continuous check on the four-footed vermin of the ground.

Although the Screech Owls are nocturnal by choice, yet they have no difficulty in seeing in the daytime, although they then seem stupid and are not at all alert and wide-awake as they are after sundown.

During the daytime they hide in holes in trees, or in some secluded place in the foliage to escape observation. Should they be discovered they are apt to be mobbed by other birds, especially Jays.

The Owls are supposed by many superstitious people to be bird of bad omen; this probably arises in the case of the Screech Owl from its weird, tremulous, shivering, wailing, whistling note. To the writer there is a singular and fascinating attraction in its notes, which are heard in the dusk of early

nightfall.

While the life-history of the Screech Owl family is interesting, yet their economic status is the important fact which needs wide publicity. All scientific writers and students of the food habits of this species of Owl join in pronouncing it to be one of the most beneficial and least harmful of all birds. In addition to the great number of rodents it destroys it also eats enormous quantities of noxious insects.

— *William Dutcher in Educational Leaflet No. 11 of National Committee of Audubon Societies.*

Wisconsin Secretary's Letter.

My Dear Wayside Readers:

How many of you have ever had a Christmas tree for the birds? If you haven't, try one this year. And if you have, I am sure you will have another this season.

Last year the Two Little Girls and I decided to do something to let the birds know what Christmas is like. The day before, the Littlest Little Girl and I went off to the woods with a hatchet and cut down a small white pine that we decided would do, and drew it home on the sled. The Other Little Girl stayed at home and strung popcorn just as you would have it for a children's tree. Besides this, we had strings of pumpkin seeds and peanuts. We filled little baskets with cracked nuts and seeds and table scraps, and got some small bones and some pieces of suet. We stuck the bottom of our tree into the earth in a big flower-pot and poured water over this and let it freeze. This was to hold the tree firmly.

Early Christmas morning we set the tree, all trimmed, on the top of the

wood-pile near the house where we could watch it from the windows.

For some time the birds did not understand this strange performance, although they had been going regularly to a bird basket near by for food. The squirrels found it first, and approached timidly. Then, their greed overcoming their fear, they tried to take everything they could lay their paws on, and we feared there would be little left for the birds. But after a day, they came too, downy woodpeckers, blue jays and chickadees.

The tree remained out for several weeks, a source of pleasure to the Little Girls, and we hoped, to the birds, too.

Very sincerely,

Ruth Marshall.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Ludington, Wis., Nov. 19, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Once a little Phoebe built her nest in a stovepipe hung lengthwise on a stick in our woodshed, about twenty feet from the kitchen window. We would often watch her gather feathers and hair to build her nest with. I was playing with a ball of carpet rags once and left it outside and shortly after that I saw the little bird trying to drag this ball of carpet rags to her nest. But she did not succeed, so her mate came. Then he tried to help her get it but he, too, failed in the attempt, so they both gave it up. She laid four little white eggs, and pretty soon there were four tiny little birds in her nest. One day we saw the two birds playing on our kitchen roof while we were in the wood shed. When we went to the house they went in and fed their little ones. She used to come to the door and pick up crumbs and worms. I am nine years old and have belonged to the Audubon Society three years next spring.

Yours truly,

Lloyd A. Kelley.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

Last Saturday I saw a sparrow with its head bitten off and I looked at it. A cat must have caught it. I think it must have been the English sparrow. Its wings were brown and with a little black. It had a black spot on its neck and its breast was white. Wednesday a girl found one and it was just like the one I saw.

Aged 10.

Yours truly,

Arthur Polkow.

Cross Plains, Wis., Nov. 29, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I am a member of the Audubon Society. I have seen many robins. They build their nests with sticks, mud and other things. One time when my playmate and I were in a pasture we saw a robin's nest. We looked in it and saw five green eggs. The next day when we went over we saw little birds in it. Then we went over the next day again, and took with us a can full of worms and set them near the nest for the robins to eat. I think I will close. Hoping to find my letter in the Wayside, I remain as ever,

Aged 11.

Yours truly,

Angela Saeman.

Cross Plains, Wis., Nov. 29, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Once I was digging worms to go a-fishing and when I was done a robin came and got the rest and carried them off to his nest. It was in a young maple tree near my grandma's house. I followed him to his nest. I climbed up to see what was in the nest. Mrs. Robin flew out of the nest when she saw me. There were five young robins in the nest. I forgot all about going fishing that day.

Aged 12.

Yours,

August M. Stumpf.

Cross Plains, Wis., Nov. 29, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I am a member of the Audubon Society. The fox sparrow is a nice bird; it has a

grayish red color but its wings and tail are of a brownish red. It eats bread-crumbs, insects and little stones. Three fox sparrows had built a nest near our neighbor's house in a plum tree. They have gone to the south for the winter. I hope they will come back next spring. I would like to see them. They build their nest with hairs and twigs. There were four young ones without feathers in the nest. We have a picture of the bird in our school room. Papa told me all about it. I have learned very much about birds the last two years and want to learn more yet. I am very fond of birds.

Aged 10.

Yours sincerely,

Lucy Uebersetzig.

A Children's Christmas Bird Census.*Continued from page 43.*

and rusty; outer tail feathers white; walks not hops on ground.

Three birds more:

BLUE JAY, length 11½ inches. Above grayish blue, blue crest; black collar; white tips to wings and tail, harsh call.

CROW, length 19½ inches; entirely black.

AMERICAN HERRING GULL, length 24 inches. White; back and wings pearl gray, the longest wing feathers have their end portions black, marked and tipped with white. In winter, head and neck streaked with grayish. Immature birds, dark and much streaked with brownish-gray; seen flying or sailing above Lake.

J. T. G.

To One Hundred Illinois Schools.

The Illinois Audubon Society has decided to make a gift of BY THE WAYSIDE to one hundred schools of the State during the rest of the school year. This is wholly an experiment and will be continued next year only in case the results are satisfactory. The teachers who receive BY THE WAYSIDE are asked to read it and to encourage their pupils both to read it and to write letters to it, for it is being sent in the hope that both teachers and pupils may discern how much of interest there is to be known about birds.

J. T. G.

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

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The Peace Conference.

One warm day in early June a happy goldfinch was lazily skimming through the air, enjoying the beautiful summer weather, with no cares to disturb his mental equilibrium as long as there was a goodly supply of insects and worms which could be had for the labor of gathering them for himself and little family, which was resting quietly in a secluded nook not far away.

He happened to pass near the home of the little wren, who seemed to be all in a bustle and acting very much excited, flitting here and there and chirping unceasingly. Catching a glimpse of her old neighbor, she called out to him, "Good-morning, Mr. Goldfinch."

"Howdy, Mrs. Wren. Why this downcast countenance on such a bright morning? I am sure there is very much to be thankful for, and very little cause for discontent in your sunny life." "Yes, Mr. Goldfinch, but every one has his troubles in this beautiful world, although the surroundings seem pleasant to others."

"My dear Mrs. Wren, surely you are joking! Who *could* be happy if not the mother of five dear little wrenlets and the wife of as kind and manly a husband as one could wish for?"

"To be sure, I am proud of my husband and little ones, but one can never tell how soon she will be taken from them. I could endure it were it not for the thought of the great suffering from star-

vation that the little fledglings must endure before death overtakes them."

"Please explain, Mrs. Wren, what you mean by all this dreadful foreboding of evil. Is there some dire disease in the land that threatens our safety?"

"No, no, Mr. Goldfinch, something more dangerous than that."

"Well, what *can* it be?"

"Nothing more nor less than a curiously contrived instrument made of wood and metal, in the hands of our inferiors, men. *They* call them rifles, I believe, but *I* call them infernal machines."

"Friend Wren, cease your misgivings. To be sure, I have seen those creatures beneath us, stalking abroad through the land, and have pitied them greatly on account of their inability to fly. It must be dreadful always to be obliged to hobble over the ground in the slow way that they do. And they have, time and again, tried to invent a machine that will enable them to skim through the air as we do, but to no account. To be sure they have succeeded in making some machines that will carry them, but they must forever stay on land, and never can sail through the air. And these machines need a good deal of repairing, care and expense. And they have a disagreeable habit of breaking down, or, what is worse, blowing up just when it is most inconvenient for the travelers. For my part, I feel very sorry for the poor, handicapped beings without any lovely wings

to fly with, and if they did have them they could not use them for they would be too clumsy and slow. They never could fly better than hens, and you know what wretched work they make."

"Your speech is very fine, Mr. Goldfinch, but there is danger in those rifles for birds."

"Oh, you conceited little thing! Don't you know that they never kill only for food for their families, and *your* little body would not make a mouthful for their youngest babe. For shame, neighbor, quiet your fears."

"You mistake, Mr. Goldfinch. It is not for the necessities of life that they do this. It is that their wives, poor plain creatures, may have our fine feathers to decorate their persons. Although, as you know, mine are a very sober color, I have known the avaricious creatures to kill our kind to sell to those women who can't afford gayer ones like you, yourself which, by the way, they are very anxious to get, consequently you are in more danger than I."

"That is very true. That also accounts for my brother and his wife disappearing so mysteriously last year, soon after their little brood hatched. I felt very much grieved over their behavior, for I thought that they had forsaken their little darlings. I tried to care for them awhile, but as I had a family of my own, I could not protect them as their parents did, and once when I went to look for them they were gone. I found some tell-tale feathers on the ground near by, and I concluded that the monstrous beast with long claws and a sly step, which men always have around their homes, must have discovered them. I feel very much alarmed, Mrs. Wren; but what can be done? I believe I shall go immediately

to Mr. Golden Oriole. He surely will be interested, for he has such lovely feathers, which I was foolish enough to covet, but now I am thankful that I am not so gay as some. I believe I will proceed to pluck out what fine feathers I have."

"Yes, but even then you are not safe."

"Not safe! Of what use would a featherless bird be on a lady's hat?"

"Oh, but they often shoot us for fun."

"But I don't see what enjoyment there is in killing."

"But its different with them, for they often go to war and kill their fellow-men by the thousands, and without any reason. Leastways I can't see any."

"They claim it is for their country they do it."

"But I don't see why they must *kill* for their country's good, or to settle disputes when they can be decided in other ways much better."

"But that is their way."

"Yes, but the poor creatures are becoming more civilized as time advances. There are many societies formed for the prevention of cruelty to animals and to prevent so much slaughter of birds during hatching time, and a few of the women are sensible enough to refuse to wear a bird or wing on their hats. And I must say they look much nicer with a bright ribbon for an ornament. Although I am so fond of bright feathers myself, they look out of place dangling from the head of a silly woman. How I would look with a trailing dress and a hat on, trying to fly!"

"That is true, Mrs. Wren and so good-bye. I am glad that I heard this. I shall go directly to Mr. Golden Oriole."

"Good-morning, Mr. Goldfinch."

"Good-morning, Neighbor Oriole."

"Why this doleful appearance, Friend

Finch? Where are your beautiful feathers? Surely you have not had a struggle and escaped from some wild beast?"

"I have had no struggle only with myself. It is all the work of my own hands."

"I am ashamed to present you to my friends, who are spending a few weeks with me, without your usual neatly arranged toilet. Please explain your strange appearance."

"You had far better be ashamed of your own gaudy feathers and pluck them out likewise."

"Ashamed of what God gave me to wear? Is that the cause of your ragged condition? Really, I am astonished! If you were borrowing them from some other creature, then you *would* have cause to be ashamed. No, you will never see me do such a wicked and foolish thing."

"You might not call it foolish, Mr. Oriole, if you should lose your precious life by not taking my advice."

"My life? You talk in riddles! Who will take my life because I don't proceed to pull out my much admired feathers? Surely you are not sane."

"Listen to me, friend. *There is danger in the very air we breathe.* Look down yonder valley. Do you not see those three objects approaching us so slyly?"

"I do; they are those creatures that we aid so much during our summer life by keeping insects and worms from destroying their grain and fruit and from killing their trees."

"Yes and how do they repay us?" Only by killing us to get our feathers to adorn their ugly persons. I am determined that they get no feather of mine."

"Well, I am astonished that they should be so ungrateful after all we do for them. I never imagined there was any danger. To be sure I always try to

keep out of their way, but I was vain enough to believe that they love to hear my sweet songs, for they often come out to listen when I am singing. Well, what is to be done? For my part I don't know."

"Let us have a meeting and call all the birds of the neighborhood together and petition to those men for peace."

"Yes, perhaps that will call them to reason."

"It surely will, for did they not hold a Peace Conference some time ago and call all the dignitaries together in order to try to stop so much bloodshed on account of disputes between nations, although they did not come to any understanding among themselves, still they may listen to our petition."

Thereupon Messrs. Goldfinch and Oriole and Mrs. Wren bestirred themselves, and in a few hours representatives of all the different flocks in the vicinity were assembled, but looking very depressed, with their fine feathers laying as close to their little bodies as it was possible to draw them.

Mr. Owl, on account of his great wisdom and good judgment more than his good eyesight or fine feathers, was unanimously elected chairman of the meeting.

Mr. Goldfinch, although he did not present a very tidy appearance, but as he was one of the originators of the gathering, was duly elected secretary.

Mrs. Wren, as she seemed to have noticed or heard more about the cruel practice, having spent the season in a secluded nook in an old apple tree near the farmhouse, was the first speaker and likewise introduced and explained the subject.

She was listened to eagerly by all except young Nuthatch, who was now and

Continued on page 55.

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

Course of Study. V.

Grade III.

LESSONS WITH ANIMALS.

Domesticated Animals.—Rabbits. These animals are, after the dog and cat, perhaps the commonest child's pets. Nearly all pupils, then, will know something about them from actual experience, and here is the starting point for the teacher. Lead the children to tell in their own words all that they can of the characteristics of their pets, the food, the care they give them. The teacher will help them to increase their knowledge and lead them to observe more carefully. It is not necessary to bring the pets into the school now. Further study should be made of the cat and dog.

Birds.—Be sure that the children recognize the birds of Grade I and II. More attention can now be given to the bird list. Each bird in the course so far should be noted as it appears, together with the exact date and the name of the pupil who first reported it. Other birds will often be learned at the same time that the children are on the lookout for certain ones. Always have something on the habits and economic value of each bird. A teacher should sometimes take small groups of children out to look for birds.

Purple grackle	Brown thrasher
Hummingbird	Songsparrow
Meadow lark	Chippingsparrow

Frog Tadpoles.—The rearing of frog or toad tadpoles is exceedingly interesting and instructive work, and the material is always abundant. The boys will bring in the newly laid eggs in early spring. Do not attempt to rear too many. Directions for rearing have already been given in BY THE WAYSIDE. Daily reports should be made to the teacher in good language. As the tadpoles grow larger call special attention to their feeding habits and then to their economic value. The spring term is too short to witness the entire development of the polywogs.

Insects.—Review the former lists. The material for study should be brought in as far as possible by the children. The teacher should be familiar enough with these few forms and with the region to be able to direct the children to places where they may be found. There should be an aquarium in every school room. Directions for making and caring for one has already been given. If this be filled with water from small pools rich in life, the story of several common water insects may be learned in the school room. Children should be encouraged to make observations at home and out-of-doors, however.

Mourning cloak butterfly	Clothes moths
Meal worms	Caddis flies
Rose beetles	Dragon flies
Water bug	Damsel flies

Squirrel, Chipmunk.—The children may give their own experiences in taming and feeding these animals. Encourage them to find out all they can, from actual observation always, about their habits.

To be continued.

Now that the holidays are over we are all looking forward to spring and the forming of Audubon Societies. The children's secretary hopes that there will be much enthusiasm among the boys and girls, even more than last year.

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Waxwings.

One of the two species of Waxwings is a bird of the far North; the other our Cedar Waxwing, is found throughout North America. Waxwings possess in an unusual degree two characteristics which are not supposed to be associated—sociability and silence. None of our birds are more companionable, none more quiet. In their fondness for one another's society they seem to delay the pairing season, and long after other birds have gone to housekeeping they are still roving about in flocks. Finally, late in June, they settle down and build a nest of generous proportions, often in some fruit tree, about ten feet from the ground. The three or five eggs are pale bluish gray or pretty-color, spotted with black or brownish black.

Waxwings fly in close rank and alight as near each other as the nature of their perch will allow. They sit very still like little Parrots or Doves, but often raise and lower their crests, and perhaps whisper a fine lisping note, which is prolonged into a louder call—a string of beady notes—as they take wing.

Their fare varies with the season—cedar berries, strawberries, cherries, both cultivated and wild, the berries of the woodbine, sour gum, and others being taken in turn.

In August the Waxwing shows no mean gifts as a flycatcher, while as a destroyer of the cankerworm he is especially beneficial, repaying us with interest for the fruit he may have appropriated earlier in the season.

The Waxwing's wide range and ability to withstand great extremes in temperature are doubtless due to the ease with which it adapts itself to a change of fare. It nests from Virginia to Labrador, and winters from Massachusetts to Costa Rica.—Chapman in *Bird Life*.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Rhineland, Wis., Dec. 27, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

A very small bird came here in the spring. It is about four and a half inches long. It is called a Ruby-crowned Kinglet because it has a red spot on its crown. It has a gray head; the back is olive gray and it is yellowish on the tail. The wings are a brownish olive with yellow and white edgings. It comes here on its way north and stops awhile during April and May and when it goes south it stays here during September and October you sometimes can hear its song. Its nests and eggs are seldom found. The farmers are glad to have them come because they eat the insects. The milliners are glad to get the feathers to put them on hats. It is wrong to kill birds for their feathers.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Constantina Nagel.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

I saw a Ruby-crowned-Kinglet, he was an olive-green. When I saw him he was going north. He is light under his breast and he has a ring about his eyes and his wings are barred with white. The male can show a red spot on his head. I think his song is very pretty indeed. He is about four and one-fourth inches long. He hunts for insects and he goes around the branches. He builds his nest in Canada. We all like him in our school.

Yours truly,

Aged 11. Allen Woodle Garner.

South Wayne. Wis., Dec. 15, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

This morning after I had eaten my breakfast I took out some food for the sparrows. I placed it in a tree on a box cover. The sparrow is about five inches long and is about the size of the junco. The sparrow lays from five to six eggs. They build a large nest, and it has a little hole on one side. They are very pretty birds and are of a brownish color. They stay with us all winter. One day I threw down some straw for them and they picked them up and built their nest in my bird house. I like the sparrows.

Yours truly,

Aged 12. Ester Keister.

Drummond Wis.

Dear Wayside:

The humming bird is very pretty. It is small and makes a kind of shrill cry. This bird is noted for its pretty feathers which are of all colors of the rainbow. They fly very fast. They lay two white

eggs about as large as peas. They are hunted for their feathers which are used mostly in trimming ladies' hats. They have a long slender bill. Well, I must close, and hoping to see my letter in the Wayside, I remain,

Yours truly,

Aged 11. Marie Johnson.

Cross Plains, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

The bluebird isn't very large, but it is very quick and is a wild bird. We find it nearly everywhere. Once we went to our pasture and found a bluebird's nest with three young ones in it. They were very nice. But awhile after we wanted to put crumbs of bread near, but they wouldn't eat; I suppose they were too small. Afterwards they died. I think they didn't have enough food. I love bluebirds and I hope many more will come back this spring. They were very plentiful last year. The bluebird's breast is red and the wings are blue. We have a picture in our schoolroom another at home. Hope I'll find my letter in the Wayside.

Yours truly,

Aged 12. Katie Marking.

Cross Plains, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

The bluebird is a very nice bird. Whenever I see one I can hardly stop looking at it. The only reason I can see that it is so pretty is because the breast is red and the rest is blue. I have not seen very many bluebirds yet. Its eggs are blue. We have a picture of the bluebird in our school and pictures of many other birds yet. The bluebird is the nicest one I have ever seen. We have some birds during the winter.

The sparrow and the bluejay stayed here. I am always sorry when winter comes because then the birds go away and, oh my, when spring comes it makes life happy again! Oh those lovely birds! If the birds would only always be here. But we must not be selfish and let those in the south have them some time too. Hoping to find my letter in the Wayside next time.

I am a little Wayside reader.
Aged 12. Genevieve Blankenheim.

Ludington, Wis.
Dear Wayside:

Last summer I saw a bluebird. She had built her nest in a fence post near our house. There were four eggs in the nest. It was not long before there were three little birds in the nest. One of the eggs did not hatch. One day I went up close to their nest and they all began pecking at me, so I did not go near them for sometime. When I did go again they were all gone. I am thirteen years old and have been a member of the Audubon Society four years next spring.
Zeland Jones.

Maywood, Ill.
Dear Wayside:

I do not know much about the Ruby-crowned Kinglet but I will tell you what I do know. The Ruby-crowned Kinglet has a little red spot on his head. He is about four and one fourth inches long. His back is an olive-green. They build their nest of hair and moss.

Yours truly,
Aged 12. Agne Hector.

Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:
The Ruby-crowned Kinglet does not

nest in this part of the country. He is seen flying to the northern woods in spring. The Kinglet is about four and one fourth inches long. The male has a few red feathers on his head. He can hide this red spot by putting his feathers a certain way. His nests are found in pine trees.

Yours truly,
Aged 9. Willie Hansel.

Granville, Ill., Feb., 26, 1906.
Dear Wayside:

I thought I would write something about birds. I saw a chickadee in our yard; the chickadee is gray and white. I saw the chickadee Saturday and I saw the crow. I saw it in a field and it is black. I saw a few wild geese in a field. It was Monday and the birds are coming back to the north.
Aged 9. Henry Hanson.

The Peace Conference. *Continued from page 51.*

then attracted by other things, being naturally of a weak mind and given to curiosity and prying into things that did not concern him. The secretary's ink-well furnished a good subject for his inquisitiveness quite frequently.

Mrs. Robin could not come because it was just before cherry season and there were so many worms to be cleared away before canning time, and besides she felt quite safe as she seemed to be quite a favorite, or, at any rate, she was seldom molested, except when she made herself too free with the fruit that she had watched over all the spring and saved from being totally destroyed, and which she felt by right she owned a goodly share. The bad cat had often made endeavors in her direction, but she had succeeded so far in escaping from his sharp claws, therefore she sent her regrets

and a letter of approval by Mr. Sparrow.

Even the staid old Mr. Crow left his cornfield to come, for he declared, "Do I not help the farmers by clearing their fields of cut worms, mice and insects, and am I not the scavenger of the land?"

Mrs. Thrush and Mrs. Phoebe came together, and also though they made no speeches on account of diffidence, they applauded heartily at the remarks of others.

Mr. Quail put in his claim to be exempt from the rifle as he had no beautiful plumage and did he not always predict the coming of rain by his "More wet"?

Mrs. Humming Bird darted in long enough to say that she had often been obliged to undergo the agony of seeing her relatives pinioned to a hat or bonnet and she wished to ask that they might be allowed to hum and gather honey in peace and she would carry pollen and kill insects as a tribute.

Mrs. Bluejay came in all out of breath. She had seen such a queer creature that she was almost frightened to death. She had, at first, thought it to be an immense bird, but on closer investigation it seemed like the parts of many birds—wings, tails, beaks and heads of different birds all mingled together. It reminded her of the famous pie baked for the king only the four and twenty were not all black-birds, and, alas, they did not commence to sing. She was told that the object which she saw was the indirect cause of the meeting, and that it was nothing more nor less than a fashionable lady decked out in the feathers of numerous birds whereupon she immediately fainted.

Mr. Crane tried hard to get there. Although he had long legs, he was delayed because he saw a man with a gun among the rushes and cat-tails, and he had to

stay in hiding so long that the meeting was about to adjourn when he arrived.

The meeting closed with a solo by Mr. Oriole in the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

"Don't kill the birds, the little birds,
That sing about the door:
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are over.
The little birds that sweetly sing,
Oh, let them happy live.
And do not try to take the life
That you can never give.

Don't kill the birds, the little birds;
Do not disturb their play;
But let them warble forth their songs;
Till cold drives them away.
Don't kill the birds, the happy birds,
That cheer the field and grove;
So harmless, tender, timid, mild,
They claim our warmest love."

The members of the meeting all joined in chirruping:

"Hasten the dawning of the day
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
That now the angels sing."

"Oh, gramma," said thoughtless Tommy, "What is the matter with all the birds? There was such a flock of them in the old pear tree; and such a twittering and flying about I never saw. And I just saw a goldfinch fly away and he looked as if half his feathers had been pulled out. I believe I will climb the tree and see. Perhaps I can get some eggs for my collection."

Just then Mrs. Fashionable happened along, returning from a missionary society meeting.

"Why, Tommy," said she, "Are you going to rob the dear little bird of her eggs?"

"Yep," he boldly replied.

"Aren't you sorry for the poor mother? Just imagine how she will feel."

"She won't care; she ain't coming back," said he. "She's down there on your hat.

—Maud Hawkins.

By The Wayside

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Winter Birds for Waysiders.

Winter is here, but have our little friends, the birds, entirely deserted us? No, the chill winds, the flurries of snow, the bare, shivering trees, have not daunted a few brave spirits hid in soft, warm coats of feathers. Most of these birds are merely visitors from the frozen north, which they have left, not because of the cold, but because their food is there buried under deep drifts of snow. Here even in winter there is plenty for them to eat and we will find them a sturdy, cheerful lot and well worth our acquaintance. On some bright, sunny morning let us choose some spots where we think the birds will find both food and shelter. Let us explore carefully every clump of evergreens, for the heavy thick branches of these trees make warm nooks and in the crevices of the sticky bark are hidden here and there the eggs of insects. The cones contain seeds and the withered tassels at the ends of the branches have something in them that the birds like. Hedges are always likely places, and of course every tree that still has the seeds or fruit hanging to its branches is likely to attract the birds. Such trees are the maple, box alder, hornbeam, mountain ash and juniper. Somewhere we know of long lines of shrubbery fringing a stream, or growing in dense patches, which look like thick, warm fur against the snow.

Here the birds find shelter and often food. There is one other place where we must look. It is along roadsides or fences, where the weeds and thistles have sprung up. Here the snow is frequently covered with the cast off pods and shells, from which the farmer's feathered friends have carefully taken out the seeds.

In the places named you will find some rare and interesting birds. Many grown up people have looked a life time for some of them and have not seen them, and yet any wide-awake boy or girl might happen upon such birds any day. Some of them are so seldom seen because they visit us so irregularly. They may be common one year and then many years go by before they come again. Such birds are the Evening Grosbeak, the Pine Grosbeak, the Crossbills, and the Bohemian Waxwing. If you see but one of these birds during a long winter's tramp you can feel well repaid. In the following list we will not mention the Bluejay, Crow, Hairy and Downey Woodpecker, Junco, Tree Sparrow or Goldfinch because most of us know these birds so well.

THE EVENING GROSBEEK.

This is "a bird of distinguished appearance, whose very name seems to suggest, the far away land of the dippingsun, and the tuneful romance which the wild bird throws around the fading light of day; clothed in striking color contrasts he

seems to represent the going and coming of the day; for his sable pinions close around the brightness of his vesture, as night encompasses the golden hues of sunset, while the clear white space enfolded in these tints, foretells the dawn of the morrow.—*Elliott Cones*. Such a bird we would be glad to see, I am sure. We will find him feeding in flocks on the ground. They have a clear, musical whistle, which will catch your ear at once, and you cannot mistake the note for that of any other bird.

PINE GROSBEAK.

This is a handsome, spirited bird a little larger than the Evening Grosbeak. The males are a rosy red, but in most flocks they are far outnumbered by the plain gray females and young birds. Their habits resemble those of the Evening Grosbeak, but the Pine Grosbeaks are more birds of the tree tops. They are very fond of the seeds of the maple and box alder, and usually keep in flocks.

RED CROSSBILL.

The Crossbills are curious birds. Their bills are crossed like a pair of half open scissors, and in some odd way these bills are exactly suited for prying out the seeds from the pine cones. Look for the Crossbills in the pines, spruces and firs, where you see cones hanging to the branches. These birds usually go in flocks and you will see them scrambling about the evergreen branches like miniature parrots. They utter a sharp, metallic whistle, which is almost startling and when you have once learned it, you can always tell the crossbills by their note alone. The males are a dark, brick red and the females are yellow with gray wings. The Crossbill is a little larger than the English sparrow.

WHITE-WINGED CROSSBILLS.

These birds resemble the Red Crossbill in habits, but they are quite different in color. The males are rose pink with a broad white band across the black wings. The females and young vary greatly. They are mostly gray with a varying admixture of light-brownish and yellow. Any White-winged Crossbill however, can be easily told from the Red Crossbill by the white on the wings of the former.

THE REDPOLL.

These are dainty little creatures that gladden a cold winter's day with their pretty color and cheering voices. Their note is something like the canaries and there is a happy joyous ring to it that carries one back to warm spring days and nesting time. These little birds are gray streaked with brown. The males have a rosy coloring to the breast and a red patch on the throat and top of head. You will find them feeding on seeds in weed patches. So quietly and busily do they work that you may flush the whole flock a few steps ahead before you knew that even a single bird was there. They usually go in flocks of from ten to twenty-five and keep very closely together.

PINE SISKIN

These birds are first cousins of the goldfinches. Their habits are much the same and so are the notes. Their voices however are not so sweet, having a slight rasping quality. Because of this difference they are easy to tell from the goldfinches, with which they often go in flocks. These birds are grayish in color, with the entire body heavily streaked. Their bills are cone shaped and sharp pointed. You will find them among thistles, or in evergreen trees, and also in weeds whose seeds they eat greedily.

SNOWFLAKE OR SNOWBUNTING.

Keep a sharp outlook for these beautiful, dainty birds as you cross the meadows or sandy, weed-grown flats. They are so nearly white and their movements when on the wing are so light and airy that these birds resemble nothing so much as a flake of snow. They are very light brown on the back and white nearly everywhere else. When alarmed they spring suddenly from the earth, and with soft twitterings fly airily away.

TOPLAND LONGSPUR.

In habits the Longspurs resemble the Snowflakes. They are darker-colored and have a large dark crescent on their breasts. They get their name from the very long claw on the hind toe. They frequent plowed meadows and fields grown thinly with weeds. If you scare up a flock, crouch quietly just where you are and after the birds have circled far away out of sight. They will usually return whence they started.

BOHEMIAN WAXWING.

You will find no bird more interesting than the Bohemian Waxwing. There is an atmosphere of mystery hangs about these silent, gentle creatures. They usually appear on some bleak day of fall or winter, from their home in the far north, and their timid, peace-loving disposition seems strangely out of keeping with a life that must often battle with cold and famine. They move about in flocks keeping close together whether on the wing or perched side by side on a horizontal limb. They eat the berries of the mountain ash, barberry, juniper, and of other shrubs and trees. They look much like large Cedar Waxwings but are grayer.

JOHN F. FERRY.

Winter Birds.

The mild winter may have something to do with it, but I have seen a greater variety, and a larger number of each variety of birds this winter than any preceding year up to this time. The saucy bluejay, nuthatch, brown creeper, chick-a-dee, downy woodpecker, Bohemian waxwing.

Grosbeak are seen in large numbers. These grosbeaks are a puzzle to me for they are generally looked for here when severe weather has driven them down from the north. I have also seen the chewink or ground robin. This bird comes in late April and stays to October, but this winter I have seen it repeatedly feeding on the ground or flying from tree to tree hotly pursued by the English sparrow. These birds have all been seen from my own window for I have been unable to go upon any bird excursions this winter.

Winning the Birds.

Of all times, winter is perhaps the best in which to seek the confidence of birds. They are at that time in need of food, we can offer them friendly assistance, and hunger makes them respond to our advances. Just fancy, for instance, having chickadees come in through the open windows in little flocks, to hop about the rooms and examine all your belongings, with their bright black eyes, or to take breakfast with you in the morning! Yet this is exactly the experience we have had during the last two winters, one in Massachusetts and the other in New Hampshire, and it is an experience which anyone who lives in the country may have, with little trouble and less expense. —Ernest Harold Baynes in *St. Nicholas*.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis.

NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

Course of Study. VI.

Grade III.

LESSONS WITH PLANTS.

Competitive Flower Rearing.—Select some plant which is hardy and will bloom before school closes in June. It is well to take a plant which the children have not grown before and one which has conspicuous flowers. Seeds may be given out just before the spring vacation, and the children told, as before, how to rear the plants. Then the plants, which are cared for at home, may form the subject of some of the nature lessons at school. On the last day let the children bring their plants for an exhibition.

Wild Plants.—The list of twenty-two wild plants given for the two previous grades could now be renewed as they appear are suggested for an additional list, plants which are common and conspicuous. A little more direction can now be given the children in regard to searching for certain plants in given localities. It is an excellent plan for the teacher to go out with small groups of pupils occasionally in the spring and fall. The plant list kept on the blackboard should be an important feature of the study. Write the name of each new plant as it is brought in, with the name of the pupil and the date of blooming. A little rivalry among the pupils will be a good thing. The teacher

should call special attention to the locality in which plant the is found and its habits.

Solomon's seal	Wild geranium
Spiknard	Cinquefoil
Bellwort	Columbine
Rose	Blue marigold
Wild carrot.	

Trees.—Review the trees already studied and add something new. Add the hickory and linden, and follow the outlines already given for tree study. Pupils should recognize the trees by bark, leaf, fruit, general form and mode of branching. If possible have specimens of the wood. The use of these trees to man should be emphasized. Pupils may now be asked to name or plot all the trees on the school ground, or of some selected lot or square.

Fruit—Strawberry. The teacher will find this common and favorite fruit a good subject for nature lessons. The manner of its growth, its method of propagation and the care it needs should be outlined. Compare the tame with the wild berry. Teach the children to observe carefully the exact character of this kind of a fruit.

Flowerless Plants.—Review the ferns already learned. Teach the children to recognize the lichens and algae as classes. Several species are very common. By consulting any elementary text-book of botany the teacher can get the necessary information in regard to life histories of a few kinds.

R. M.

As we hear the English sparrows chirping in the bright sunshine of this Valentine's day, we think that it must be true that this is the day when birds choose their mates and it is hard to imagine that we can have more winter.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Goodrich or Miss Edwards.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

White-Breasted Nuthatch.

Length, 6.05 inches. Male, crown black; back gray; face and under parts white. Female similar, but crown slaty.

—Chapman's *Bird Life*.

In *Bird Neighbors*, Neltje Blanchan says of the White-breasted Nuthatch: "With more artless inquisitiveness than fear, this lively little acrobat stops his hammering or hatching at your approach, and stretching himself out from the tree until it would seem he must fall off, he peers down at you, head downward, straight into your upturned opera glasses. If there is too much snow on the upper side of a branch, watch how he runs along underneath it like a fly, busily tapping the bark, or adroitly breaking the decayed bits with his bill, as he searches for the spiders' eggs, larvae, etc., hidden there; yet somehow between mouthfuls, managing to call out his cheery, *quank! quank! hank! hank!*"

Illinois Prize Letter.

Maywood, Ill., Jan. 29, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

There are two kinds of Waxwings. I

will write about the Cedar Waxwing. They are seven inches long, and the end of their tail is yellow and they go about in flocks. They have a monotonous, lisping note. They are found in North America. None of our other birds are so quiet. Late in June they settle down and build a nest in a fruit tree about ten feet from the ground. They lay three to five eggs which are putty color spotted with black or brownish black. They live on cultivated and wild berries and fruits. It nests from Virginia to Labrador and winters from Massachusetts to Costa Rico. After the other birds have gone housekeeping they are still around in flocks. They build their nests of twigs, roots and grasses.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Clara Surrell.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Rhineland, Wis., Jan. 30, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

The Cedar Waxwing is about six or seven inches long. Its nest is like a deep bowl, made of twigs and branches lined with feathers and grass. It is placed on a limb of a stout cedar bush, or tree. Sometimes it is placed in an apple tree. Its eggs are three to five and are blue and white with brown and lilac spots. Its song is a buzzing call like "Twee, twee, zee." Its breast, crest and throat, wings and tail are a purplish cinnamon. There is a black line from the back of the crest, extending through the eye forming black frontlets. Its tail feathers are banded with yellow. Its bill and feet are black. It will not be

hard to recognize the Cedar bird, because of its crest, yellow tail tips and little red spots on its wing. In summer they feed on the various fruits, and in winter on cedar berries. Its feathers are much more beautifully shaded than those of our more brilliantly colored birds. The Cedar Waxwings only remain in pairs during the breeding season which is from late May until August and at other times they travel in flocks.

The Cedar Waxwings are very polite for when one of them has a worm it will pass it on to another. It is only when in these flocks that they are to be seen about the garden and old pastures, for when they are nesting they are very shy and quiet in their movements.

Sincerely yours,

Aged 9.

Ruby Hansley.

Maywood, Ill., Jan. 28, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

The Bohemian Waxwing is eight inches long. He has grayish, silky feathers. His color is very pretty, and he has a long pointed crest.

The Bohemian Waxwing has a black bill and yellow tail tips and wings tipped with a bright red like sealing wax. Whenever he gets any food or catches any insects he gives it to his babies before he eats any himself. He feeds on cherries and mulberries. His eggs are gray dotted brown or gray. He has four or five eggs. He is very pretty.

Yours truly,

Aged 9.

Ruth Eshelman.

Maywood, Ill., Jan. 28, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

The Bohemian Waxwing is a heavy bird, but it can fly very swiftly and gracefully. The eggs are a bluish color.

The bird has a black bill and the tips of the wings are red. The Bohemian Waxwing can not walk very well. It feeds on mulberries. This bird builds its nest up high from the earth about twenty-five feet.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Herbert Heineman.

South Wayne, Wisc., Jan. 30, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

One day I saw a flock of quails near our house. They were eating corn that was on the ground. I watched them for a long time, until they flew away.

The quail is a very pretty bird. It makes its nest on the ground and lays from ten to twenty-five eggs. They build their nests of grass, twigs, weeds and leaves. The quail is ten inches in length. It has a little white under its throat, and a little streak of white above its eye. It is of a brownish color. I like the quail very much.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Esther C. Keister.

Kilnersville, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

Once I found a chimney swift in the barley field. It was about noon and the sun was very hot. I took the bird home and it would stay sitting on my hand all the time. I put it in a cage and it looked like dead. In the evening I took it out and put it on a tree in the garden. It was after the sunset about seven o'clock, and after awhile I saw him with some other swifts playing air tag. During the very hot hours they don't fly but sleep in a shady place. Chimney swifts are summer residents, and are about five inches long. Their nest is

made of light twigs or leaf stems glued together with saliva and fastened against some wall in such a way as to form a shallow half saucer shaped bit of lattice work. They lay from four to six pure white eggs. It has long, narrow scythe-shaped wings. They are dusky, little birds of a sooty black color, lighter on the throat. The bill is quite short but the mouth is very wide at its base. Its tail is very different from other birds' tails. The feathers are short and the quills or shafts extend beyond the vanes for about a quarter of an inch. These spiny tips of the tail feathers serve as a brace to help support the body while clinging against a surface just as the stiff tail feathers of the woodpecker does.

The chimney swifts do not rush off for the north on the first, balmy spring breezes as robins and bluebirds do. It is the last week in April or the first week in May before they come into Southern Wisconsin. By that time the air is again filled with insects and they are sure to get food. To know a swift, one must look for them on the wing for they are tireless sailors of the azure sea. If they fly too high in the air the end of a tail can be seen as a pointed oval. They are masters of the air; they sweep through the sky, they circle and turn; they chase each other as playing some kind of air tag, and as they fly they make a twittering noise, that is, with their twinkling wings.

Chimney swifts live only on insects. These little fly and mosquito hunters must be very active in order to get enough to eat. They got their name from building nests in chimneys. Once I found a swift's nest in a hollow tree.

Yours truly,

Emma Freimuth.

Aged 13.

How Man and Nature Prepare for Winter.

Man prepares for winter by putting on warmer clothes, ordering coal and wood, banking his house, putting up storm houses and storm windows and storing up food such as potatoes, cabbage, beets, carrots and fruits.

The trees prepare by dropping their leaves, hardening the small twigs, sending the sap to the roots and sending out buds for the next year that are covered with a varnish like substance to keep them from freezing. This varnish is shown plainly on the cotton wood, horse chestnut, balm of Giliad, and poplar. The Kentucky coffee tree does not start a bud. All the evergreen trees store up enough nourishment in the needles to last them over winter and then go to sleep.

Shrubs harden the small twigs, drop their leaves and go to sleep. All of these trees and shrubs are called perennials.

Some plants live two years. These are called biennials. The first year they store enough nourishment in a head or root to last them over winter. Then the people take them up by the roots, and put them in the cellar over winter, and in the spring they set them out again. At the end of the second year, it bears seed and dies. Beets, carrots, cabbage and turnips are biennials.

Some plants only live one year. These are called annuals. These plants bear seed the first year and then die. The balsam, potatoes, tomatoes and radishes are annuals.

Animals, such as the gophers, build houses in the ground and store up enough food to last them. The muskrats build houses and lives in them through the winter.

The deer, fox and wolf get what food they can from under the snow.

The bears, skunks, snakes, frogs and toads go to sleep in the fall and do not wake until spring. The deer, fox, wolf, horse and cattle put on warm coats.

Many of the birds go farther south for the winter, others put on warmer feathers and stay here. The sparrows, snowbirds brown creepers, nuthatch and junco belong to the latter class.

Aegd 13.

Warden Nelson.

Corn.

Corn must have the best kind of land you have to make it grow and ripen in our state. Corn must be planted about the middle of May. If the ground is very wet, the corn will not grow well. It must be planted about three feet apart. The more you cultivate it the better it is for the corn. Cultivating also keeps the weeds out.

The top of the corn is part of the blossom, and the silk is the other part. When the wind blows, it blows the pollen onto the silks, and that makes the kernels grow. If the pollen did not blow on the silks there would be no kernels on the cobs. The pollen begins to blow on the silk in August.

After a while the farmers cut the corn and put it in shocks. Then they let it stand for about two weeks when they husk it. Some of the corn they use for seed to plant the next year. The stalk is jointed. It is soft and white inside. It has long green leaves. They have parallel veins in them. When the corn is shelled, they give it to the chickens, but it is mostly fed to hogs in the ear.

Edna Durdal.

Under the Cedars.

The following letter was kindly sent by Miss Drummond for publication in *BY THE WAYSIDE*."

My Dear Miss Drummond:

Thank you for the little card; it was so

very pretty and such a nice, fat robin.

I haven't seen any birds this winter except the bluejays, hairies, downies, and the everlasting Englishes, as we call them. I think I have hardly seen a chickadee and I saw my first nuthatch, the white-breasted, only yesterday. Mamma has seen more of the nuthatches than I have though.

I am in my first year High School this year and enjoy it very much. Every morning one of the teachers leads a fifteen minutes program, but each Friday one of the classes must lead. Sometimes it is pretty hard to think of something new and original. Our class had to be organized before we began. One of my friends is president and I am first vice president. For our first program we wanted to do something especially good, for we are the poor, abused "Freshies." At last we hit on a "Bird Program" and really it was the finest class program we have had yet. We took half an hour instead of the fifteen minutes. We had short interesting articles on blue jays, kingfishers, swallows and swifts and I had a long one on the aigrettes. Then there were two little poems, one on the "Chickadee D. D." and the nuthatch, and then to finish off with, one of our boys read descriptions, in verse and prose, of two or three common birds for the rest of us to guess.

We felt very proud, for *even* the seniors told the president and me that our program was fine!

I know how busy you must be, but sometime when you have a moment's time to chat with me I shall be very glad.

With much love,

Sincerely,

January 11th.

Muriel Lampert.

By The Wayside

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VOL IX..

MARCH, 1907.

No 9.

Bird Houses.

Soon it will be time for bird houses and every boy, girl, and adult should have one where they can watch the busy housekeeping of a wren, bluebird, or martin. It is easier to have a house for wrens for then the entrance can be made so small that no sparrow can enter and there will be no battles fought, where in the end you will have to interfere and drive out the sparrows. There are as many styles of architecture in this line as there are boys who build the houses. There is the starch box with a small round hole cut in it and nailed to a tree or porch. I saw two broods raised in a peach basket nailed up inside of a woodshed and the old birds entered through a hole in the side of the shed, and year after year two wrens built in a china tea pot which had had its spout removed, and nothing could have made a cosier home, for it was hung in the thick vines on the porch. Last year the *New London Press* printed the directions for some very elaborate ones, a few of which I will describe here.

The first is constructed of a flower pot, secured to the wall which without further adornment does admirably for a wall covered with creepers. The simplest method of making them is to fasten a five-inch pot against a brick wall. The drain hole of the pot is enlarged by chipping off a small piece at a time with the sharp end of a file, but to do this successfully the pot must be soaked in water

for one hour, or the plaster will not adhere. If the pot is an old one it must be thoroughly scrubbed with a stiff brush in warm water to remove all vegetable growths. Before applying the plaster to the rim of the pot and against the wall, the wall must be thoroughly moistened or the plaster will not adhere. When applying the plaster about the rim of the pot and against the wall, use it thick and pasty and apply rapidly. After the plaster has set, the board prop is removed and work on another pot begun. When all are in position the plaster is given six hours to harden and dry before putting on the rough ornamental coating, as the weight of this might break away the pots from the wall. This rough coating is applied with an old tea or tablespoon well greased with lard to prevent the plaster from adhering to the spoon. When applying the plaster small living branches of vines can be imbedded in the plaster, and before the entrance a small twig or rustic branch is fastened for a perch.

After the plaster is thoroughly dry two heavy coats of boiled linseed oil mixed with a dryer is applied. The oil protects the plaster from the actions of the rains and the atmosphere. The pots can be painted with a dull green or any of the grays or browns of our various earths. Lichens and mosses can be fastened to the houses by embedding them in the plaster when it is soft. If the pot is to

be attached to a board surface, two circular beveled cleats can be placed close against the pot and nailed to the boards.

A hanging bird house can be constructed of a nine-inch flower pot and an old milk pan. A hole is made in the bottom of the pot and pan, large enough for a turned picket or round stick to pass through, so as to allow for the fastening of the straw which is to form the thatched roof. A small hole is bored through the picket into which a cross-pin of either iron or wood is inserted. On this pin the bottom of the pan rests, otherwise it would slide down the picket. The sides of the milk pan are punched full of holes to allow the plaster to pass through and clinch, as it will not adhere to the smooth surface of the tin.

The pan is to be filled with earth in which may be planted "German Ivy" or "Moneywort," which will droop over and twine in the branches of the "cat screen." Some of the more hardy succulent plants such as house leeks, "Creeping Charley" etc., do well in dry locations. This bird house can also be fastened to a standing pole when it is not desired to suspend it. The cat screen is intended to prevent cats from climbing up the pole, and to break the otherwise stiff and ungraceful lines and as a trellis for vines to entwine on after having climbed or been trained up the standard pole. The "cat screen" is made from branches, which are firmly bound to the picket or standard pole some two feet below the bottom of the pan, against which they press and radiate out.

Other graceful houses may be made by covering ordinary wooden boxes with the rough bark taken from old oak logs. This can be neatly tacked onto a frame

about the boxes so as to look like a section of a log.

The trouble expended in making houses for our summer visitors will not be wasted. They will amply repay by their sweet and happy songs, their bright and interesting ways and their more important services as insect destroyers; any effort which we may put forth to show them that we are their friends and to bring them close to us.

Two years ago we cut some holes in some tin cans, painted them a dark green and nailed them to fence posts. One was taken possession of by a pair of English Sparrows the hole being large enough for the sparrows to enter, however the wrens were not to be ousted; they carried some long twigs letting the ends radiate from the hole and the other ends were embedded in their nesting material on the inside, thus the hole was filled up just so the wrens could enter and the sparrows could not. The wrens raised their brood unmolested by the sparrows.

Birds as Seed Carriers.

According to a scientist attached to one of the Government bureaus at Washington, birds evince a surprising inclination to act as seed carriers in various quarters of the world.

Two centuries ago the Dutch destroyed every nutmeg tree in the Moluccas in order to enjoy a monopoly of the business, having planted the trees in their own possessions. In spite of their most earnest efforts, however, the islands were constantly being restocked. For a long time the thing was a mystery, but at length it was solved.

The doves of that quarter of the globe

are of large size, and readily swallow the seeds of the nutmeg. They traverse wide stretches of sea and land in a few hours, and deposit the seeds not only uninjured, but better fitted for germination by the heat and moisture of the bird's system. By a similar process thousands of acres of land have been covered with trees of different kinds, the birds acting as Nature's agents in the dissemination of plants.

Darwin found in six grains of earth adhering to the feet of a plover three different kinds of seeds, and in mud sticking to the feet of ducks and geese shot in England he found the seeds of plants peculiar to the Victoria Nyanza, in Central Africa, thus proving not only the extent of migration, but also the possibility of plants appearing in strange localities through the agency of these birds.

In the mud on the feet of a Texas deer the seeds of five different kinds of seeds and grasses common in Texas were found by a microscopist after the rival of the animal in New York.

None of the great inventions of man can compare in rapidity of travel with that of some birds. That solitary cruiser the deep, the frigate bird, can cross the Atlantic Ocean, a distance of two thousand miles, in a single night. The wonderful bird must travel at the average speed of at least one hundred and fifty miles an hour, a feat far surpassing any automobile or locomotive that has yet been built. Fast express trains often fail to maintain the speed of ninety miles an hour for short distances, but the swiftness of these greyhounds of the rail is eclipsed by the common chimney swift, which sometimes for hours maintains an average speed of from fifty to one hundred miles an hour.

Those Haunting Notes.

There was a peculiar sound from the direction of the woods as the member of the Birdlovers' society sat in the window of her friend's country home one summer afternoon.

She quickly took her small "Bird Guide" from her ever present bag, and rapidly turned the leaves. At last she paused with a smile of satisfaction, and listened till the sound came again.

When it was repeated an expression of doubt flitted across her features, but still she was hopeful.

"You probably know many of the bird notes, living so near the woods and in such a quiet spot," she said to her friend. "Can you tell me what bird that is?"

"That," said her friend, briefly, "is our goat. We shall have to move him further off."—*Youth's Companion.*

Gulls love society. They always nest in colonies and live together the entire year. They are most useful birds about the water-fronts of our cities. These gulls have developed certain traits that mark them as land birds rather than birds of the sea. In southern California and Oregon I have watched flocks of them leave the ocean and rivers at day-break and sail inland for miles, skirmishing about the country to pick up a living in the fields following the plow all the day long, as blackbirds do, and fighting at the farmer's heels for angleworms. I have seen others rummage daily about pigpens and gorge on the offal thrown out from the slaughter houses. If any bird is useful to man, the gull is certainly of great economic importance as a scavenger.—*American Magazine.*

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis.

NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

Course of Study. VII.

Grade IV.

LESSONS WITH ANIMALS.

Domesticated Animals—Fowls; chickens, ducks and geese, turkeys. Most children in this region are more or less familiar with these domesticated animals; most children are interested in caring for them, and many will be found who have had some actual experience with such pets. Let the teacher draw out by well directed questions the simple facts about kinds, habits, care and rearing. Aim to have the pupils use good language. Lead them to add to their stock of information by further observation. Contrast the habits and structure of these birds with those of wild birds. Lead the discussion around to the subject of man's influence on domesticated animals; their probable fate if left unprotected by him; and, possibly, the history of the most recently domesticated fowl on the list, the turkey.

Birds—Pupils should now be familiar with at least the twenty-six birds of the previous grades. New observations on their habits and economic value will add interest to the review. Call attention to the migrations of birds. The bird lists should be kept as before. It is now time to begin very definite instruction in bird protection.

Kingbird Rose-breasted grosbeak

Bobolink Chimney swift
Brown Creeper Herring gull
Cowbird Nuthatches
Quail

Spiders and Harvestmen—A foolish antipathy, confined chiefly to adults, may interfere with the study of these interesting animals. Some careful observations directed by the teacher will bring out certain points about their structure which it is essential to know. The study of their habits, especially the construction their homes, is well worth the while.

Insects—

Codling moth Red admiral
Tent caterpillars Viceroy
Tussock moth Walking stick
Promethea

The first three insects on the list are most conspicuous in their larval forms, when they are very injurious to trees. Some idea of their destructive power will lead children to appreciate the difficulties of combating these insect foes. Set the children to hunting for the Promethea moth in any of its stages. The two butterflies are common and should be known from the pupil's actual observation. The walking-stick is interesting because it exhibits in a striking way the phenomena of protective resemblance.

[To be continued].

[By an error in the last paper, the name "Bur Marigold" was printed "Blue Marigold."]

Now that spring and the birds are here and the Audubon societies are again active I expect more letters from my little friends, but let them be about what you yourself have seen and observed as much as possible. Of course I like to see that you have done some reference work but don't copy right from any book. It does very little good to yourselves and is not half so interesting to those who read the letters. Ask your teachers to help you write your letters, and to form a society to protect the birds.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Goodrich or Miss Edwards.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Meadowlark.

The meadowlark is a good "bird of the month" for March, for it is during this month that we look for this summer resident. In some milder climates than Wisconsin they remain through the winter. Their general color is brown, variegated brown, I might say.

Its crown is striped with black and it can be easily recognized as it flies by the white corners on its tail and by its yellow breast crossed by a black crescent, which can be seen as it walks towards you or sits perched up in a conspicuous place giving to the world its best spring song which brings gladness to the hearts of all who hear.

Its length is a little over ten inches and it is to be found walking in the newly ploughed fields and meadows, feeding from the ground. As you approach, it will crouch a second depending on its resemblance to the ground for concealment, but if you go nearer, away it will fly, giving a frightened note. Mabel Osgood Wright says, "While they are feeding they constantly give their calling song,

varying the intonation and accent in a way which is very expressive, "Spring o' the y-e-a-r, *spring* o' the year." They sing from March to July and then again in the fall. I have heard them in Illinois long after they had fled from our Wisconsin climate. Chapman describes the nest as being placed upon the ground, as a rule, in a tuft of grasses which is arranged to form a dome over it. There are from four to six white eggs which are spotted with brown.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

February 28, 1907.

One morning in January when I was going to a friend's house, I heard something that sounded like seeds cracking above my head. Then I looked up and saw a great many beautiful birds eating the box elder seeds. The next day I found out they were the evening grosbeaks. Their color was beautiful. They are yellow on the breast and back, black and white wings and black tail. Their bills are thick and stubby and yellow. The female is marked like the male, but is a paler color. They feed upon seeds, berries and a few insects. They were chattering just as if there was a room full of old maids. Their song is clear like a robin's whistle. In the winter they travel about in a small band, and visiting where there are enough seeds and berries to feed upon.

"Gros" means big. Therefore they are called grosbeaks because they have big beaks.

They are about eight inches long.
Aged 13.

Florence Loos.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Illinois Prize Letter.

Little York, Ill., Feb. 26, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

We put a little shelf upon the window shutter. The chickadee came first. He looks in at us through the window. He has bright black eyes and very black cap and chin. He likes the suet which we tack to the shelf. Two other chickadees sit on the maple branch eight feet away but just one chickadee comes to eat at a time. The white-breasted nut-hatch comes to the shelf. He is a little more shy than the chickadee. It has an odd way of poking out its head. It has a longer bill than the chickadee and has reddish brown between the legs and tail. It spreads its tail feathers and shows white feathers when it is driving other birds away. We hope to have the chickadee feed inside the window during next month.

Mabel Johnson.

Kellnersville, Wis., Feb. 22, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

One early morning in June as I was walking along I heard the prettiest, sweetest notes, and I saw the prettiest bird that I have ever seen in my life. It was the Baltimore oriole sitting on a branch in the garden, he was there all alone for three days, and then came another; they stayed there all the week and I saw Mr. Oriole carry a big long string and I watched him and he tied it to a long branch way out on the end. In two days they had a nest finished and Mrs. Oriole was sitting in it, and Mr. Oriole was sitting on a branch not far away. Mr. Oriole was the brighter; his neck, head and part of his wings and tail were coal black

and the rest of his body was bright orange color. This bird is sometimes called fire hang bird, purple robin and hang bird,—fire hang bird is because it is like fire color and hang bird because it hangs his nest and Baltimore oriole is because it is called after Baltimore city.

I think that these birds should not be killed because they destroy many insects per day. A Baltimore oriole is almost as large as a robin. There are not as many orioles as there used to be ten years ago.

Aged 13.

Frank Hynek.

Stevens Point, Wis., Feb. 28, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

The other day I read a story about a swallow whose nest had fallen and whose children were killed; and her husband was shot, and it said that she helped the other swallows to get food for their babies.

I would like to know if it is true that the swallow did really help the other swallows with their children.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Ada M. Warner.

I have not been able to find any authority for the above story. Though birds do very interesting things I am afraid in this case she would have been more likely to have gone off and found another mate.

South Wayne, Wis., Feb. 1, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

The bluebird is a very pretty bird. Its back, wings, tail and head are blue and its breast is a reddish brown. The bluebird is about seven inches in length. They build their nests in hollow stumps,

trees, posts, and bird boxes and lay from four to six egg. The bluebirds come the first week in March and go South about the middle of October.

Yours truly,

Aged 14.

Carrie Keister.

Little York, Ill., Jan. 30, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

During the first part of the winter we began to feed the birds. We put up benches on the coal house, and nailed meat and bones to the maple trees near the coal house. We fed them bread eggshells, apples, and other food which the children would leave from their lunches. The birds that feed every day are the white-breasted nuthatch, the chickadee, and three kinds of woodpeckers the hairy, the downy, and another large checkered or zebra-backed one whose name we do not know. One day the chickadee and the downy woodpecker ate together from the same pan. The average number of birds seen every day was fourteen.

Hazel A. Maley.

Maywood, Ill., February 28, 1907.

Derr Wayside:

Last year there were two white-breasted nuthatches in our trees. We had an old tree without any leaves on. We put some crumbs and a cup of water in it. They ate the crumbs. They would fly in the other trees, too. They lay six to eight eggs. They are six inches long. They have a white breast, and their heads are white on the sides.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Florence Fox.

Little York, Ill., Feb. 25, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

We saw these birds daily during December, January and February. The white-breasted nuthatch, downy and hairy woodpeckers, bluejay, chickadee, crow, English sparrow, junco, cardinal grosbeak, goldfinch, tufted titmouse and tree sparrow.

We saw these birds often, one or two days in each week. The marsh(?) hawk, screech and hoot owls, quail and wild geese. We saw these once during the winter: the American cross-bill, evening grosbeak, sparrow-hawk, bald eagle, red-tailed hawk, cedar waxwing, golden crowned kinglet, and prairie chicken.

Since February the sixteenth we have seen the bluebird, robin, and song sparrow.

Hazel A. Maley.

Maywood, Ill., February 28, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

I saw a white-breasted nuthatch. He is an ashy blue and he has a black cap. His breast is white and he explores the tree. Sometimes with his head down and sometimes his head up. Lots of times he gets a nut and he puts it in the bark of the tree and crack it in that way. He lays from six to eight eggs. They are a reddish-brown. He sings through his nose. It is like yank, yank, yank.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Allen Woodle Garner.

Little York, Ill., Jan. 30, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

One day we saw in our Austrian Pine tree a flock of crossbills. They were

eating the seeds from the cones. Some would perch on the cones and some would hang on with their bills. Their bills were crossed and had sharp points. They talked to themselves and seemed to have a sociable time. We stood under the trees they were in and watched them but they did not seem to care.

Maybel Jackson.

Kindness to Animals.

The Lincoln Neb. Humane Society offered prizes to Lincoln school children for essays on "Kindness to Animals" and the following letter was among those received:

There are many reasons why we should be kind to animals. One reason is that they have as much right on this earth as we, so deserve to be treated with kindness, as well as ourselves.

Some people think dumb animals do not feel kindness as well as human beings but it is a great mistake for instance just notice when a dog is spoken cross to or beaten by his master he goes off looking so pitiful and as if he had not a friend; while if he is spoken kind to he looks if he would give anything if he could say a word, but their looks tell how happy they are. Dogs are one of the bests friends of man. They save many peoples' lives when men could not. But they cannot live on kind words alone neither can any other animal. They must be well fed and have clean comfortable places to sleep.

Birds are another useful animal and one which is sometimes treated cruelly. We should never shoot them for eating a little grain or fruit for that amounts to

nothing according to the crops the worms, and bugs would destroy. It is very cruel for boys or anyone to destroy the birds' nests, eggs, or young ones and just try to imagine how she feels when she comes home to find her young ones destroyed. She feels just exactly the same as our mother's would in such a case.

Horses are still another animal which is often mistreated. Sometimes when a horse gets old and blind his master thinks. "Well he does not earn his living any more," and does not treat him with near the kindness he ought to, after he, the horse, has served him all his life. He ought to treat the horse with even more kindness than in his younger days. Just as if when we got old we were not half fed nor half cared for just because we could not work any longer. A horse is to be used as beast of burden but their masters sometimes try to make them pull more than they are able and then beat them because they cannot pull it, which is very cruel and I hope there are not many people who do the like. When one goes into the barn one should not speak cross to the horses or kick at them but just say a kind word to them. Their barn should be light and clean not dark and dirty. Care should be taken to see if harness fits comfortable.

One could write a whole book on "Kindness to Animals" and still think of more to write for there is nothing like "being kind" the world over to man or lower animals.

Every animal on this earth is of some use or God would never have put them here, therefore let us be kind to them and help them when ever we can.

Estella Mefford
Greenwood, Neb.

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VOL IX..

APRIL, 1907.

No 10

Winter Bird Life in Warren County, Ill.

Little York, Ill., Feb. 16, 1907.

Dear Miss Drummond:

Isn't this a delightful week? It has been sunny here for five whole days. It was almost 64° above zero to-day at one o'clock. And the birds! Just imagine "our state of mind" when these birds are demanding our attention.

For a happy Valentines on Thursday 100 goldfinches sang and fed, twittered rather, in a wheat field, eight rods from from us. They seemed to have several different suits. I suppose the males are undergoing the transition to black and lemon summer suits. They were very hungry, feeding on weed seeds, golden rod, also dry raspberry seeds. They would rise, then settle in a flock very near a small boy we had sent to drive them over near us.

The Kingfisher has been here every day, nearly, about a creek. Eighty geese fly west to the Mississippi River nearly every evening at sundown. At 6:30 in the morning they fly over again going southeast to the meadows or cornfields, the farmers say. It is in the direction of Peoria Lake.

A boy who lives near a fifty-acre timber lot, sees three bluebirds about four days of every week. He has seen them since January 10.

We have a new woodpecker. It has a bright scarlet nape, more on its head and its neck than the hairy woodpecker

has. It has a grayer back, wings and tail than the hairy which seems to us black and white (the hairy). The new woodpecker is whitish gray in front. It is on our maple trees and corn crib here, and feeds every day at our meat bone and bread at school, on a tree six feet from our window. We can see no color such as yellow or red on its breast or belly. We thought if we could see color there it was the red-bellied woodpecker. It is ten inches, I think. The hairy and downy feed every day on the same tree with the newcomer. I do wish you would tell us its name. Today it has been tapping the rotten tree stub and seems to be listening for an answer. It has given a call like the red-headed woodpecker, somewhat, just within the last four days.

The golden-crowned kinglet was buzzing around in our Norway spruce to-day at noon. Then we heard a chorus in our new orchard. We went cautiously out and hid behind a peach tree. We saw two kinglets in a Maiden Blush tree, six or eight sparrows, song sparrows we think. They had brownish backs. They were feeding with three juncos in the currant bushes and on the ground. We could not get near enough to see the black dot on the breast of the song sparrows. Later in a meadow back of the orchard near a stream we saw three pair of sparrows. The male sang, waited, sang, waited, then rose singing, getting

higher and higher. It seemed to be very sweet music now in February before the bluebirds are in song.

Later in our Red Cedar tree we saw eight Cedar Waxwings, very quiet, polite eating berries. The children reported a new bird January 8th. It was with a flock of six chickadees in an orchard. It had a tuft. Grayish brown above. Yellowish or reddish brown on flank or under the wing. We called it the tufted titmouse. We never saw it before. The children feed meat and bread every day. Four chickadees, three downy, one hairy, and the new woodpecker, two white-breasted nuthatches, and, since the snow, eight juncos come every day. The first five kinds will all be on the tree at once. It is like a show to the children. We are making a February bird calendar. Really, I did not intend to write so much.

Yours truly,

R. P. Crouch.

Migration.

Now that the northern birds are passing on their way to their summer homes, and our own are returning, it may be interesting to stop to think where they have passed their winter and how do they travel? These questions have troubled many generations and it is only within the last hundred years that any great progress in knowledge has been made along this line. Many naturalists, White of Selborne being one, believed that many birds hibernated. For instance, swallows remained torpid in the mud of lakes like frogs.

Some years ago about a hundred people pledged themselves to work together and learn more on the subject. They were scattered from the southern part of Florida to Manitoba. The date when a

species left the most southern point was compared with when it arrived at the most northern. For example, it was found that the Baltimore oriole left Rodney, Mississippi, April 7, and arrived at Oak Point, Manitoba, May 25, a distance of 1298 miles in forty-eight days; an average speed of twenty-seven miles per day, but it is not a very complete test, for we all know that rain or cold often delays a flock for days so when they do travel they must fly much faster and farther than that. Frank Forrester claims ninety miles an hour for ducks. At any rate they can win in a race with a fast passenger train, and even a crow goes from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. Of all birds the swift is the swiftest, as its name signifies. When they can travel at that speed it is no wonder that our birds winter in such far-off countries. There is the solitary sandpiper who breeds to the north of the United States, and winters in South Brazil and Peru. The bobolink comes to us in May, and in July, the young being raised, the male puts off his bright clothes and the flocks gather about the Chesapeake, where they are reed birds, and then they go on south where they are called rice birds, but they soon pass on, some by way of Cuba and some through Central America to Brazil. The catbirds go to Cuba and Panama; robins to our own southern states; chimney swifts also go to the southern states; cliff and barn swallows to Brazil, Paraguay, and West Indies; indigo birds go as far as Paraguay. The tree sparrow and snowflake of the north winter with us, while some species of sparrow, go to the West Indies, Mexico, Central America and the northern part of South America. There are ninety species of warblers who distribute them-

selves over Cuba, Mexico, and northern South America, and summer as far north as Alaska.

Aigrettes.

Fashion is again demanding that we wear aigrettes, and from all bird lovers a cry is going out to spare the beautiful mother birds which are killed just when the young are hatched, for that is the time when their beautiful feathery head dress is in its prime. These feathers are pulled out, the dead bodies thrown aside, and the fledgelings are left to rend the air with their calls for mothers and food until death claims them also. Is it any wonder that this bird is fast becoming extinct. There is no way of reaching these cruel hunters as long as the millinery manufacturers pay large sums for these feathers. This was proved some time ago when one of the game wardens in Florida was murdered while trying to run down some of these bird destroyers. Are we going to let that sacrifice be made for naught and go on creating a demand for these contraband goods? There is a law against them in most states, but who has the courage to accuse the fair law-breakers who claim ignorance to the fact that their finery is forbidden.

Fall Nest Building.

We are apt to think that birds build only in spring or summer, because that is their "natural" season and because their ancestors did so. But have you never thought that the heat or the mildness of the weather may have a direct influence, and may actually invite them to build? Here is a little incident which I saw last year, and which seems to point in that direction.

The 24th of September was springlike in temperature; a fine rain was falling, and I was afield, watching a host of small migrants, chiefly myrtle warblers and sparrows, but especially interested in the movements of some young goldfinches that were learning to feed on thistles. About a cavity in an old apple tree were four bluebirds hovering and warbling. Looking more closely I noticed that each pair seemed trying to get possession of the hollow, as I have seen them fighting for a nesting place in spring. But to my astonishment one male had a straw in his bill. He went into the hollow, tarried for awhile, and returned without the straw. Then the female went in and stayed for several minutes. The birds were so much interested that I went to within a few yards of them before they left. In the hollow was the foundation of a nest.

A bird, called the pine siskin, which I caught one day, and which roamed about the house, found an old vireo's nest and at once took possession, pulling and picking curiously at the loose fibres as if to arrange them to a siskin's taste. I have also seen a pair of waxwings gather nesting material when it seemed too late in the season even for them. Perhaps further study of the birds in the fine autumn weather will show that they are often led to build useless nests. It would be interesting to know how far they may sometimes carry those untimely efforts.—*St. Nicholas.*

There is a little book called "Dickey Downey," by Virginia Sharp Patterson, which is interesting and teaches the children to love and protect the birds and above all not to wear feathers.

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

Course of Study. VIII.

Grade IV.

LESSONS WITH PLANTS.

Competitive Flower Rearing. Continue this work as in former years. Be sure that the seeds are given out before the spring vacation. Give more detailed directions as to the condition of the soil and the treatment of the seeds before planting. The teacher should arouse interest in the subject before the work begins and see that the interest does not lag as the plants develop. The number of available plants that will bloom before school closes in June being small, it might be well to substitute some slips or bulbs, and thus extend the pupil's experience in plant culture.

Wild Plants.—The review each spring as the plants appear should fix the names and habits of the thirty odd plants already given. In the review let there be new material brought forward to keep up the interest. Insist that the children be accurate in naming plants; many plants are familiar to them by sight, but the proper names are not known, or the same name is used loosely to designate different plants. No attempt need be made to teach the scientific names of plants. The flower list should be kept as before by the school. Remember that the chief aim is to have children know

the plants in their natural environment. Add the following list:

Meadow rue	Yellow violet
Shad bush	Vetches
Lady slipper	Blue-eyed grass
Cat-tail	Nettle
Mustard	Coon cockle
Thoroughwort	Jack-in-the-pulpit

Trees.—Butternut, pines, spruces. The plan of plotting the trees of the locality may be followed for this grade also. In reviewing the trees learned in former years, attention should be directed to their flowers which are usually inconspicuous and hence often overlooked. In studying the butternut and the hickory, bring out the great values of nut trees to man, the care they deserve and the advisableness of increasing the number by planting. Pines and spruces are the most common representatives of the so-called evergreen trees. Give special attention to the leaves. Pupils should clearly distinguish the two groups and know one or two species of each.

Fruit.—Apples. This, the most important fruit tree of our region, should be very familiar to the pupils in its leaf, flower, and general form. The flower is so large and conspicuous that it will form a good subject for the study of a type common in a large family of useful plants. Pupils may be asked to discover what will happen if the flowers are covered with a netting so as to prevent the visits of insects. Have them find out how the tree is propagated. Some of the common varieties of apples should be learned. The importance of the fruit to man, its care, and some of the insect enemies should be given.

Flowerless Plants.—The elementary work on ferns, lichens and algae already given should be reviewed. Take now the mushrooms. Have pupils recognize them as a group, collect them, and know by name a few, both harmless and harmful. Tell them how mushrooms get their food and how they are propagated.

R. M.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Goodrich or Miss Edwards.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Song Sparrow.

It is the song sparrow who in February opens the season of song, and it is the song sparrow who in November sings its closing notes; nor, except during a part of August, has his voice once been missing from the choir.

His modest chant always suggests good cheer and contentment, but heard in silent February, it seems the divinest bird lay to which mortal ever listened. The magic of his voice bridges the cold months of early spring; as we listen to him the brown fields seem green, flowers bloom, and the bare branches become clad with softly rustling leaves.

You can not go far afield without meeting him. He is not only our commonest sparrow, but one of our commonest birds. Generally you will find him on or near the ground at the border of some undergrowth, and if there be water near by preferably a meadow brook, his presence is assured. When flushed he will doubtless make for the nearest thicket, "pumping" his tail, as Thompson expressively says, in describing his somewhat jerky flight. Now he questions you with a

mildly impatient *chimp* or *trink*, a call-note not to be mistaken for that of any other species, when once you have learned it. Equally diagnostic is the bird's spotted breast with one larger spot in its center.

The song sparrow's nest is usually placed on the ground, but sometimes brush may be chosen for a nesting site. The eggs, four in number, are bluish white, thickly marked with reddish brown. The song sparrow rears three broods each year, the nesting season lasting from May to August.

Chapman in Bird Life.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Mazomanie, Wis., March 22, '07.

Dear Wayside:

As I was going home from school last night I saw two meadowlarks sitting by the road. They sang as I went along and as I got nearer home, I saw a little bird sitting up in a tree but I did not know what it was, but I found out afterwards that it was a nuthatch.

Yours truly,

Aged 13.

Clarence Leach.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Little York, Ill., March 29, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

The meadow larks have come back. We were glad to see them. There seem to be more than we have seen in any other spring. The first one we saw was on March 14th. It was on a hedge branch facing the sun as we were going home from school. It had a clear, pretty whistle. It opened its mouth very wide when it whistled. When we came near

it flew to the middle of the field and hid near a tuft of grass. It seemed to think it was safely hidden in the dry grass. Its back, which seemed to be a mixture of yellowish brown with black, was very much the color of the grass and earth. When it flew from the hedge branch it nervously twitched its tail and showed the white feathers in it. It flapped its wings and sailed to the ground near the tuft of grass. The tail is short and the outside feathers are white. The bill is very long. The beautiful yellow on its breast and the black crescent make it a handsome bird. They seem to always face the sun when they whistle. They have a short note which they give when frightened. They eat many grubs and injurious insects.

Yours truly,
Maybel Jackson.

Mazomanie, Wis., March 22, 1907.
Dear Wayside:

Last spring the robins came back; a pair of robins built a nest in a tree back of our house. I put out some string to help them in their building.

In the winter the nest must have fallen down for this spring I could not find it. When these robins came back they began building again but the bluejay drove them away.

The robin has a reddish brown breast, grayish black back and wings, and has a white throat with black stripes. He is about eight inches long.

From your friend,
Aged 11. Mildred Johnson.

Cleveland, Wis., March 25, 1907.
Dear Wayside:

About a week before spring began I saw five robins in our orchard. Two of

them are very busy building their nest in a poplar tree near my home. The tree is not very high, so I can easily see them working away at their nest. They carry straw and hay to build it. They use a little mud to make it stick together. I have seen one of them carry a feather to their nest, to make it softer, I think.

The breast of the robin is of a dull red color. The wings are gray. The head and tail are of a blackish color. I never see them much in the daytime because I am not at home. But just as soon as I get home I watch them. We had a snow storm after the robins had come, but the robins did not go away. The robins are very interesting little birds to watch.

Yours truly,
Alma Henschel.

Mazomanie, Wis., March 2, 1907.
Dear Wayside:

One day when I was going to school I saw a flicker. It was up in a tree and was making a funny noise. It was picking the tree so as to make a hole for him to live in. Then he went away and then he came back again. Its breast is black and brown, and it has a black collar around his neck and has a red spot on his head.

Yours truly,
Aged 13. Alfred Redel.

Mazomanie, Wis., March 22, 1907.
Dear Wayside:

Last fall a little chipping sparrow built a nest in the vines above our window and every day I used to look at it through the window. One morning just before I got up, my mother went and looked at the nest to see if it was alright and she saw two bluejays driving the

mother-bird off its nest. After awhile they got her off. Then they began to eat her little ones. Mamma tried to drive them away but they would not go. I never liked bluejays after that.

Another time a robin built a nest in our hayshed. It laid some eggs and hatched some young birds. One day when I went out I found her young ones on the floor. I looked at them and found they were dead. A bad boy had been there just before I came. I think he did it. Once before he tried to kill them and I made him stop.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Clinton Kiley.

Little York, Ill., Mar. 29, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

In some bushes near the school yard we saw the chewink. It is about ten inches long. Its head and back are very black. The tail is black with white outside tail feathers which are very noticeable when it flies. The throat is black and the breast is white and reddish brown. On its wings next to its body are a few white feathers. It has a peculiar way of scratching on the ground. It jumps forward and scratches the ground and then jumps back. Its call, which is distinct, sounds like its name, chewink. It is commonly called a ground robin, probably because it stays on or near the ground and the reddish brown on its breast is similar to the robin's breast.

Yours truly,

Hazel A. Maley.

Elmhurst, Ill., April 1, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

One morning last summer as my father and I were sitting at the breakfast table

we looked out of the window and saw a big bird flying after a meadow lark, and my father got up and went to the window. He said that the big bird saw him and then turned round and flew away. Then the meadow lark came in front of our window. We kept still and tried not to let it see us, and it staid there and laid an egg, and went a little further and laid another egg and then flew away. We supposed that the meadow-lark had been chased off its nest by the big bird, and that the meadow lark was all ready to lay its eggs and that the big bird chased it off and then the meadow lark came down on our lawn and laid its eggs.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Faith Putnam.

Mazomanie, Wis., March 21, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

As I was coming to school I saw a meadow lark. He was sitting on a fence post. He had a yellow breast, a brownish back, and a black collar. When he flies you can see a white spot on his tail.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Stella Reeve.

Mazomanie, Wis., March 22, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

To-day I was walking to school very slowly and just as I turned the corner I heard a whistle up in a tree and looked up in it and saw a meadow lark. I saw a bird in January that had a brown back and white breast. I got to school and found that he was a brown creeper.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Harold Swan.

Mazomanie, Wis., March 21, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

On my way to school this morning I

saw a goldfinch. The goldfinch is a yellow bird with a black spot on his head and black wings and tail. Some people call it the wild canary. It likes the seed of thistles. In the winter the goldfinch turns brown. The one I saw had not turned all yellow.

Yours truly,
Aged 11. Mildred Morrill.

Florid, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

I will write and tell you about the bluebird. It is brownish color on its breast and blue on its back. It builds its nest in holes in posts or trees or any other cavity, it builds its nest of dry grass. The bluebird lays four, five or six eggs. After the birds are hatched they stay in the nest for about three weeks, then the mother bird teaches them to fly. They do not fly far at first until they can fly very well, then they will leave the nest and go to some other place.

The bluebird goes south in the winter because it is too cold to stay in the north and food is scarce also. The bluebird is a very handsome bird.

I fed the birds, but no birds came except English sparrows, chickadees and robins.

Yours truly,
Aged 13. Herman Pletsch.

Carman, Ill., March 26, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

I thought I would write about a dove. There was a dove built in our plum tree, and it got so tame that I could touch it very near, and she laid two eggs and then she hatched one little dove. Once papa was plowing and I went along and papa found one but he did not disturb it.

The turtle dove makes its nest with sticks and dry grass.

Yours truly,
Raymond Chandler.
P. S. I am nine years old.

Metamorphosis of the Milkweed Butterfly.

One day in September a boy brought a milkweed caterpillar to school. It was green with black and golden strips. It was about two inches long.

It feeds on the milkweed leaves and eats very much before it makes its chrysalis. The chrysalis is very beautiful. It is light green with golden spots on it. The butterfly stays in his chrysalis about two weeks before it comes out. Just before it emerges it turns orange brown. We did not notice it for awhile and when we looked at it again, it was a butterfly. The butterfly flies south in the winter. The colors of the butterfly are orange-brown streaked with black and spotted with white. The butterfly has a proboscis which is the tongue with which it sucks the honey from the flowers. The body is divided into three parts. It has six legs, two of which we couldn't find at first because they are so small. The antennae are the feelers with which it feels and hears.

Most butterflies lay their eggs in the spring and the caterpillars are hatched. They are very small, but they grow bigger all the time. Butterflies lay their eggs on the milkweed because when the caterpillars are hatched they will have something to eat. She lays a great many eggs. The caterpillars change their coats four or five times.

Florence Loos.

Miss Ruby Hansley, Rhinelander, has twice received the prize for the best letter on the bird of the month. This entitles her to the Wayside for one year.

By The Wayside

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VOL X.

MAY, 1907.

No 1.

We sincerely thank the writers of the following letters for their generous response to our request that they send, for publication, accounts of their bird work.

We also thank the school-children for the many interesting letters received from them, some of which we shall hope to print in a later and less crowded issue.

Juliet T. Goodrich.

Dear Wayside:

For several years I have made it a part of my work to help the children get acquainted with the birds.

I believe that the best way to protect the birds is to interest the children, help them to appreciate their value and to feel that they are our friends. Then the boys will not kill birds for sport, or the girls wear their dead bodies for ornaments.

It is not difficult to do this. I am very sure that the killing of birds is much less frequent here than it was several years ago.

I talk about birds and tell bird-stories in each room. The story the older pupils call for most frequently is "King Kindness and the Witch Cruelty." I usually have some questions for the pupils to report on later, the answers to be obtained by watching the birds. Sometimes they write compositions on such subjects as: Bird Homes; How Birds Travel and Why; How Birds Sleep; Where Birds Spend the Winter; etc.

I gave to each teacher a suggestive list of stories to read or tell to the children, and made out a list of books in the public library that are helpful to teachers and pupils.

During the winter many of the children kept "Bird Restaurants", and in the spring the boys in several of the schools made bird-houses. During the hot weather many of the boys and girls keep basins of water in the yard for the birds to drink and bathe in.

The combining of Bird Day and Arbor Day helps the children to see that while the birds need the trees and the trees the birds, we need both.

I enclose a somewhat impromptu program enjoyed one day by a Second Grade

I find colored pictures and charts very helpful in recognizing birds.

Cordially yours,

Flora B. Smith.

Supervisor of Primary Grades.
657 W. Maine St., Decatur, Ill.

BIRD DAY PROGRAM, SECOND GRADE.

Song—Merry Brown Thrush

Recitation—Robin's Secret (School)

Story—Birds of Killingworth (told by teacher)

Song—Bluebird's Song

Conversational—What the Birds do for us. (Teacher and pupils)

Song—Some One is Tapping on the Maple Tree.

(This should be followed by a talk about the Woodpecker. Show a colored

picture, describe its habits, food, home, etc. Make picture of its nest.)

Recitation—My Robin.

Song—The Birds' Lullaby.

Chase School, Chicago.

Dear Wayside:

It is now eight or ten years since the Chase School began active work in the Audubon Society. The necessity of some concerted action came to me on seeing the ruthless destruction of birds by boys using sling-shots.

In talking with many boys, I discovered that they killed them, not with any malice toward the birds, but merely because they had never given the matter any thought.

So one day, with Miss Drummond's help in furnishing blanks, we started in, and after a short talk in each room, we soon had enthusiastic signers.

I found that the average teacher was as ignorant of the names and characteristics of the common birds as the children. So we sent to Mr. Lawson, Taxidermist, Geneva, Ill., and bought about two dozen of the most common birds stuffed, and we have since added to our stock.

The acquaintance thus formed with a few birds led to excursions to the parks and woods. And it has been very pleasing to find the interest in birds growing with the teachers, until now the majority have become quite specialists, not only in birds but in trees which naturally go with them.

From time to time a room has a bird-day program. The teacher decorates her room with plants, flowers, pictures and

birds. Then come songs, recitations, quotations and short plays all about birds or nature in some form.

Recently room 2 under direction of Miss Ida Stewart, had a most inspiring program, as follows:

1. Short quotations relating to spring and birds.
2. Composition: Value of Birds.
3. Composition: Migration of Birds.
3. Recitation: In the Spring, William Welsley Martin.
5. Song: Coda 197, The Shower (From Il Trovatore)
6. The Birds of Killingworth, Longfellow.
7. Jim's Babies, from Nestlings of Forest and Marsh, by Irene Grosvener Wheelock, (In pupils' own words.)
8. Thoughts for a Discouraged Farmer, James Whitcomb Riley.
9. The Scarecrow. Wallace Mather.
10. The Sparrow. D. S. Pickley.

Our Friends the Birds, By Caroline H. Parker, Flanagan, publisher, was used for many of the quotations.

The teachers in several rooms have the children to form themselves into clubs for observation and study. These clubs were originated by Dr. Anna Holmes as was also the idea of their naming and the badges. They consist of not more than six or seven pupils, as that is as many as can profitably go birding together.

Children need a visible symbol, so our pupils have badges of ribbons the colors of the bird for which their club is named, so that wherever we see a boy or girl with yellow and brown ribbon on, we know that they belong to the Meadowlark Club; if red and black, they are Scarlet Tanagers, etc. Then the Audu-

bon buttons are worn with great pride and help keep up the enthusiasm.

One day we had a reception in room 1 to which friends of the pupils were invited. One young lady told me that her sister did not want her to come. On inquiring why, I learned that it was because she had a bird on her hat, and her younger sister had told her that she did not think Miss Butts would be glad to see her. "But," she explained, "I bought it before I knew."

A. Ester Butts,

Principal of the Chase School, Chicago.

Little York, Illinois, April 24, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

You wanted to know about the bird work we have done in our school this winter. We were fortunate in having ten oak trees, five maple and two hickory trees in our yard. One large hickory tree was about twelve feet from a window. In October we saw small Woodpeckers on the trees. As the weather grew colder there seemed very little for them to eat. We nailed a meat bone to the hickory tree one day in November. The downy woodpecker and the chickadees came the next day. In a week we saw daily two downy woodpeckers, a hairy and a red-bellied woodpecker, four chickadees and two nuthatches eat bread and meat from our tree. The children seemed to think the birds were their especial friends, would move carefully when putting bread in the tin pan nailed to a tree and took great delight on stormy days in seeing the birds eat heartily at their lunch. Meat bones were nailed up on trees in the home yards, and boxes for crumbs. Lately boxes and cans for

nests have been nailed to trees and posts in suitable places.

As a result of Bird Study, the children show a decided gain in composition work. In the Fall it was difficult for them to write an interesting account of any man in history or in reading work, or of any bird or incident. Even a forty-word effort was hard to write. Now they can write 100 or 150 words in describing the bluebird or meadow lark or any favorite bird. Now it is not drudgery but pleasure to write about a bird or hero. They gained ease and strength in expressing what they saw and knew, and the added strength was seen in geography history and reading work. Our last Fifth grade written lesson on California was equal to the work of many pupils in the Seventh grade. The spelling of the children is much improved. They can learn easily and remember what they really "down in their hearts" want to know. They honestly want to know how to spell "hermit thrush" in order that the name may be added to their growing bird list. Do you think such a child has to be told twice how to spell hermit thrush or myrtle warbler?

Bird study is an aid in observation work. Children have keen eyes to see new objects. Who saw the hermit thrush and the Virginia rail first? The younger children. They notice the color of eyes, bill and feathers, length and habits of new birds. They gladly use the dictionary, encyclopedia and reference book to decide some question of food or habitat.

In connection with their English work the children have learned Robert of Lincoln, The Cross Bill and portions of The Birds of Killingworth. You ought to see their eyes when they sing robin red-

Continued on page 87.

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

Course of Study. IX.

LESSONS WITH ANIMALS.

Domesticated Animals.—The horse is made the principal subject for this study. Not only should the habits, the care, the kinds, the uses of the horse be discussed, but the children should be led to find out its origin, in this country and in Europe, and to appreciate the part it has played in the history of man. Review the work on the dog by comparing its intelligence, its habits, its uses to man, both present and past, with that of the horse. Anecdotes may be brought in and the stories of famous horses. Here is an opportunity to begin to teach the children how to supplement their observations and first-hand knowledge of things about them by systematic reading and inquiry.

Laws regarding cruelty to animals should now be brought to the children's attention.

Birds.—Pupils should be encouraged to keep individual bird lists. These should now be fully accurate. The best should be kept in the school that comparisons may be made from year to year as to time and species. There should now be given more practical directions in regard to the placing of bird-houses, furnishing water, and providing food for winter birds. Pupils will study also,

the additional list, altered, if necessary, to meet local conditions.

Vesper sparrow	Catbird
Cedar waxwing	Goldfinch
Purple martin	Junco
Tree swallow	Owls
Kingfisher	Indigo bunting
Snow bunting	

Earthworm.—The importance of this animal to man is not sufficiently understood. Specimens are easily obtained; directions for keeping them so that observations may be made upon their effect on the soil have already been given in *BY THE WAYSIDE*. Let each pupil examine one under the teacher's direction to gain some points in regard to its structure which will aid in understanding its habits. Suggest that pupils watch the worms on the lawn some warm spring evening by the aid of a small lantern. The teacher may supplement the work by telling something about the life history and the relatives of the common form.

Insects.—

Plant lice	Honey bee
Lady beetle	Bumble bee
Mosquitos	Paper wasp
Wood nymphs	Weed wasp

This list includes insects which are especially favorable for observation. Directions for rearing and studying the mosquito will be found in an earlier number of the *WAYSIDE*. Note that the list includes the bee, one of the very few domesticated insects; emphasize not only its direct value, but the even greater value of it and the wild bee in bringing about the fertilization of a large number of useful plants. Children should find specimens of the nests of the wasps, if possible, which will form a part of the school collection.

To be continued.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

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Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

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Yellow Warbler.

Upper parts greenish-yellow; under parts yellow, streaked with reddish brown.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Oswego, Ill., April 19, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

I am going to tell you about our spring birds. Some of them started to come about the first of February but there are a great many to come yet. The robin and the bluebird were two of the first birds to come. The first robin I saw this year was picking among dead leaves hunting for food.

One day last spring as I was walking along the river I glanced up and saw a robin's nest in the top of a tall bush. I looked into it and saw four blue eggs.

The next day I went to look at the nest again and found one of the eggs gone. I thought nothing of this for one might have been broken. But four or five days later I went again thinking the eggs might be hatched. When I reached the nest to my surprise I found nothing

but some pieces of blue shell. I soon decided that some crows or bluejays must have stolen and eaten them for I knew that they could not have hatched and the birds flown away in such a short time.

If we wish to see our wild birds tame and build near our homes we must feed them and never hunt or scare them and they will soon learn to know us and we must feed them and never hunt or scare them and they will soon learn to know us and we can get close to them. I hope you will try this and see if it is not true. Aged 13. Ruth Freemain:

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Mazomanie, Wis., April 19, 1907

Dear Wayside:

The song sparrow is about as big as the English sparrow. It builds on or near the ground. It lifts up its head and looks into the sky when it sings. It has a very sweet song. You will see it sitting on the fence-post or in a tree. I saw a song sparrow this morning in a little tree by the road. It began to sing and as soon as it saw me it stopped singing and flew away. I once saw two song sparrows near each other. One of them started to sing and just as soon as it got through the other one began to sing. They kept it up for several minutes. The song sparrow has a dark brown back and brown and white spotted breast.

Aged 11 years. Mildred Morrill.

Mazomanie, Wis., April 19, 1907

Dear Wayside:

As I come to school every morning, I

almost always see one or more song sparrows, but I can never see the little black spot on its breast. It is a brown bird. It is not much larger than a vesper sparrow. It is most always on the fence post or telephone pole. When it sings it puts its head back. It does not seem to be so afraid as most of the birds are. It almost always builds its nest near or on the ground. The other night I saw two song sparrows in a fight.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Ruth H. Morrill.

Mazomanie, Wis., April 24, 1907

Dear Wayside:

One morning as my teacher was reading she stopped and listened, and all of the pupils listened, too. A song sparrow was singing very sweetly. I looked out of the window and saw it. When it sang it threw back its head. The song sparrow has brown and white and black spots on its breast and has a large black spot on the middle of its breast. It has brown on its back. It builds its nest on the ground and lays four eggs.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Clinton Kiley.

Mazomanie, Wis., April 19, 1907

Dear Wayside:

As I was going to my home I heard a sweet note. I looked on a fence post and I saw two song sparrows. The color of the song sparrow is brownish back and light throat with brown stripes and his breast is very light gray. He builds his nest sometimes in a tree, but mostly on the ground. When he sings he lifts his head up. He has a black spot on his

breast. When I came closer they flew away.

Yours truly,

Aged 13.

Walter Johnson.

Mazomanie, Wis., April 19, 1907

Dear Wayside:

Last night as I was going home I saw a song sparrow and he was sitting on a fence post. He sang very sweetly. The song sparrow comes very early in the spring and they sing all summer. The song sparrow hatches three broods every year, and they build their nest near the ground, in some bush or in the grass. His breast is spotted with black, and one spot is larger than the other.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Frank Cairns.

Advantages of kindness to Animals.

Prize Composition Written for the Ant-cruelty Society.

There is no doubt that kindness to animals is a great advantage to mankind. A visit to the barnyard of a well-kept American farm will convince anyone that kindness to animals brings its own reward, in more ways than one. It may be said that it is nearly impossible to find cases of animals being abused on a successful farm. Other proofs are not wanting, if you have ever seen an exhibition of trained animals you will notice that the trainer never forgets to reward his animals for a trick well done, a lump of sugar for the horse, a piece of biscuit for the dog. Even the travelling showman with his dancing bear finds it much easier to dole out lumps of sugar than to use force. Professor McCormick, trainer of the celebrated performing dog Bronte, tells that it is impossible to train a collie dog by use of force or punishment, while

it is quite easy to get them to do almost anything by kindness, and by letting them feel that they are doing it not because they have to do it, but for pure love.

Animals become greatly attached to their owners through kindness, but never through abuse. No dog ever hesitates to come to the help of its owner when attacked, but will sometimes leave him if badly treated. Life is not too much to pay for kindness, but ill treatment always brings hatred.

There are some animals so savage by nature that kindness seems wasted on them; this would seem so when we hear of a lion attacking his trainer, but this is because the natural fierceness of the beast causes him to forget the kindness that has been done him and I think that very often the lion is sorry for it afterwards.

Boys often forget the kindness that is done them by others, so we must not be surprised if a poor, dumb animal sometimes forgets.

Aged 11.

A. G. Gennert

From the Alton School.

Dear Wayside:

Last Easter vacation I went down the Lemonweir river to the bend where Mile Creek and another creek join it. On my way I saw several red-headed woodpeckers. Some of them were fighting over a place to build a nest in a hollow limb. First one of them would stand in the door of the nest and stand guard over it. Then the other would swoop down from an upper limb and knock him out of the door. Then he would stand guard over the nest, so they kept on fighting until one chased the other across the river and they went out of sight. As I

was going along I heard a king-fisher's call. Pretty soon I saw him flying overhead. He flew quite a distance and poised himself in air for quite a few minutes; then he shot straight down and I lost sight of him behind the bank. On my way home I saw some red winged blackbirds. Every morning down back of our house in the pasture there are meadow larks singing. I have seen a number of dickcissels this spring. They look a good like a meadow lark but are smaller and have not such sweet songs. Then their bills are shorter and not so sharp but they live in much the same way. They will be out through a whole day of rain when other birds are under cover and they keep up a continual chant. They always seem happy. I have seen ruby-crowned kinglets, flickers bluebirds, robins and many other birds this spring.

Harold McNown.

Continued from page 83.

breast or listen to Thoreau's account of the origin of the bluebird's color or to Hiawatha and his chickens.

Yours truly,

R. P. Cronch.

Yorkville, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

Some of our language lessons we devote to birds, to describing the places where different birds meet, and the good which they do for the farmer. The children also learn poems about their feathered friends.

All through the winter we have seen Chickadees, Nuthatches, Woodpeckers,

and Blue Jays in the trees near our school house and also the little Brown Creeper winding up the tree-trunks in search of food.

Besides the individual record which each child keeps, we keep, what we call "A Life Chart of the Birds." This gives the date of the arrival and departure of the bird, when the bird begins to nest, number of broods raised, number of days before the young birds hatch, and the length of time they remain in the nest, also the location, height and material of the nest; and number and color of the eggs. The children are interested in this work and each records his own observations.

In connection with our bird-study we organize a society and elect a president vice-president and secretary. This society meets every two weeks on Friday afternoon. The members tell interesting facts they have observed during the interval between meetings, and then a short program is given.

Teachers who have never tried this method would find it an excellent way of interesting the pupils in bird study.

Sincerely yours,
Nellie Bushnell.

Bowen School, Bowen, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

I read Miss Drummond's request that we teachers send a report of our bird-work. As I am a member of the Audubon Society I will tell you what we have been doing.

I began in January the study of birds and why we should protect them, then I used stories of foreign birds to get the children interested, then I began on our home birds. We watched for the Robin

and a boy saw one February fifteenth. I read "Our Birds and their Nestlings" by Margaret Conslon Walker. It is excellent and the children enjoyed it. Then I would take the topic of one bird and let the children tell what they learned from the story. I took their own sentences and reproduced them on the typewriter in story form and used them for reading lessons.

After the story hour they painted birds and wrote a story of birds as sample of writing. We tie these together with ribbon, using mounted leaves of paper cutting, and make a booklet of over twelve leaves, to be given to mothers on Bird Day. The Friday proceeding Bird Day we send out our program, written on paper cut in the shape of a bird.

Hoping I shall hear about the reports of other teachers, I remain,

Yours truly,
Jessie Robertson.

A Correction.

In my letter, published in April, there was a mistake I am sure. The brownish birds which sang and rose, trilling deliriously in the air, were Prairie Horned Larks, and not Song Sparrows, as I wrote.

I am told that our Lark resembles its European cousin, the Skylark, in singing as it mounts higher and higher. As a rule, however, the Larks in our field sing from a mound of earth.

Yours truly,
Rachel P. Crouch.

Arbor and Bird Day.

May 10th has been appointed by the Governor for the observation of Arbor and Bird Day by all the state and I hope that our children will plant trees or vines or even flowers that day about their school houses so as to make them more beautiful and to attract the birds, and I also hope they will write and tell the Wayside about it.

By The Wayside

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JUNE, 1907.

No 2.

A Tame Crow.

Have you ever seen a tame crow? If not I hope you may have an opportunity. His playful tricks make him an interesting bird. I was visiting recently in one of the quiet attractive suburbs of Chicago. In the afternoon my niece and I were sitting on the porch when I was attracted by a crow who settled himself upon an old wagon in a nearby lot. He proved to be a pet crow which is somewhat unusual.

For several weeks he had been in the habit of flying to the porch, much to the amusement of the family, but this day, for some reason, perhaps shyness, he preferred to keep some distance away. My niece, who often played with him finally walked over to the lot and tried to coax him to come over. He followed her only for a short distance. After some persuasion she picked him up carefully in her hands and carried him to the chair where I was seated. He objected somewhat by uttering a strenuous "Caw;" "Caw;" it did not take long, however to make new acquaintances, and the crow soon settled himself for a playful afternoon.

"Jim," as the bird had been named, was a fine large fellow with glossy black feathers and sparkling black eyes always in the alert. He seemed to enjoy people greatly and showed us many of his curious tricks.

He picked a bright salmon-colored nasturtium flower out of one's hand, and nodded his head roguishly, apparently pleased with the brilliant color of the blossom. No matter how closely it was held in the palm of the hand, he thrust in his long black bill and struggled to get the flower. Bits of fruit and cake he took fearlessly from the hand. A pear core was a delectable morsel to be hidden for future enjoyment.

This same bird picked up a bright brass button, carried it in his mouth and put it under the edge of the rug lying on the lawn, then with his beak pulled the rug over it to conceal his prize more effectively. If one were sewing his favorite pastime was to perch on the arm of the chair and try to snatch the glistening steel scissors and needle. Jim was not unmindful of the little babies playing ball on the lawn. He would fly for the ball and try to take it in his mouth.

His interest in croquet was equally keen. Chasing the moving balls seemed to give him considerable pleasure. The crow's trickery and even his tendency toward theft were emphasized in another incident. The kitten of the house was given a bone, but scarcely had she tasted her food when "Jim" swiftly caught it up in his beak, and was off for the topmost branch of a tall tree, there to enjoy his supper.

Anne Turner Greenman.

Billy.

Decatur, Ill.

Billy was a bluejay, whom I raised from a bare fledgling to one of the most beautiful blue and white "sass boxes" that ever sat on a branch of a leafy tree in Spring. He was brought to me by a neighbor who was spending the day in the country. As she and her friend sat under a tree, this wee birdling fell into her lap. The tree was so tall, that her friend could not climb it, and fearing owls or cats, he brought it home to me. I had raised several birds that spring and he thought that I might take pleasure in trying to make the tiny creature live to enjoy this beautiful world of ours.

We had an unused room in the house and this I called my "bird-bower," as I raised all of my birds in there. The floor I covered with papers and removed all furniture from the room. In the center of the room I placed an earthen dish, eight inches in diameter and one and one-half in depth. In this he bathed. Dishes of food and a water dish sat around while long poles stretched from window to window, served as perches.

Bill ate raw meat, bread, worms fruit, or anything he could get his bill on, but onions. He grew to be a strong healthy bluejay and as beautiful a specimen as I ever saw. As he grew he became mischievous. When let out of the room (as I did once a day) he would take things off the dressers and tables, tear up newspapers, and pull corks from bottles. As soon as I found out this last, I was very careful not to leave any poisonous substances about, but alas! One day he spied a vial of sulphite of zinc and mischievously pecked a hole in the cork.

When I put him in his pen and gave him fresh food and water at four o'clock, he did not seem as well. The next morning when I went to let him out, nothing but a bunch of ruffled feathers remained to tell the pathetic story.

Ruth Brooks Hostetter.

Domestic Troubles.

The whole neighborhood has been interested in a pair of robins this spring who when they returned from their winter trip seemed tamer than the usual bird and chose a porch for their first nesting place. A pair of sparrows saw them and thought they were intruding so took possession. They brought material which the robins used. When the nest was finished the robins went off for a day or two and the sparrows were undisturbed, but one day when they came home Mrs. Robin was calmly keeping house there. You never saw such mad sparrows but they could not drive off the robins so they themselves went. In due time the birds were hatched and grew. There were three in all, one large one which was a robin and was always on top and two small ones who could never get more than their beaks above the edge of the nest. One day when we went to look the two small ones had departed and the robin was ready to start so we never really saw, but we are sure that those robins hatched two sparrows. They have built another nest now in a tree just above the roof and again the sparrows helped bring material, but this time when the nest was finished the robins drove off the intruders, though they never minded them during the construction of the home.

Aigrettes.

The curse of beauty has numbered the days of this most dainty and graceful of the Herons. Twenty years ago it was abundant in the south, now it is the rarest of its family. The delicate "aigrettes" which it donned as a nuptial dress were its death warrant. Woman demanded from the bird its wedding plumes, and man has supplied the demand. The Florida Herons have been mercilessly shot down at their nesting grounds, the coveted feathers stripped from their back, the carcasses left to rot, the young in the nest to starve."—*Frank M. Chapman, "Birds of E. America."*

The annual meeting of the Wisconsin Audubon Society was held at Madison in the Unitarian church, May 14th. Owing to the rainy evening there were only a few present, but they were all much pleased with the illustrated talk on English birds in their native haunts, given by Mr. Herbert Maude of Chelmsford, England. The slides were made from photographs taken by himself and some of them showed great ingenuity on the part of the photographer in obtaining successful views of the nest and eggs, or of the bird on her nest.

The usual reports were listened to and the officers elected. Dr. R. H. Denniston, president; Hon. George Raymer, first vice president; Mr. J. M. Olin, second vice president; Dr. J. C. Elson, third vice president; Mrs. Joseph Jastrow, fourth vice president; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Thwaites, 270 Langdon St. Madison; secretary and treasurer of Children's Department, Miss Edna S. Edwards, Appleton.

Directors—Mrs. W. T. Allen, Mrs. F. K. Conover, Mrs. F. J. Turner, Mrs. A. P. Morris, Mr. A. B. Clauson, Mr. F. S. Brandenburg, Miss Louise Claude, Miss Therese Favill, Miss Helen Kellogg, Miss M. E. Hazeltine and Mr. C. F. Voshies, all of Madison.

Honorary Vice Presidents—Dr. C. R. Van Hise, Mrs. R. M. Bashford, Mrs. F. M. Brown, Mrs. R. M. LaFollette, Dr. E. A. Birge of Madison; Dr. H. W. Abraham of Appleton; Mrs. G. A. Buckstaff of Oshkosh; Mrs. F. G. Bigelow, Prof. I. N. Mitchell, Mrs. G. W. Peckham of Milwaukee; Prof. E. C. Perisho of Platteville; Mrs. W. H. Upham of Marshfield, Mrs. W. R. Turner of Columbus; and Prof. O. B. Zimmerman of Charles City, Iowa.

The bird study classes have not been as well attended this year owing to the very cold and backward spring but Mr. F. S. Brandenburg has accompanied those who did wish to go out on Saturday or Sunday mornings.

Mrs. R. G. Thwaites, Sec.

Prof. W. S. Marshall 114 E. Gorham St. Madison, Wis., is the custodian of the Audubon Society's illustrated lecture. It is rented for two dollars and express to any society or club in the state. It is typewritten and can be easily read while the colored slides are shown. A small admittance fee can be charged to defray expenses.

There was at least one pleasant effect of the continued cold this spring. The Warblers, those beautiful little transients who pass through to their summer homes farther North during the first two weeks in May, stayed during the whole month and many of them into June. We suspect they thought North had come part way to meet them.

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

Course of Study. X.

Grade V.

LESSONS WITH PLANTS.

Wild Flower Bed.—This work may be substituted for the competitive flower rearing of previous years. There may be a flower bed on the school grounds; but it is usually possible for any child to have a small plot of ground at home in which he may transplant his favorite wild flowers.

Wild Plants.—Pupils should now be encouraged to keep individual lists. The school list should be preserved from year to year for comparison as to time of flowering, locality, etc. Remember that plants need not be exterminated by the pupils in this study; rather let it be the aim to protect rare and beautiful species like the lady slipper. Besides the other lines of work which have already been suggested, emphasize the relation of insects to flowers.

Evening primrose	Bishop's cap
Meadow lily	Mandrake
Jewel weed	Skunk cabbage
Spurge	Dicentrae
Beggersticks	Sarsaparilla
Raspberry	Clovers
Catnip	Addertongue
Iris	

Trees.—Willows, cedar, juniper, larch. Willows afford a good opportunity for the study of flowers which are inconspicuous. The last three plants should be compared with the conifers previously studied in regard to leaf, fruit and wood.

Fruits.—Melons are suggested here as a good subject for fall study. The comparison of stem, leaves and fruit will afford an opportunity for pupils to begin the study of plant families, a work which should be taken up more formally in succeeding years as a part of the preparation for the study of Botany in the high school.

Flowerless Plants.—Moulds and yeast. A minute study of the moulds is not intended; but rather a gross examination of a few common forms in order that the pupils may recognize them as groups and understand some of the main features of the life histories as the observational work is supplemented by the teacher. The practical use of yeast should be demonstrated and explained in the school room.

R. M.

The following are the new Audubon societies since the last issue—Ephraim, 10, Miss Toft; Town of Harrison, 21, Miss Hall; Sturgeon Bay, 20, Miss Tufts; Glenwood, 52, Miss Kane; Wales, 12, Miss Thomas; Manitowoc, 39, Miss Flint; Fairview, 12, Miss Stoltenberg; Superior, 86, Miss McCormick; Baraboo, 41, Miss Luebke, Shell Lake, 26, Miss Kellar; Stockholm, 9, Miss Little; Baldwin, 22, Miss Larson; Grantsburg, 44, Miss Wallin; La Follette, 23, Miss Baker; Vindland, 28, Miss Freda; Elk Mound, 15, Miss Olson.

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Oven Bird.

Oven bird or golden-crowned thrush is a ground bird and is often classed with the warblers as it is small and comes with those birds. It walks about instead of hopping like other birds. It is olive green above with yellow stripes on the crown; white underneath with brown stripes.

The Usefulness of Birds.

As soon as the warm weather approaches and the sun shines on the earth, the birds can be seen hovering above us. They are looking for straw, string and sticks for building nests.

The city people are likely to see the robin, which is usually one of the first arrivals. When the farmers see that the bluebird has appeared they know that spring has come. The robins prefer to live in the city because the people water their grounds more than the country people do. They will find more worms here because the worms are at the surface. The birds are the greatest musi-

cians of the world. As the birds become more numerous, we can hear their cheerful and famous voices resound within the parks. If these lovely creatures would not visit us during spring and summer, it would be very lonesome.

The chief food of some birds are worms, insects and seeds. Birds search on the ground, in bark of trees and on plants. If it were not for the birds there would not be any trees. Some people say that the birds scatter seeds and it is true. If a bird has a seed in its mouth, and drops it where the plant is unknown, it would be quite valuable.

There are in this world very many graceful birds. One bright colored bird is the scarlet tanager. This bird is all red except its wings which are black. Another is the cedar bird, whose plumage is very beautiful. The oriole also has a beautiful plumage. Their graceful colors helps to make the earth happy.

Lilian Schoenecker
Milwaukee, Wis.

Appleton, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

While I was coming home one day in the early spring I witnessed a very interesting incident. There were one rooster and five hens in a backyard looking for worms. While the hens were scratching about without finding anything, Sir Rooster found a worm about five inches long. As soon as the hens saw Sir Rooster had found a worm they all ran after him chasing him all around the yard. Sir Rooster forgot that any well-mannered rooster would divide his food with less

fortunate than himself but of course Sir Rooster wanted his own worm. He began to gobble it as he ran like a very greedy boy. He then choked and ran to get some water. The hens looked disgusted and went back to hunt worms for themselves.

Belle Morgan.

Mauston, Wis., May 15, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

To-day I saw a summer yellow bird. It was on the rail of the big bridge. When I came near it, it flew away. I never saw one before. They are very shy birds. It has as nice a nest or nicer than any other bird. They make it of milk weeds, strips of fine bark, lint and twigs. The lining is made of dandelion-balls woven together with horse hair. The summer yellow bird is yellow all over except the wings which have brown on the tips. The yellow on its wings is of a different shade. It is about the size of a sparrow. They are very slender.

Aged 12 years.

Louise Turner.

The Homes of Birds.

Some birds' nests are not only bunches of twigs, but they are constructed very carefully.

The yellow warbler makes her nest of fine grass and lines it with a silky vegetable fibre which is very soft. On the outside it has strips of birch bark.

Almost everyone has seen a field sparrow's nest. It is coarse looking on the outside, but as soft inside as the yellow warbler's.

The meadow lark's nest is hard to find because they hide them in the grass. My first sight of a meadow lark's nest was as

the female flew a short distance in the air, and then fell back as if wounded. The nest was in a tuft of dry grass at the bottom of a large tree, and it held five eggs of which four afterwards hatched.

The goldfinch's nest is built the same way as the yellow warbler's. It is placed from five to twenty feet from the ground.

The nest of the chimney swift is not soft, but very neatly shaped. The twigs are glued together with slime. The chimney-swift lays five white eggs. The female, if disturbed, will slowly raise her wings and flutter a little way down the chimney.

A pair of flickers nested quite near my home one year and by rapping at the bottom of the tree-stump, the male would fly away followed by his mate. The nest of this bird is like the woodpecker's nest, a hole drilled in a tree, a little larger at the bottom. These birds never came back and I missed them very much.

But I was soon interested in a robin who afterwards built a nest.

Aged 11.

Linda Heiss.

Appleton, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

I will tell you about the house wren. House wrens are interesting little birds. They are about five inches long, but because the tail is so straight up in the air, it looks to be only three inches long. It is the shortest lived of all the birds. It lives only three years and then dies. We've had wrens build in our yard for many years. The first time the wren came accidentally. We had hung a waist on the line to dry, and before night a wren had started to build a cozy nest in one of the sleeves. When we found the nest in

there, we left the waist in possession of the wren, and watched its proceedings. About the third day the nest, which was composed of twigs and horsehair, was completed. As time advanced four white eggs with dark spots on them were seen. Only two of the eggs were hatched. The next year I set up a house made out of a chalk box, for them. It did not take long for them to build in it, but that year no eggs appeared. The wren comes faithfully every year now, and we enjoy them more than ever.

Yours truly,
Willie Ross.

Aged 11.

Mauston, Wis., June 6, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

Saturday afternoon about three o'clock I saw a goldfinch and a young crow-blackbird. The young blackbird was trying to get into the schoolhouse door. Sunday some boys went to the cemetery with me. We saw some chipping sparrows and their nests. We saw a robin's nest in an evergreen tree with some young ones in it opening their mouths for something to eat. We saw some cat-birds trying to mock a Baltimore oriole. When we were looking in one evergreen tree there was a mourning dove that was sitting on its nest. It looked so pretty in the nest and it was not afraid until one of the boys was going to see it and it flew away. When it flies it makes a kind of a whistling noise. That afternoon we were in the woods near the cemetery and I happened to look up in a tree and I saw a chipmunk. We nearly caught it but it went into its hole. About every morning when I get up there a Baltimore oriole singing its song in

a tree near our house. It has a beautiful song. I have seen the rose-breasted grosbeak. I think its song is something like the robin's. Day before yesterday at noon I saw a bird a little larger than a sparrow and it had a brown back and a black head with a white stripe going around it and over the eyes. It had a white breast with brown spots on it. I do not know what it is.

Yours truly,
Leland de Flon.

Aged 12

Mauston, Wis., May 22, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

One day as I was looking out of the window, I saw a meadow lark, so I went and got a friend of mine and we went to find the nest. We hunted all over and could not find it. Then we thought we would see where the bird went. Just then she flew over with some sticks and got down close to the ground and ran along on the ground through a tunnel made of grass. Then she came out and we found the nest. At night it flies upon a telephone pole and sings. We tried to make it out what it said and I thought it said, "My four little children!"

Yours sincerely,
Leon Pratt.

Mauston, Wis., May 16, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

Tuesday noon I saw a summer yellow bird sitting up in a tree. He chirped and scratched his neck. Yesterday I saw two of them playing in a gooseberry bush.

The summer yellow bird is rather small. Its bill is black, head a bright yellow. Where the tail begins it is a brownish

black, tail yellow with a few black stripes. The underside is yellow with brownish stripes. Its habits are like the warblers.

This year I have seen a scarlet tanager and its mate. They are very pretty birds. I have seen a number of evening grosbeaks.

The court-yard is full of redstarts and other birds. I have seen two catbirds. There is a house wren building in our woodpile.

This spring I have seen a bluebird, ruby-crowned kinglet, brown creeper and a number of warblers.

There is a pair of golden orioles building by our house. I have seen sixteen nests this year I have seen all the woodpecker family, a song sparrow and a ground sparrow.

I have picked cow-slips, violets and mayflowers.

Yours truly,
Kenneth Grubb.

Little York Ill., April 26, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

The song sparrow is one of our prettiest sparrows. I have never seen it before this spring. It sings in the hedge near a stream of water when I come to school. It is about as long as an English sparrow. It is brownish black on the back and has dark brown or blackish streaks below the throat. There is one large spot in the middle of the breast that is easy to see when it faces you. There are beautiful markings on the shoulders and in the front. It has been singing nearly every day for three weeks. It is a shy bird and flies lower down into the hedge or onto the ground when I come near. I saw it once quiet and watchful on the

ground for eight or ten minutes, then it began to feed on worms and bugs. After awhile it flew to the top of an elderberry bush, covered with tangled vines. Then it sang a beautiful song. It says, "Tree, Tree, Tree," all in the same note. Next came trills and quivers in its song, sometimes sounding more like some of the notes of the brown thrasher than a sparrow.

Hazel A. Maley.

Appleton, Wis., Columbus School.

Dear Wayside:

Do you want to hear about two beautiful warblers that I saw? The 14th of May, as I was going to school I noticed a bird up in the tree, which I had never seen before. It was about five inches long. It had white above the tail and wings, and all the rest of the back was a dark slate-colored. The breast was white, and the face was a bright red, and the red blended into an orange. I came to school and told my teacher about the bird, and she said that she thought it must have been some kind of a warbler. The next day she saw the same bird. She looked it up and found it to be the red-faced warbler. The redstart was the other one I saw the next morning. I did not know what it was. We looked it up and found out that it was the redstart. It has a v-shaped spot of orange on each side of his tail, and a light orange on the wings, and dark orange under the wing, and the rest is dark. Two girls saw it first, and they thought it was a humming bird. When I went to see it, it would go round and round the tree, but at last it perched itself on the branch nearby where I could see it plainly.

Aged 13

Hulda Strassburger.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

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VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1907.

No. 3.

Protect Wild Birds.

Aside from the constantly increasing number of bird enthusiasts, few persons are aware that for the past three or four years the good right arm of Uncle Sam has been quietly extended to protect and preserve our more interesting water-birds.

The executive order of President Roosevelt, setting aside certain islands off Louisiana, Florida, and at one or two points in the West, as reservations where various wild birds could establish their breeding places and winter homes without danger of extermination at the hands of ruthless hunters, has brought to light the fact that the sentiment against the wanton destruction of birds for commercial purposes, has invaded the government circles, and found a prompt ally in the President and the Department officials.

Here and there throughout the United States, isolated islands and rocky promontories have been adopted by various wild birds, as retreats during their nesting and wintering seasons. Unmolested for years, these birds had collected in vast number, until at length their remote hiding places were discovered and the work of extinction began. At this time, an ardent bird-lover and Audubon follower, who had already accomplished much through the medium of the Audubon societies, William Dutcher of New York, sought out the chief of the bird

division in the Biological Survey of the Agricultural Department in Washington, to see if something could be done by the government to protect the homes of the various gulls, pelicans, terns, ducks, and similar birds. The islands occupied by the birds were unsurveyed islands, and therefore could not be secured by the Audubon Societies, who would gladly have given their protection. The islands were all rocky, inaccessible places, useless for any practical purpose, and therefore they had never been included among the government lands.

Dr. T. S. Palmer of the Survey, himself an enthusiastic student and lover of birds, took the matter up, and finally secured the consent of the Secretary of the Interior to setting these islands aside as bird reservations, to be protected by government wardens. However, as the lands were not surveyed, the customary procedure in the disposition of government lands could not be followed, and so it happened that the President himself issued the order making these various islands the permanent, protected homes of the birds who have chosen them. The alacrity with which he sanctioned the movement may be readily imagined.

The first reservation established was the famous Pelican Island, in the Indian River, set aside in 1903. This bird-haunt is widely known and much visited. Since they have been under protection,

the birds have not merely increased in numbers, but their habits have been much more closely observed. They are a species of brown pelican, very choice, and had been rapidly disappearing under the ravages of the plumage-hunters.

Breton Island, off the coast of Louisiana, was the next to be reserved. Breton Island is the largest of seven islands constituting the Breton Reservation. Here laughing gulls, terns, white herons and shear waters breed, and here all these birds had been unmercifully slaughtered for their beautiful feathers, until the humane work of the Audubon Societies and the government wardens began.

Since then reservations have been established upon the Huron Islands, five islands off the south shore of Lake Superior; four islands in Stump Lake, in Nelson County, North Dakota, in the Siskiwit Islands, south of Isle Royale in Lake Superior, and Passage Key and Indian Key, at the mouth of Tampa Bay, in Florida. These latter reservations have as yet been very little observed, and they are so isolated that so far they have not been visited. One or two of the western reservations are in little danger from hunters, so that the wardens visit them only monthly or bi-monthly during the season, but on some of the islands formerly ransacked by the hunters the wardens frequently face grave danger in attempting to enforce the protection of the birds. The islands are deserted and dreary, with a penetrating loneliness and forlornity about them, and the wardens have to be stout-hearted as well as brave fighters when they undertake the task of keeping off the determined marauders who persist in attacking the birds.

Aside from Pelican Island, about which much has already been written, Breton Island is probably the most interesting of all the reservations. It is occupied almost entirely by royal terns, having a capacity for two hundred and fifty thousand any year. On April 28th or 29th of each year, Breton Island witnesses a remarkable sight. On that day thousands upon thousands of golden plover land upon the island, for food and drink, and to rest upon their travels. They always light on the same day of the year, unless delayed by storms.

An interesting phase of the work at Stump Lake, the reservation in North Dakota, has been that in addition to the native birds which have nested there in safety, various other birds have discovered this haven of refuge when driven from their usual resorts, and have shown that they understand where to find protection.

The motive of the government in thus giving protection to its seemingly useless wild birds, is not simply the humane reason of preventing mercenary slaughter, but the scientific motive of preserving every species of native bird. While these birds are not game-birds, and many of them are non-plumage birds, it may be that some valuable use will yet be found for them. Meanwhile, they have found safety under the outstretched arm of the law.

Vain Cock Robin Does Battle with Squirrel .

Mont Claire, N. J., July 30.—A fight between a robin and a red squirrel took place yesterday on the lawn in front of the first Methodist church here, in which the robin came off victorious.

The squirrel had left his home in a grove a short distance north of the church on Fullerton avenue, and leaping from tree to tree had followed the street down to the church property.

The green lawn tempted him to descend to the ground for a run across the smooth surface. Mr. Squirrel was probably 150 feet from the nearest tree before an old cock robin spied the intruder, who increased his pace to the nearest tree. But long before he could reach it the robin was on him. Striking with wings, beak and claws, all at once, the bird bowled the little animal over and over.

Panic-stricken, he picked himself up and continued toward the tree. The fugitive managed to reach the trunk and was nearly to the lower branch when the robin, which had flown past after its first attack, came again with a rush. The squirrel could not avoid the encounter. Although he clung as tightly to the tree as he could, he was again knocked sprawling, falling to the grass fully six feet away.

Chattering wildly, the terrified squirrel managed to get up into the tree and the fight was over.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

July 17, 1907.

Secretary of the Children's Department,
Wisconsin Audubon Society:

Concerning our bird story contest about which you ask me, it was very simple. We hoped to interest the children in the unusual number of birds which stayed with us this spring and, incidentally, in the bird books in the library. To this end we offered a bird book as a prize for the best bird story in

each of four grades, choosing the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh grades. One of the requirements made was that the bird chosen must be one which the writer had seen and knew. The schools were visited and the contests carefully explained. The superintendent of schools furnished uniform theme paper, that the finished stories might be bound and kept in the library. Additional credit was given for a well drawn and colored picture of the bird. The children were encouraged to come to the library for information about their birds, with the result that all of our bird books and many Audubon Leaflets, with which Mrs. Thwait's had supplied us went out in a single day. The bird pictures were put out of course in the children's room, and a poster was made explaining the contest. Another poster was made for a greeting and placed in the entrance hall. This had on it a little boy piping to the birds, and Riley's verse, "There's ever a song somewhere." The pictures of most of our common birds were mounted on pale green board matching the two posters and had short verses or bits about the various birds on them. The robin, for instance, appeared above "Rollicking Robin is here again," etc.; the oriole had "My oriole, my flash of summer fire," and so on. The children became tremendously interested and we had about a hundred stories from the four grades. Not only the pupils, but the teachers also became interested and we considered it well worth the while.

Yours very truly,

Helen Price, Librarian.

T. B. Scott Free Library,

Merrill, Wis.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis.

An Island Invasion.

Big ugly spring "worms" were hanging thick and unabashed on the slender willow twigs by the landing, someone said. Sure enough, anyone could see them there, weighing down the branches, seemingly not in the least afraid of enemies. And indeed, I could scarcely call myself one, for I saw great possibilities inside those dusky skins. So I took a few "samples" to the cabin to investigate. Being a naturalist, I am not afraid of crawlers, and every member of our island camp is supposed to be going about seeking every fact of natural history that he can devour. Each "cat" was nearly two inches long! The spines were in longitudinal rows, black and branched; orange red spots adorned the middle of the back. They had a familiar look, but I could only guess what butterfly secrets they contain. I was about to look it up in the nature books, but, on second thought, concluded to wait and let them tell their secrets when they would. So I confined them and next day the final moult had taken place. One had escaped and there it hung upon my window-case, a dull but beautifully shaped spring chrysalis. The empty case still hangs there, though it is more than a year since that miracle took place.

In about ten days the secret was out; there had emerged our familiar Mourn-

ing Cloak butterfly, the rich, velvety, dark brown wings fairly livid, set off by the yellow borders. It was hard to believe that they could be guilty of the devastation at the landing. But there were the rest of the colony, for most of the larvae had not yet pupated; and they were still stripping the leaves from the willow fringe which was now a sorry sight. Willows or butterflies, which would we have?—for clearly we could not have both. The decision had to be made quickly, but I decided that such beauty as these crawlers held should first be yielded up before they were sacrificed. I picked off the crawlers carefully, all there were left on that clump of willows, a hundred or more of them, and put them in a big box tightly closed. I had chosen the critical time. Next morning half the number had pupated, the delicately shaped chrysalis hanging thickly suspended from the cover. In another day the rest had pupated, and their shed skins were strewn upon the bottom of the box. A few had met with untimely deaths in trying to pass this critical stage in their metamorphosis. What a treasure box! They must be disposed of sometime, but how could one destroy such wonders? I eased a tender conscience by sending away to friends a dozen or more chrysalis securely packed in cotton. Some of these brightened the window of an invalid friend and the rest were kept confined in the screened porch of another.

One day in late July the remnant of my hundred burst their shells and spread their wings; it was a veritable Pandora box, and we lifted the lid with caution

Continued on last page.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE.

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month: Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By the Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and may be bought from Miss Juliet Goodrich or Miss Edwards.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North street Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to E. S. Adams, 439 Elm Street, Chicago.

The following are stories written by children in the fourth and sixth grades for the public library contest of Merrill, Wis.

The Robin.

One of the first birds to visit us is the robin. Sometimes she comes as early as February. They will fly around their home in the apple tree. Their homes are made of a mass of sticks, leaves, thread, wool and feathers to hold it together. Some robins build their nest under porches. When their nest is built they turn around and press hard against it with their breast so it looks round. In it will be laid the pretty blue eggs of the robin. The four or five eggs are laid, one of them never hatches. While they make their nest they sing very little, sometimes they sing only a few notes.

If the mother robin hears a cry, she must hasten to the nest for the father robin wants to try to find some food. He is very kind to them and gives them all a piece of a fat worm. When the baby robins hears him coming, they open their wide, yellow mouths. After each meal

the nest must be cleaned, for the robins are neat birds. Some of the chicken feathers lining the nest may be on them and it must be taken off. Sometimes the babies' bills have dirt on them, and it must be cleaned.

The robins are kind birds. I once heard a mixture of birds' voices out of my window. Looking out, I saw an English sparrow sitting on a limb not far off. It looked as if it had been dipped in some mud. After about half an hour's work the sparrow flew away as fresh as new. I wonder if the sparrow learnt anything from the robin.

Sometimes the robin puts his head down and listens for a moment, then burying his bill in the ground he gives a hard pull and pulls out one fat worm and then another until he get four or five when he picks them all up and flies away to his nest in the tree.

Erwin Emerich.

The Hawk.

The hawk builds its nest in very tall pine trees. Its nest is built of sticks and leaves. The hawk lays five large eggs of a dirty bluish color blotched with brown. The male is dressed in a thick, heavy suit of bluish gray with a dark head-covering. He wears white about his throat, but his breast and sides are handsomely flecked with light yellowish red. The rounded tail is marked above with four very dark brown bands, while the under part and tips of the tail feathers are white. The female is larger than the male but she is clad in about the same

attire as her mate and has very sharp claws.

The food is composed chiefly of field mice, frogs, grasshoppers, squirrels and crickets. But if they can get duck or chicken they like it better. They come for prey at all times of the day whenever they can get anything.

The hawk's right name is the falcon, but its common name is the chicken hawk. The hawk or falcon is not a shy bird. It will come and take a chicken any time of the day, when anyone is around.

Ida Segar.

Mauston, Wis., June 4, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

Last Sunday I saw some young woodchucks. My brother and I went up where they were and they ran back into their hole. We took the spade and another shovel, two pitchforks, hoe, post digger, and an axe. We started to dig them out but found they had gone. Then we started to the house and my brother told me to bring the pitchfork. I told him I would not do it. When we had got done quarreling we went off and left it. Monday night my father sent me up to get the pitchfork. The dog went with me and went off to another hole and began barking. Then I went over and took the pitchfork with me. When I got there I heard one of the woodchucks bark. The dog went in and the woodchucks chased her out. So I went down to the house after the post digger. When I got back the dog had one of the young woodchucks out of the hole and was going to kill it. I took the woodchuck down to the house and came back. The dog ran around and got on the track of another

and pretty soon she gave a jump back and there was another little woodchuck on his hind feet going to fight the dog. I caught this one and went down to the house and came back again. The dog tracked another and I took it to the house and came back, but I couldn't see any more so I gave it up. Yours truly,

Earl Stalker.

Mauston, Wis., June 6, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

One day as I was in the country I saw a little fox squirrel. He was so cute I stopped to watch him. He would frisk up a tree and then down again. When he got something to eat he would look all around and then he would begin to eat. When I started toward him, he would wait until I got quite near him and then he would run up a tree near him and sit and look down at me. And when I went a little way off he would come down again and when I went near he would run up again. I went a little way off and sat on a board fence, and his mate came down with him this time. They ate a little while and then began to play. The game they played, it seemed to me, was tag. One would hit the other a bat and then run off and the other would chase. Up trees, down trees, over stumps, logs, and then along the board fences and into the woods out of my sight.

Yours truly,

Max Hall.

Mauston, Wis., June 7, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

Friday night, after school, I walked out to my aunt's. I saw several goldfinches, and the thing I noticed especially

as the little black cap on their heads. This noon there was a red squirrel in one of our big elm trees. There was a bluejay after him. The squirrel would jump from one limb to another and the bluejay after him. The poor little thing looked frightened. At last he jumped to the ground and ran for our shed. Of course the bluejay followed him. The squirrel ran into the shed and I chased the bluejay away.

There was a flicker's nest out in a rotten limb of a tree. The other day the limb fell down, and we put it in as good a position as we could and went on home. When we came back at noon the janitor had taken the limb down and put the young ones in a hole on the other side of the tree. That night it rained and the young ones died. Yours truly,
Matt Grinolds.

Little York, Ill., April 24, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

We saw on April 15th a strange bird. It was in a hill pasture near the school house. It was walking around among the branches of a large tree which had been sawed down. It was a raw, windy day. It had snowed and rained early in the day. We saw the bird at noon. This bird had a long bill about two and one-half inches long which was brown or black on top and red on the sides, extending out from the head about an inch and a half. Its head was small, being bluish gray under the throat and around the eyes. On top of its head was a dark color extending from the bill down the head. On its back was dark brown and yellowish. Its tail was brownish yellow and about two inches long. When it

walked it had a queer way of twitching its tail which was always erect when it walked. Under its tail it was very yellow extending down between the legs. Its eyes were bright black, and above the eye was a peculiar white dot looking something like a wart. Its breast was a pinkish cinnamon color. Its legs were quite long and slim. It had four toes, three in front and one small one behind. It wouldn't fly, it skulked around on the ground and seemed to be afraid to get out into the open. We think that it was a Virginia Rail.

Maybel Jackson.

Appleton, Wis., Columbus School.

Dear Wayside:

One day last spring, when I was visiting out in the country, we went out in a field to pick some violets. We were walking along, and all of a sudden I stepped on something that felt as though it was an egg. I turned around, and there was a nest with three eggs in it. We did not know what kind of eggs they were, but after a while discovered that they were a kingbird's eggs.

We did not take any of the eggs but went on farther to find some more violets. We walked for a long distance when we heard a noise. The girl I was with said it was a kingbird, but I did not know. We followed up the noise and what do you suppose we found? A nest with three little kingbirds in it. We looked up in a tree and there were the male and female sitting on a limb watching us carefully. After a while one of the little ones began to wiggle, and then it flew up on the tree.

Rubia Keuthe.

Yorkville, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

As I was going to school one morning I noticed a little pile of chips under a maple tree and I stood and wondered quite a little while before I thought what it could be. I looked up in the tree where I noticed a hole in one of the limbs. In a woodpecker came and flew into the hole. It has black jacket, white on its back, white breast, black on top of his tail and white underside. I like to watch the birds because they are so cheerful.

Yours truly,
A. F. Parkhurst,

Oswego, Ill., April 17, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

Up in a pine tree in our front yard last summer a bluebird built her nest and laid some pretty speckled eggs. They hatched and were very near ready to fly, when a hard wind came and blew the little birds, nest and all to the ground. Mamma and I found them. There were two of them. We caught them as they were fluttering about the yard. We put the nest by the tree and put the little birds into it. Finally the mother-bird came and by coaxing them she got them to fly up into the snowball bush near by. It was getting late so I came into the house. But I hope those dear little birds lived and grew to be nice big birds.

Yours truly,
Aged 6. Olga Payne.

Maple Tree Tapping.

Were you ever tapping maple trees? Two years ago my cousin and I gathered sap to make some syrup. We had over seventy trees tapped and we had to solder seventy of the pails. The first few days the sap didn't run very well, but after a while it ran fine. We had a great time finding and making the spiles. After we had everything ready, we went out and tapped the trees and drove in the spiles and hung up the buckets. One time

when I was getting the syrup I spilled about a quart of it.

We made a fire every day and roasted potatoes and had a tent where we slept and ate. We cut down a large tree and burned it up in a day. We didn't prepare the syrup ourselves. The house was a little ways away so whenever we got a pot full of sap we carried it to the house where our mothers prepared it. It was good when it came out of the tree, but it was a great deal better after it had boiled some.

Our sisters were out there some of the time and were anxious to cook for us, so they did part of the time. First one would cook and then the other, and so they took turns. When we were through we had thirty quarts of syrup.

Aged 12. William Van Wyk.

Continued from page 20.

inside the cabin. They must not escape to lay more eggs which would produce more larvae to eat more willows. But they were such beauties! So we, or rather, they, for I did not have the heart to do it,—killed them, mercifully, and they lay limp with folded wings, showing only their dull, protective colors, mourning their own untimely deaths for the sins of their youth. A happy thought came to me; I gathered up the poor, limp beauties and spread out their wings. When they were dry, I pinned them to the walls of the cabin as though they were in flight. Here was a wall decoration few could have, real butterflies, fragile yet durable. And here I found them on my return this summer in their unending flight; for they and their progeny will invade the willow ramparts of our island camp no more.

Ruth Marshall.

Since our last issue the following Audubon societies have been formed: Falwn, 44, Miss Gustaveson; Valley Junction, 33, Miss Dunning; Genoa Junction, 34; Weblake, 11, Miss Marsh.

By The Wayside

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VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1907.

No. 4.

Value of Birds.

(Extracts from a leaflet by the Superintendent of Jasper County Schools).

Newton, Ill., Jan. 1, 1907.

To the People of Jasper County:

It falls easily and naturally within the province of the teacher to discuss the economic value of birds to man.

Under the old regime, the bird had no special or official friend to stand between him and the thoughtless boy and cruel sportsman whose object seemed to be only to kill for the mere joy of killing.

As for the war of extermination waged against the birds it was assumed that they were, almost without exception, the worst enemies of the farmer. The grounds of this general denunciation were that some birds really did subsist on newly planted or sprouted seeds; and for this all were brought under the same sweeping condemnation.

Scientific examination into the habits of birds, including the diet upon which they subsist, has already acquitted the great majority of these wicked charges.

The farmer meanwhile has been confronted by a greater foe than the birds had been supposed to be. It was found out and demonstrated that in every year one-tenth of all the products of agriculture is destroyed by insects.

Investigation shows that there are over a hundred thousand different species of insects in the United States alone, the majority of which are injurious. It is

not necessary to name these. The names alone would be the equivalent of a lecture twenty-four hours long.

Against this mighty destroying army the farmer has but few and insufficient defenses. He fumigates, he sprays with liquid poisons, he sprinkles them with deadly dust, and but for the birds he would be utterly helpless. A vast army of these come to his defense and turn the tide of victory in his favor.

Many of these birds have been themselves under the sentence of death for plucking a few sprouts of wheat or appropriating a few berries; an examination of the contents of their stomachs meanwhile showing them to be amongst the greatest of insect destroyers.

The bird even when it lives largely upon seeds, must be credited also as the destroyer of the seeds of noxious as well as useful plants, and has also in its favor that it is an insect destroyer as well.

There are statistics that show beyond peradventure of a doubt, that our best known birds are entirely free from the charges made against them. Many that do some little harm are found also to do a great amount of good. Even our old enemies, the crow, crow-black-bird and cedar-bird do more good than harm. Only three kinds of hawks are under ban. These are the goshawk, Cooper's and the sharp-shinned hawk.

It is time the war against birds should cease; the farmer and the householder

should recognize them as friends and fellow workers.

Nay, more, it is time that something should be done for the birds to repay them for what they have suffered at the hands of man, their natural protector and friend, as well as for the long faithful service they have rendered to man in field, garden orchard and farm.

While in many states laws have been passed for their protection and preservation we have only as yet a few suggestions of a practical nature from a few Bird Commissioners calling attention to the sufferings of birds during summers of great drought and winters of unusual severity.

The Bird Commissioner of Rhode Island suggests that for them a small supply of grain, or sweepings of a haymow, be made accessible. Feed-boxes might be furnished and nailed to the trees.

Birds are worth millions of money to the people of our country. We cannot afford to lose them. Sparrows, robins, blue jays, black birds, catbirds, larks, whippoorwills and orioles, we would keep them all to the end of the catalog. The annihilation of a single species would be a distinct loss to the world of song, the world of beauty or the world of use.

J. F. Arnold,
Co. Supt. of Schools.

Winter Birds.

The following birds are found during the winter in Wisconsin. They may not be seen in the same localities every winter, nor may all of them be seen in every part of the state.

Herring Gull: Back and wings deep pearl gray; head, tail, and under parts white; outer feathers of wings mostly

black; length—25 inches.

Long-eared Owl: Blackish ear tufts; upper parts dusky brown, spotted with ash and dull orange; under parts mixed white and buff; breast has long stripes; length—14 to 16 inches.

Short-eared Owl: Ear tufts inconspicuous; otherwise much like long-eared owl; length—14 to 17 inches.

Screech Owl: Upper parts rusty red streaked with blackish brown; under parts whitish or buff; prominent ear tufts. Sometimes these birds are ashen gray streaked with black and yellow; length—8 to 10 inches.

Downy Woodpecker: Black-spotted white, under parts whitish; length—6 to 7 inches.

Crow: Gloss black; length—16 to 17 inches.

Blue Jay: Blue above, black band around the neck; many of its feathers tipped with white or black; head crested; length—11 to 12 inches.

Tree Sparrow: Crown of head bright chestnut; brown back with feathers edged with buff; two whitish wing bars; breast gray with indistinct black spot on center; length—6 to 7 inches.

Junco: Upper parts slate, gray on breast like a vest; whitish below, outer tail feathers white; length—5 to 6 inches.

Chickadee: Crown, nape, and throat black; above bluish gray; under parts whitish; some white on wings; length—5 to 6 inches.

Red Poll: Crimson wash on head, neck, back, and breast, but only pink when we see him in the winter; sparrow feathers show under the wash; length—5.5 inches.

Snow Flake: Head, neck, and under parts soiled white; few reddish brown

feathers on top of head, the rest grayish brown lightly streaked with black; length—7.5 inches.

American Crossbill: General color, Indian red; head shaded with olive, back and shoulders brown with red edgings to feathers; beak crossed at tip; length—6 inches.

Pine Grosbeak: Heavy bill; above general color strawberry-red; wings and tail brown; below reddish, turning grayish green on belly; length—9 to 10 inches.

Evening Grosbeak: Heavy black bill; head and shoulders greenish yellow shading to gray; end of wings and tail black; female more gray; length—9 to 10 inches.

Cedar Waxwing: Above grayish cinnamon; crest, breast, throat, wings and tail, purplish cinnamon; black line through eye to back of crest, end of tail white; red spot on wing; length—6 to 7 inches.

Bohemian Waxwing: Color general reddish-gray; black on throat and forehead; red spot on wing, larger crest than Cedar waxwing; length—8 inches.

Canada Jay: Ash color above; smoky gray below; whitish breast and neck, no crest; length—10 inches.

White Breasted Nuthatch: Above slate blue, top of head and nape, black; tail short and body compact; bill long and dark; clings to sides of trees; length—5 to 6 inches.

Horned Lark: Upper parts brown with pinkish cast; black crescent on breast; black bar on front of head extending to side of head forming two little horns; length—7 to 8 inches.

The White Badge of Cruelty.

The following article was taken from *Bird Lore* for March-April, 1906, and it

is well for all followers of fashion to remember that this year there are many more varieties of high-priced feathers that can come under this title, "White Badge of Cruelty."

"In view of the decision of the courts in regard to foreign birds, to which attention is called above, we sincerely hope that the wishes of the *Millinery Trade Review* that 'there will be no let-up' in the contest between the dealers in aigrettes and the Audubon Societies may be fully gratified.

"As for the 'women and girls' whose rights, if we are to believe the *Review* are being violated, they have no more right to encourage a traffic which is speedily bringing to extinction one of nature's most beautiful creatures than they have a right to commit any other wanton depredation which will rob those who come after us of their heritage in nature, and we suggest that no more fitting term can be applied to the bunch of aigrettes, which apparently women can be prevented from wearing, not by an appeal to their sympathies and alleged tenderheartedness, but only by the strong arm of the law, than to designate them the *White Badge of Cruelty*.—Ed.

The Hermit Thrush.

BY ELIZABETH WEST

When woods are deep and twilight dim,
where long

Adoring pines lift clustered reverent spires,
A call, a hush, a note without a mar,
It climbs—and climbs—and falls from some
far star,

It thrills and fills and stills unknown desires,
The hermit thrush begins his evensong.

—APPLETON'S MAGAZIN

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year. Single Copies 3 cents

All communications should be sent to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis.

The Benefits of Nature Study.

"To add to the resources of one's life.—Think how much that means! To add to those things that make us more at home in the world; that help guard us against ennui and stagnation"—surely this is worth while, and worth while for us to seek for the children of the public schools. "To add to the resources of one's life"—John Burrough touches the practical side of nature study, practical in the broadest sense of the word. Practical nature study is not a sentimental fad; it has led to such practical results as an educated public sentiment which favors bird protection and enforcement of game laws. We may hope that it will train up a generation of young naturalists who will find new plants for cultivation, and discover how we may avoid the great yearly loss in such crops as the apple. This will mean dollars and cents to the commonwealth. "To make us more at home in the world," continues the sage of Slabsides. What an astonishing amount of ignorance there is everywhere in regard to the commonest facts of nature, and this even among "educated" people,—children in the upper grades of the public schools who do not know that butterflies come from "worms," and college students who do not know tadpoles when they see them! Knowledge of even the common facts would "invest the country with new interest and entice-

ment;" and "make every walk in the fields or woods an excursion into a land of unexhausted treasures."

Our "practical" educators often do much harm by their short-sightedness. Children are taught as the only important things those subjects which will help them in the immediate future to maintain their place in the community, and practically to help to make them self-supporting. This is necessary, but there is more. There comes a time, and it comes early to many, when mere getting on in the world does not satisfy. Other interests must come to rest the weary mind and body and correct the mental vision accustomed only to objects near at hand. Give children some interest which will endure beyond their school days. The lover of nature will not suffer from ennui or stagnation. "The returning seasons will fill us with expectation and delight;" and this interest in nature will "help keep us fresh and sane and young, and make us immune to the strife and fever of the world." R. M.

A Robin Story.

During the summer a Massachusetts woman keeps a shallow dish always filled with water, in her yard. This is enjoyed by all the birds, especially the robins.

One day when a robin was taking his bath, splashing the water about in vigorous fashion, another robin flew down, took his stand a short distance from the dish and began scolding loudly. The bather was not to be frightened off in this way and he "answered back" at the top of his lungs; then, quite suddenly, jumping out of his bath, chastised the other so soundly that he was glad to hurry away. The impertinent intruder being disposed of, the first robin hopped back to the dish and finished his bath at leisure.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month: Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By the Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and may be bought from Miss Juliet Goodrich or Miss Edwards.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North Street Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to E. S. Adams, 439 Elm Street, Chicago.

Last month we had no "Bird of the Month," so I received few letters from my young friends, so this month I am going to give a subject in place of the usual bird. Please write to me under the title, "What We Have Done for the Protection of the Birds." Tell me about your bird house, your bird bath tubs, or bird tables, or what you have done to prevent cruelty to birds.

Chicago, Ill., April, 9, 1907.

The Wayside:

When some of us girls went to the park we saw many robins. When you go to the park you must be very still and if you wish to speak you must talk very low. Be careful how you walk and walk very slowly and softly. The other day I saw a red-headed wood-pecker. It had a red-head and was black and white on his wing. I have a great interest in studying about birds. In our yard we have some crushed corn which is fine and small and the birds come and eat the corn. Last year when I was going to the store there was a little boy who

had a little bird. He was treating it very cruelly and I asked him for it, but he would not give it to me, so I gave five cents for it, although it was only a sparrow. The bird's foot was hurt, so I took it home and put a bandage on it and in a few days, it began to chirp and to fly, so I went up on our roof and held the bird in my hand and it looked at me and chirped and flew away where some other sparrows were. I suppose that one of the other sparrows was his mother or father.

Respectfully,
Emily Larson.

Chicago, Ill., April, 11, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

I go to the Chase school and I am in room five. Our room has formed into bird clubs. There are seven clubs. The names of the clubs are American Eagle, Wren, Grackle, Goldfinch, Oriole, Tanager and Indigo Bunting. All the members of the clubs have bought ribbons. The color of the ribbons is the color of their bird. For instance the American eagle is red, white and blue. The Goldfinch is yellow and black. We have cards and they are thirteen by nineteen. We paste the picture of our bird on the card. We paste a small paper with the names of the members and the president. We paste a larger paper on the card. The large paper is for the birds we have seen. We meet at certain places after school and on Saturdays and go to the park to study the birds. When we come from the park we

report to our president the birds we saw.
When we do not know a bird we describe it to our teacher and she tells us
Sherman Jasper.

Birds.

Little York, Ill., April, 24, 1907.

I go through some woods and I cross the creek every day when I go to school. I see a new bird nearly every morning. I like to watch the birds. I know one hundred and four birds in this county. I want to see ten new kinds this summer. A flicker has a nest in a tree near our house. I like to see them in our yard for they are always eating worms and bugs. They have four white eggs in their nest now. We put up a strawberry box in our yard for a nest for the wrens. They have built in it for two years. We saw a fine looking bird this morning. It is about the size of the English sparrow. It has white on its head. Its body is grayish brown. It had a clear whistle. We think it is the white crowned sparrow.

Walter Kinkaid.

The Cow-Bird.

One spring morning a pair of birds built a nest in our tree. Pretty soon I found out that they had five eggs in the nest. Every day the male brought food to the female. One morning when I went out, I saw the birds making a new nest. Not knowing what had happened, I climbed up the tree and saw six eggs in the old nest. One was different from the others. After much inquiring I found out that a cow-bird had deposited an egg in the other bird's nest, so the bird owners deserted it.

Abe Shenowsky.

The Mocking Bird.

Decatur, Ill.

Last summer when the days were sunny, a family of mocking birds made their home in the apple tree near our door step. We would throw crumbs to them, but they would not eat them until we went into the house. Then they would fly down and eat them. One evening when I was feeding the chickens, I saw a mocking bird sitting in the tree, and it was singing first one song and then another kind. They do not sing the same song all the time. Their nests are built of straws, sticks and feathers. Their color is gray. One day when the kittens were playing out in the yard, a mocking bird flew down and began to fight them, and nearly put their eyes out. One day my brother caught a bird and it seemed so sad and unhappy in a cage, that mamma told us to let it go and be free.

Leila Oakleaf.

The Birds' Breakfast.

April 19, 1907.

One morning in April, there was snow on the ground about four inches deep, and the birds were looking for food. My mother suggested something I would have never thought of, and that was to sweep off the sidewalk in the back yard and throw out some food. The robin with his light red breast, went after the raisins, prunes and suet, and the next day the junco, with his white breast and slate colored back came and brought the kinglet with him. But the next morning it snowed again and covered up the feeding place and the birds could not find the food. But I swept it off again

and threw out some more raisins, prunes and suet and we also saved other crumbs from the supper and dinner table. The birds are around our house every morning now looking for food, but they do not have to dig into the snow at our house as they do in other places.

Raymond Kranzusch.

Chicago, Ill., April, 9.

Dear Wayside:

The boys in our club went to the park. The first kind of bird we saw was a jay. It had two white feathers in the tail. It was with some sparrows. Then some of the boys went one way and the others the other way. When we went the way we saw some boys. They were looking at a tree and on that tree was a creeper. It was brown and white. It could go around the tree and when it got up high it would fly down to another tree. Now I will close my letter.

Yours truly,

Robert Gordon.

The Blue Jay.

Merrill, Wis.

The blue jay lives mostly in the woods but is often seen in the city. It spends the winter in the south because it is too cold here in winter and comes back in spring. Its color is a purplish blue above and whitish below, with lighter blue wings, and tail marked with black bands and in some places tipped with white. On its head is a beautiful crest. Its home is in large trees where it builds its nest. The eggs are a brownish color with darker brown spots, mixed with lighter blue and gray. They feed their young worms that they get from trees they also feed them eggs of other birds

that they steal. It is very mischeivous and quarrelsome. It likes to frighten other birds by screaming like a sparrow hawk or crying like a little bird in pain. It robs the other bird's nests and steals their eggs and when these are gone he steals the farmer's corn. The negroes in the southern states believe that the blue jay is an agent of the devil and that he carries to him slanderous stories and they take great delight when they can catch one and wring off his neck. If the blue jay is taken from its nest when very young it may be tamed and will learn to talk but not as well as the parrot. It is very vain of the few words it speaks and likes to show off before strangers.

In our reader this year we found this passage about the jay. "The jay is one of the most useful agents in the economy of nature, for disseminating forest trees and other nuciferous and hard-seeded vegetables on which they feed. In performing this necessary duty they drop abundance of seeds in their flight over fields, hedges, and by fences, where they alight to deposit them in the post-holes, etc. It's remarkable what numbers of young trees rise up in the fields and pastures, after a wet winter and spring. These birds alone are capable in a few years' time to replant all the cleared lands."

Amanda Jaeger.

The Crow.

The crow is not a handsome bird. His only color is black. He is not a sweet singer. His only song is "caw, caw, caw." But he is the biggest thief and one of the wisest birds we have. He will sit on the top of a tree and watch the farmer plant his corn. When the farmer goes away he will "caw, caw" to the other crows around and they will come and pull up the corn. I know a man who planted three acres of corn very carefully

and put up a scarecrow to keep the birds away. In a week or so he came out to see how it was growing. The crows had eaten it.

Mr. Osborne tells this story of a crow he caught. He cut a cord in its throat called the chattering string and it learned to talk. Every night when it is time for school to let out it would fly to the school house and come home with the children. He kept it for two or three years. Then some crows came around and it flew away with them. He saw it just once more. It was on a fence with some other crows talking as hard as it could to them.

My father caught a crow last summer. It had a broken wing. The crow grabbed him by the hand. As soon as his hand was loose and he got into the buggy the crow grabbed a line in each claw. Father held the crow while the crow hung to the lines till they got home. Mrs. Dodge and mamma pulled away the lines while papa held the crow by the back.

In our books we find some verses about the crow. Here are some:

The jay, that noisy demagogue,
In woodland, marsh or bog,
Who screams from every stump and log,
Or bending thorn,
Steals like a patriotic rogue
The yellow corn.

But thou, more obdurate in crime,
Impatient of the harvest time,
Thy name in every land and clime
Hast odious made
By pulling in its early prime
The yellow corn.

Thy very aspect proves thee base,
The profile of thy stealthy face
Betrays the nature of thy race,
To thief and prowler,
And makes thy presence a disgrace
'Mong honest fowl.

Katherine Halden.

Merrill, Wisconsin.

Mauston, Wis., June, 6, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

There is a rose-breasted grosbeak building a nest in one of our trees at home. The nest is way up in the top of

one of the elms. The male grosbeak sits upon our house and sings while the female builds the nest. When the female flies away to get some grass or twigs for the nest. The male would fly and sing, wherever the female went. There are two chipping sparrows' nests in our evergreens. The eggs in one nest are green with black spots on the large end. The eggs in the other nest are green with the black spots on the small end. A chipping sparrow's nest is made of horsehair. A catbird was building a nest in another evergreen tree beside our house. It has left its nest. I felt sorry for I would watch it build. The catbird has a very pretty song. It isn't a very pretty bird, but its eggs are such a pretty green, a person could not help but look at them.

Yours truly,

Aged 12

John Miller.

Mauston, Wis., May, 5, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

This morning as I was through with examination there was an old flicker came near the window and called. My teacher told me to go down and see what was the matter with her. I went down and the stub that her young were in had fallen and spilled them out on the ground. Soon teacher sent another boy down and we put them back in the nest again. After a while the old flicker came back and seemed to try to thank us.

Yours truly,

Aged 14

Grover Kimball.

Cross Plains, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

I will drop a few lines about the blue jay. I see him every morning in our corn field. His colors are light blue and white; that is why we call him blue jay. I have learned quite a little about birds this year for I read the Wayside at times.

Yours,

Minnie Rersdorf.

By The Wayside

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No. 5

The Hungry Country.

Down through the night, faint voices call;
You hear them if you hark;
And shadows flit across the moon
And are lost out in the dark.

Over the land, over the sea,
They travel by night and day,
For this is the Hungry Country now,
The birds must hurry away.

Yes this is the Hungry Country
For those that linger here,
The land of cold and starvation,
With death's shadow always near.

So put out your birds' lunch counter,
With nut-shells, crumbs and grain,
And tie your suet to a limb;
The winter it here again.

And build a tent of corn and brush
To keep Bob-White from the cold,
And scatter his grain out in the fields,
For this hunted one is not bold.

For this is the Hungry Country, and,
To the birds that linger here,
Don't we owe at least their daily food
In thanks for their winter cheer.

J. T. G.

An Eagle Seen in Chicago.

On October tenth of this year, a huge Eagle flew over the Aztec Tennis grounds in Chicago.

The Aztec Club is just west of Lincoln Park. The day was very windy, and the big bird came from the north-east, sometimes with movement of his wings, sometimes sailing almost dead against the south-west wind. He flew so low that one could see the outlines of the feathers at the ends of the wings and also note distinctly that he had a dark head: but this did not prove that he was not a Bald Eagle, for they do not get their white

heads until their third year. He went on, without haste or seeming uneasiness, into the southwest, and disappeared over the buildings of the city.

The Bluejay.

Many of you know the sad reputation of the bluejay for his quarrelsome habits, but before we convict him for his misdeeds is it not well to pause to consider some of the causes of his bad behavior?

Not so many days ago a bluejay's nest was dislodged from its shelter in a tree growing near my home in Hyde Park, Chicago. The nest fell to the ground with its tiny baby birds and in a short time one of young twin dogs became deeply interested in the thought of a forthcoming feast. He tortured the little birds with all the cunning of his young blood, while the distracted parent jays screamed their distress from the tree. Then like a flash the bluejays flew down, attacked the dog and drove him off. The rescue of the birdlings was no easy task for the parent birds, but with perseverance their nest and family were finally restored to their leafy home.

It then became a part of their daily duty to administer adequate punishment to the adventurous dog, and even though the likeness between the two dogs was so great that people living in their vicinity could not distinguish one from the other, the bluejays were never failing in setting upon the culprit. They made life so

miserable for him that his owner was forced to keep him off the front street.

To the casual observer the bluejay's treatment of the dog only served to emphasize his ill reputation, but a closer study of the causes for such action revealed a certain sense of bird justice.

Anne Turner Greenman.

How About Your Town?

The following resolutions were adopted by the State Teachers' Association at Milwaukee, November 6-9.

"Whereas, one of the leading firms of the city of Milwaukee has in view and for sale pieces of millinery consisting in whole or in part of the plumage of harmless birds other than domesticated birds and

"Whereas, the possession or sale of the plumage of such harmless birds, notably the swallow, is distinctly contrary to the provisions of the laws of the state of Wisconsin, and

"Whereas, the possession or sale of the plumage of harmless birds is also in violation of the laws of the United States and therefore,

"Be it resolved, by the teachers of Wisconsin in session assembled, that we view this exhibition and sale of the plumage of harmless birds other than domesticated birds, and birds protected by law, as an evidence of lawlessness and bad citizenship and a direct menace to the welfare of the agricultural interests of the state of Wisconsin and of the United States, and further as a violation of the unwritten law of humanity, propriety and good taste and

"Be it resolved further, that the Wisconsin Teachers' Association hereby, through its secretary, call the attention

of the fish and game warden, J. W. Stone, Madison, and Valentine Raeth, 836 Twenty-fifth street, Milwaukee, to the open violation of the law and call upon them to take notice of this violation and also upon the assistant chief of the biological survey of the department of agriculture, T. S. Palmer, Washington, D. C. to take such action as will prevent the importation to this state of bird plumage in violation of law, and cause the withdrawal of such plumage from exhibition and sale by any and all firms or individuals offending in such manner in city of Milwaukee or state."

How about the dealers of your town? Do you know what the law is? Would you be willing to call the attention of a dealer to a presumably unintentional violation of the law and in case your advice was disregarded to notify the game warden of your district or the state game warden of the matter?

The state law reads as follows:

"No person shall, within the state of Wisconsin kill or catch or have in his or her possession, living or dead, any wild bird other than a game bird, nor shall purchase, offer or expose for sale any such wild bird after it has been killed or caught. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale."

Game birds, hawks, owls, English sparrows, crows and blackbirds are not included in this act.

In Michigan there is a bounty of two cents a head for the house sparrow. At last an excuse for the boy with an air gun.

Nature Faking.

The term originated with our president in a war which he and his study friend, Mr. Burroughs, have been conducting against certain un-natural history writers. It refers to the practice of those writers of substituting a rather fervid imagination for a knowledge of fact in an effort to produce books that will sell rapidly.

The present school originated with Mr. Thompson-Seton, who warns us that the events he records in his biographies are not supposed to have happened to one individual, but are the results of his study of the species. The school ends, it is to be hoped, with Dr. Long, who not only gives us a minute history of the daily life of the shiest wood creatures but insists upon having the whole thing accepted as plain unvarnished fact.

And what remarkable facts they write! One crow is singled out of a flock and his whole life related to us. Another writer tells of a fox who jumped in the back of a farmer's wagon and rode a ways in order to throw the dogs off the scent. We are told of a frog who lived on sparrows, of a woodcock who set his own broken leg with a stick and clay. Of the famous wolf who bit through the breast of a caribou and pierced his heart though the feat means that the wolf must have sent his fangs through six inches of hide, flesh and bone. We are told of a mother beaver, minus one fore leg, who built her dam across a mountain stream, forcing stakes, three feet long down half their length into the stony bottom and then standing off and squinting along the line of stakes to see if it is straight.

Are not animals interesting enough as themselves? Is it necessary to make them human in order to make them in-

teresting? Would you rather have the wonderful Red Riding Hoody stories of Dr. Longs' snow white wolf than to know that wolves are the shiest of all wood-dwellers, that a hunter rarely sees one out of a trap and that some naturalists have spent a large per cent. of their lives in the woods and have never seen a wolf?

It is still true that fact is stranger than fiction but, contrary to the general belief it is much harder to write. It is easier to invent your natural history than to discover it. But you run the risk of making yourself ridiculous when you match your cunning against the cunning of Nature.

Eagle Uses Liner to Help It Back to Yankee Coast.

The Anchor liner Columbia, in from Glasgow, reports that at noon Saturday near Cape Race and far from land a fine big American eagle, probably driven off shore by a heavy gale, alighted on the fore truck of the vessel. The day was mild and most of the passengers came out on deck to see the bird, which gazed down unconcernedly, after the confident fashion of a self-possessed American. No effort was made to capture the bird, which looked as if it could put up a good scrap, if necessary. It finally flew from the fore to the main truck and perched there, preening itself as calmly as if it was in its aerie. The passengers watched it closely until dusk, when it spread its broad wings and headed for the Yankee coast. The ship had helped it along more than 100 miles.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Then we gather, as we travel,
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,

And we chip off little specimens of stone;
And we carry home as prizes
Funny bugs of handy sizes,

Just to give the day a scientific tone.

—Charles Edward Carryl

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The American Nature-Study Society.

All students of nature and particularly teachers of nature-study will be interested in the proposed organization of the American Nature-Study Society. The need of such an organization has been felt for some time, and it has found voice in *The Nature-Study Review*. This little monthly, now in its third volume, was launched by a few enthusiastic spirits under the able editorship of Professor M. A. Bigelow, of the Teachers College, Columbia University, New York. The editorial committee comprises also L. H. Bailey, C. F. Hodge, H. W. Fairbanks, William Lochhead, and J. F. Woodhull. The journal has been highly successful; it contains suggestions on the practical side for teachers, while it keeps its readers informed of the progress of the movement in America and stimulates thought by its discussions of leading questions.

In the March issue of the *Review* (which will be sent free on application to the editor) the plan for the American Nature-Study Society was set forth; all who are interested are invited to send in suggestions and to help to secure as soon as possible one thousand members. The September issue announced that although this number has not yet been secured, the interest manifested has seemed to justify the making of some definite plans for its complete organization. This, it is hoped, may accomplished in

December at the time of the meeting of the national scientific societies in Chicago. Nominations for an organizing committee of ten have been made by members as their names have come in; among those receiving the highest number of votes are the names of Professor L. H. Bailey and Professor C. F. Hodge. The *Review* will become the official organ, and the annual membership fee of one dollar will secure this.

The following are the reasons given for the organization of nature-study workers: "(1) in order to get more closely in touch with each other's work; (2) in order to get more educators and scientific men into touch with nature study movement, and (3) in order to demonstrate the extent and strength to which the nature-study movement has already attained." It is probable that state societies will be formed to bring members into closer touch. Professor Bigelow says, "Another fact indicating need of organization is that few people realize how widespread the nature-study movement has become. Many people, especially those from abroad, seem to think that nature-study is chiefly an interesting experiment under the direction of the former students of three or four colleges which have given special attention to the subject. Even principals of certain training schools have made remarks showing that they have failed to grasp the idea that nature-study is no longer limited to the few localities made well known by some of the pioneer work. In all such cases, and my experience is that they are far from rare, the influence of a strong organization would certainly be of great value in advancing nature-study."

R. M.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

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Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month: Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mr. Thos. R. Moyle, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By the Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and may be bought from Miss Juliet Goodrich or Mr. Moyle.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North street Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to E. S. Adams, 439 Elm Street, Chicago.

This is the season to begin feeding the birds. Suet, tied strongly to a limb, is one of the best foods. Cracked corn, and grain chaff may be scattered about on the ground and scraps from the table put on a "lunch counter" attached to your window-sill or built around your school flag pole.

Mabel Osgood Wright, in her article in the School Department of *Bird Lore*, suggests that these lunch counters be made of old boards and left unpainted, as, she says, new shiny objects frighten the birds.

Instead of telling about any particular bird next month I should like you to write *By The Wayside* about what you are doing to help them all through the winter.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Maywood, Ill., Oct., 30, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I saw a bluejay's nest in the poplar tree last spring. It had three eggs in the nest. The tree was near my house and I fed it all summer. Soon the young

ones hatched and then I fed the young ones. And then I thought I would take them in the house to show mamma. So I went outside put them in the basket and carried them into the house. I put them down on the table. I then fed them bread and water. Now it was noon and I put them in the nest by the mother and father.

Yours truly,

Edward Kroz.

Little York, Ill., March, 30, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

I will write you about the bluebird which I see every morning coming to school. The bluebird is a very pretty bird for early spring. The male has a brighter and more distinct color than the female. Its back, head and tail are a pretty blue its breast is reddish brown. They stay around the school house and fly about the maple and oak trees. And sometimes they come and sit on a fence post about two rods from the school house. They are not in flocks as they were in February but are scattered about in pairs or sometimes there is only one. They are now looking for some hollow post or stump in which to build their nests. Many thanks for calendar received for prize.

Mabel Johnson.

Maywood, Ill., Oct., 30, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

I have been putting feed on our roof and the birds are all around the barn now and my mother will not let me even

kill a beetle in front of the store and if I do my father will give me a whipping so I think I will tell you that last year you told me to build a martin house. I had to help my father in the store I didn't have time to make it so this year I will try to make one. Our room is going to start an Audubon society this year and I think I will join it.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Holger Junget.

Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

I have made a house for a bluejay. A bird came up to our door, the other day and mamma took him in and gave him something to eat and to drink, but he died. We have had many birds that have died. I hope we will not see any more dead birds. Mrs. Reade is going to start an Audubon society. The birds will soon go south. I wish the birds could stay with us all winter. I think Mrs. Reade is kind to the birds. In vacation I saw all kinds of birds. I think birds are pretty things. I gave birds crumbs in vacation.

Your's truly,

Ella Zeige.

Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

In summer, early in the morning there were always black crows in our yard and we fed them. One morning there were twenty crows in our back yard. When one flies away they all fly away.

Ruth Inglis.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Mauston, Wis., May, 15, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

Every day I see some evening gros-

beaks in our yard near the apple tree. They were there a couple of days before I noticed them. Then I began to wonder what they were. When I got to school I looked in the bird-book for them and found that they were evening grosbeaks. They are very pretty birds. On their back, head and breast is yellow, then on both sides there is a big white spot and the tail is black, they are about as large as a robin. The other day I put some crumbs on the ground. After awhile I went out to see if the crumbs were there yet, but as I opened the door a grosbeak flew away and the crumbs were gone. Then today there were four girls trying to catch a poor little bird, but could not. So I went out to see what they were after and I saw a lot of redstarts. They are very pretty little birds. They have a black back and head, with white breast and some orange on their wings and tail. Their wings are lined with light orange. They are about three and one half inches long. Then today I saw a scarlet tanager. It was a very pretty bird. It was on the ground, so I could see it well. It is all red except the wings are black. It is about six inches long.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Gertrude Teed.

The Robin.

Merrill, Wisconsin,

We watch for the robin in spring because we think spring is here to stay when the robin comes. They spend the winter in the south because it is too cold for them here in the winter. The robin is about five and three quarters inches long, the breast is reddish orange with gray on the sides of the neck, the bill is black and feet are brown. Their body is

round. The female is usually but not always duller than the male. The nest is made of dead leaves, dried grass, moss and lined with hair and feathers. The nests are usually made in hollow trees and where there is a great deal of noise and confusion. The mother bird lays from five to seven eggs and two or three broods in a season. The robin sits on her eggs about eleven days. On the eleventh day the young ones come out of the shell and after eight days the young ones have their body covered with pin feathers. About eleven or twelve days more they leave the nest and in a day or two they are left to the care of the male bird, while the female bird build another nest usually not far from the old one. Early in the spring I have seen the mother bird dig in the garden and picks up a big fat worm and fly toward the nest to give it to the young. We should protect the robin because it eats thousands of worms and grubs which would destroy the tree if left to themselves. I have often watched the robin picking worms from cherry trees and flying towards the nest to the little bird, but the mother bird hardly ever eats the cherries. Its chief food is worms and grubs.

Minnie Severson.

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct., 25, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

One day as I was walking in the fields I saw four kingbirds. They were all in the top of a large cottonwood tree and singing as though they were happy. Perhaps it was the last song of summer. They are very pretty birds. They have a white fringe on their tails.

Your loving friend,
Eva Koenig.

Neenah, Wis., Oct., 31, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

One morning when we were on our way to school we found a quail which we thought had been injured by the street car because it was lying on the track. We picked it up and held it out in our hands but it could not fly. So we took it to school and put it in a box with some cotton-batting. It remained there until it was a little stronger, then it hopped out to try its strength. It could not walk very well but it would not give up trying. At night one of the girls took it home and brought it back in the morning. The next night she took it with her again and it died. The bird was gray and had long legs and a long bill. It resembled the snipe in a great many ways.

Yours respectfully,

Louisa Erdmann.

Mauston, Wis., June, 4, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

One day as I was up in the jail I thought that I would look and see if the mourning dove was still setting and on looking into the nest I saw two little heads looking out from under their mother's wing. The dove is very tame. As I was looking out of the window I saw a robin hopping along on the ground. It had three little fellows and it was feeding them some worms and insects which it picked up.

Beldon Doty.

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct., 30, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

This summer some bluebirds built in our yard in a gallon pail which was upside down on a post with a hole in the side. They had a few little bluebirds. Some days when I would go to look at

them they would have their mouths wide open crying for something to eat. I would go in the house and get some crumbs of bread and put them in their mouth for they were too little to feed themselves. The male bluebird has a blue back and a brown breast and white under its tail. The female bird has lighter blue and lighter brown on its breast.

Your friend,
Isabele Pesch.

Aged 12.

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct., 30, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

The bluejays are very thick around our house. We had some hazel nuts outside of our house. One morning I went outside. There about five or six bluejays eating hazel nuts. They take three or four in their mouth. They seem to swallow them. I put a broom outside with a hat, a coat and an apron on it. But they were not afraid of it. The bluejay is a blue and white bird. It is the size of a robin.

Yours truly,
Olive Dahling.

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct., 25, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

I have a bird house on our wood shed. It has two rooms in it. One is above the other. The lower room has sparrows in it. The higher room has martins. The martins have sung to us all summer. They make things merry. Now they have gone. The sparrows took the place of the martins. When spring comes they chase the sparrows away and take it.

From your friend,
Louis Kirch.

The Bluebird.

Merrill, Wisconsin.

"I wish we had a nice red mail box like Mr. Graham's. This is such a shabby old thing." George lifted the cover of the old mail box and let it fall with a slam.

"Some day we may have one," answered John.

"Let's make one," answered Frank.

"Alright, let's make one to-morrow," said George.

The next day was Saturday, the first of the spring vacation. When the boys had done their morning tasks, they went to the work shop. There they sawed and hammered for about an hour until George held up the finished box. "Let's put it up before we paint it," said John. So it was put up and painted a bright red. It had an attachment to the cover to put packages and papers into. The boys stood up and admired their work.

As they stood there, a sweet chirping sound came from across the road.

"Oh! There's a bluebird," cried Frank.

"Yes, did your teacher tell you to write down the names of all the birds you saw during vacation?" asked George.

"Yes, and to tell all we could about each one."

"The upper parts of the wings are blue-white, beneath them it is white. The breast is about the color of burnt sienna. They nest in hollow posts and birdboxes. They sing sweetly and lay from four to six pale blue eggs. They are very tame."

About a week afterwards Helen went to the box for mail and, as she started to lift a cover, a bird of blue flew out of the cover and went soaring off over the meadow. She looked into the section and there she saw five pale blue eggs in a nest woven of fine grasses.

The old box was put up and the blue bird had her nest there all summer.

Winifred Call.

By The Wayside

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DECEMBER, 1907.

No. 6



Bird Exhibit at the Milwaukee Public Museum.

Editor of By the Wayside.

Dear Sir:—

You have asked me to write you an account of our exhibit of birds at the museum and I am very glad to comply with your request because of the added interest it may give your readers in our exhibits. These exhibits fall naturally under nine heads:

First. There is a selected series of mounted skeletons of birds illustrating the osteology of typical members of the various orders.

Second. A series of foreign birds, systematic in arrangement, giving a general view of the ornis of the world and exhibiting many of the better known and more striking species. The ostrich, cassowary, albatross, penguin, and series of humming birds and birds of paradise are among those attracting most general

interest.

Third. A systematic series of the birds of North America, represented as far as possible by mounted specimens of adult, male and female, and of one young of each species. These are labeled to give the common name, scientific name, habitat, locality, and date where and when the individual was taken.

Fourth. Collection of North American Birds' eggs, mostly shown in sets and in a number of instances also accompanied by nests.

Fifth. The birds known to occur within a radius of twenty-five miles of Milwaukee represented usually by adult males. This series consists of three divisions (a) one containing birds that are permanent residents of the region, (b) another comprising species that are properly migratory, like the robin and red-

headed woodpecker, but some individuals of which may be found in the region, at any time and (c) the ordinary migratory species. These latter are moved twice a month to show each birds' position relative to the region. For example the Blackburnian warbler will from January to April 15th appear in a division marked "Now south of this region" while from that date to the end of May it will be in a division marked "Now present in this region," during September it will again occupy the "present" division after which it will take its place among the "south" birds.

The labels on these birds give an epitome of their geographical distribution, indicate the character of country (woods, swamps, upland fields, etc.) in which they are to be looked for in our region, give the food of the bird, which as far as possible is taken from stomach examinations, and if the bird breeds in our region the usual placement of the nest and number of eggs laid is also stated. Near this collection is placed a map of the region covered and also a reading table on which are four or five of the best works treating of the birds of the eastern United States. This collection is the objective point of many local bird students when they come to the museum.

Sixth. Is an attempt to tell as much about a particular bird of our region can be objectively shown in a fixed exhibit. To do this we select the home life of the bird, its nest with young, and show the feeding of these, the adaptation of the nest to its site, the protective coloration of many of the female birds and other points of note and thereby create an interest in the family group which we hope works for the protection of the bird. These groups are made with scrupulous

care not to introduce a plant or object that was not there when the group was taken. They are all environmental—that is, they exhibit the surroundings of the home whether a tree top, hollow trunk, eaves of a barn or on the ground. The labels accompanying these groups often consist of a couple of hundred words and give an epitome of the life histories of the birds and call attention to points of structure or adaptations that are noteworthy. Other similar groups show the nest with eggs instead of young.

One of these groups combines two species of birds shown by eighty-six individuals comprising several families of both and so is somewhat intermediate between this and the next division. It represents a nesting site of the herring gull and Caspian Tern on a little island near Death's Door, at the end of the Door County peninsula. This is a truthful representation of a portion of the colony as found in 1905. The case is sixteen feet front by seven feet in depth but as the back is an oil painting executed from photographs taken on the spot and blends excellently with the foreground the effect is of a much larger section of the colony than could be contained in the case. The gulls are all mounted from photographs taken from a blind in the midst of the colony when the birds were absolutely unaware of any intrusion and so were as much at ease as though no one was within miles of them. Some peculiar habits previously unrecorded and presumably unknown are shown in the group.

Perhaps it is as well to include in this division various other groups as great blue herons, white pelicans, etc., that give some information as to the life of

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Winter Excursions.

Few people know how many interesting things there are to be seen upon a winter walk. The walk is taken simply for the walk, "a constitutional." To be sure, it is a great deal just to exercise our lungs in the fresh air, to fill the blood again with good oxygen, and to get ourselves out of ourselves for a time, knowing that it economizes time in the end. But we get most benefit from a walk that is taken for pleasure and not as a task imposed upon our physical nature.

There is so much to see when the year is at full tide in spring that even the most unsympathetic soul with the dull-est senses can hardly fail to get closer to nature then. But winter, we are told, is lifeless, devoid of interest to the nature lover, who must now turn to books to read instead what others have seen and felt. But Burroughs sees much in the winter aspect, and so may we. The region must indeed be barren that does not yield something worth finding. Let me tell you how much we found, my artist friend and I, one beautiful day in late November in a flat country—I had almost said uninteresting country—just outside a big town, along the course of a muddy stream.

First there were the birds; the day was made for them, still, clear, and mild. We had but an hour and were looking for other things and so we did not catch them all. But we got the downy and the hairy woodpeckers, the junco, the black-capped chickadee, the crow and the blue jay, besides a sparrow which would not sit still long enough to be identified with certainty, and a hawk too far away even for our glasses to make out clearly. Not so bad a list, after all. Then, along the creek banks, there were

seeds we wanted, ash and box elder, to keep for some experiments in tree planting; and some weed seeds to illustrate nature lessons, the beggers' ticks, senna and cockles. There was a big patch of knotweed, to whose brown and withered stems the parasitic dodder clung, and someone would be found who did not know this robber plant and must be informed. So it was added to the growing collection. The water certainly looked muddy and uninteresting, but it might be supporting life, so I filled a bottle with dead leaves and mud from the bottom. On my return, the microscope revealed a good number of minute forms of life.

When we were not looking up for birds or down at our feet for seeds, we searched the thickets at the level of our eyes, for this is the best time of the year to go "cocooning." The maples were preyed upon this year by the white-marked tussock moth; the cocoons were numerous, hairy cases attached to twigs and leaves, with the conspicuous cluster of eggs on the outside in a glistening frothy mass. And at last, as we turned homeward, there in the hedge-row was the prize we were searching for, a cecropia cocoon, which almost escaped our eyes. But, alas, the beautiful creature who spun it had not escaped the eyes of a chalice fly; the silken case was pierced with tiny holes where its parasitic young had escaped, and when cut open the cocoon covered only the dry skin of the caterpillar. The poor larva had perished after spinning its case, unable to begin its winter metamorphosis. But we took the cocoon anyway, for even this might "point a moral or adorn a tale." Lastly, we picked a deserted robin's nest for the

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BY THE WAYSIDE

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The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year.

Single Copies 3 cents

All communications should be sent to Mr. T. R. Moyle, Appleton, Wis.

To One Hundred Illinois Teachers.

Through the generosity of the Wisconsin Audubon Society, the Illinois Society is enabled to continue sending one hundred copies a month of *By the Wayside* to Illinois schools.

It is earnestly hoped that the teachers who receive the paper will read it and encourage their pupils both to read and write letters to it.

Letters from Illinois teachers talking of their bird-work will be gladly published.

Juliet T. Goodrich.

The article entitled "Winter Excursions" by Miss Ruth Marshall, Ph. D., is the first of a series to be given throughout the year upon nature study and kindred topics. Dr. Marshall, who was formerly editor of the *Wayside*, is now connected with Nebraska University as an instructor in nature study. It will, no doubt, interest the teachers among our readers to know that the University of Nebraska is offering correspondence courses in nature study. We quote the following from one of their circulars.

The course is designed for teachers in elementary schools and for nature students in homes and clubs who desire some guidance in their study. Common plants and animals and their environment will be the subject matter. The aim is to give practical directions for collecting, keeping and studying plants and animals, for learning their life

histories and relation to man. No previous scientific training is necessary. Lessons will be sent out giving definite directions for the study and written reports of progress will be returned to the instructor. The directions include suggestions for presenting the matter to children. Application should be made to the Registrar, The University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Attention is called to the article by Mr. Ward about the exhibit of birds in the Milwaukee museum. What commends the exhibit chiefly is the arrangement which makes it very usable and suggestive both to the beginner and the advanced student. Any bird lover will make a mistake if he fails to make use of a chance to visit the museum.

Watching the Spring Migration of Birds at the White House.

At the White House we are apt to stroll around the grounds for a few minutes after breakfast; and during the migrations, especially in spring, I often take a pair of field-glasses so as to examine any bird as to the identity of which I am doubtful. From the end of April the warblers pass in troops—myrtle, magnolia, chestnut-sided, bay-breasted, blackburnian, black-throated blue, Canadian, and many others, with at the very end of the season the black-polls; exquisite little birds, but not conspicuous as a rule, except perhaps the blackburian, whose brilliant orange throat and breast flame when they catch the sunlight as he flits among the trees. The males in their dress of courtship are easily recognized by any one who has Chapman's book on the warblers. On May 4, 1906, I saw a Cape May warbler, the first I had ever seen. It was in a small pine. It was fearless,

Continued on page 48.

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Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to E. S. Adams, 439 Elm Street, Chicago.

When the leaves fall in Autumn we are usually surprised to see a number of nests that we never suspected were there.

Once in four years men come to our houses to take a census, that is to ask how many people live there and what they do for a living and a great many other questions too. Isn't this the time of year for us to take a bird census? Of course the birds are not here but if we know it is Mr. Robin's house we can guess at the size of his family and what he did for a living. Wouldn't it be interesting to make a record of all the bird's nests in our block or our neighborhood? In some schools they make maps of the neighborhood about their school and mark all the bird's nests. Then we could keep the record till next fall and find out if more birds live with us next summer than did last. And maybe we can find out what sort of trees different birds like best.

Let us study bird's nests this winter. Keep a record of the number you find of the different kinds and in what sort of a tree or bush or box.

If you have an encyclopedia that will

tell what sort of a nest each bird builds. The following facts may be of some use. Robins, Cedar birds, Grosbeaks, Orioles, Kingbirds build in trees. The Robin uses mud in building and the Oriole's nest is a hanging one. The Wood Thrush, the Brown Thrasher, Catbird, Chipping Sparrow build in bushes or low trees. The Song Sparrow and Bobolink build on the ground, the Bluebird, House Wren, Purple Martin build either in boxes or holes in trees.

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct. 29, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

One night I put some crumbs out and in the morning the birds had taken them. Once I saw a robin that could not fly so I picked it up and took it home. I put it in a basket with some crumbs of bread. In the morning it flew out of the door when papa opened the door to go out. Afterward I saw some robins in front of the door. I saw some bluejays come and eat the crumbs. I have seen boys shoot the sparrows and robins. I told them that they were doing wrong to do it. But they did not stop it.

I like the birds. I have seen birds hunting for string. We studied about the Ruby Crowned Kinglet. I saw his picture on the chart with all the birds. The woodpecker every morning would be tapping on the telephone pole. He always wakes mamma and papa up early in the morning. I have seen swallows make their nests in the chimney. I will have to close for I cannot think of any more. Goodbye.

Marjorie McKenzie.

[It is very likely that Miss Marjorie's swallows are chimney swifts.]

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct., 1907.

Dear Wayside:

I have been watching the birds this fall as they go south. They are nearly all gone. I miss their sweet song but I shall hear the song of some birds all winter. I have tried to do all I can for them. At school we have a bird chart. This winter when we have stormy weather and I can't go out to play I shall look at the birds that live here. Then when spring comes I will know each bird as it returns. Some birds like the crow steal the farmer's corn. Except for the birds the farmer's corn would be eaten up by the insects. Where we used to live is a bird house and in winter we kept food there for the birds. One bird would find it and tell all the rest of them. Some times there would be about twenty-five at a time. One day last spring a naughty boy had robbed a bird's nest. He had taken even the nest. The poor bird thought if at first you don't succeed try, try again. So she tried several times and soon the boy thought it was wrong and left the nest alone.

From your friend,
Gladys Farr.

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct. 30, 07.

Dear Wayside:

I belong to a society and I like it very much. One day when a naughty boy was going to kill a robin, I told him it wasn't nice to kill such a nice bird. It didn't do him any harm. He said he didn't care. One Sunday when I was taking my friend home I found a dead robin. I have lived in town now two years. I did live on a farm in Mounds' Creek. When I was on the farm I found a bird with a broken wing. I took it to

the house and bound it up and in a little while it was better. It would fly around us. One day it flew to the barn. One day it flew too far when it wing was not strong and a cat got it. My sister and I felt so bad we cried for the poor little thing.

Violet Coldwell.

Mauston, Wis., June, 6, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

Last Saturday afternoon I saw a flock of goldfinches and this morning when I was coming to school I saw another flock of goldfinches. I also saw a Baltimore oriole on one of our plum trees. I went out to look at it, and it flew away. This morning in school time a limb broke off of a tree and fell to the ground. It had a flicker's nest in it. The limb fell so that the flicker's nest was upside down. My teacher sent some of the boys out to stand the limb up against the tree. Then the janitor went and put the little flickers in a hollow hole in a tree so they wouldn't get hurt. But the flicker never came back to her young ones and the little flickers died. They must have starved.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Laura Wermuth.

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct., 29, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

I built two or three bird houses. A robin built his nest in one of these houses. A bluejay built his nest in our tree and David robbed the nest with five eggs in it. Each egg had a little bird in it. This year a robin built his nest in one of the trees. I used to give him straw and string to build his nest with. I don't think that I have ever killed a bird in my life. Once I had a pair of pigeons. One of them fell in the rain barrel and the other one died.

Earl Billig.

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct., 30, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

Two weeks ago Sunday I saw two little snowbirds sitting on a wire fence. They had a black back and black under the bill. The breast was white. Sometimes they would hop down among the weeds to get some seeds. Last Tuesday when I was coming to school I saw another snowbird.

Your friend,
Rolland Beardsley.

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct., 29, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

Last spring I noticed some robins building in a tree near our house. I watched them for several days. Then I put some string out for them. When the nest was nearly done some bluejays came and had a fight with the robins. The robins went away. The bluejays built in one of our neighbor's trees.

Your friend,
Aged 13. Minnie Rohr.

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct., 29, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

I will write and tell you about the birds I saw. They were very pretty. Last summer there was a bluebird built a little nest in a can that we set on a post. There was a little hole in the front of the can. It layed four eggs. They raised them until they were quite big. Then they began to fly. This summer they came in this can again. They layed four eggs. When they were big enough all flew away except one. That one was sick, but it got better in a few days. The next day it flew away and was al-right again.

Goodbye,
Geneva Pesch.

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct., 25, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

Last spring there was a robin building his nest in one of our pine trees. It had four blue eggs in and after they had hatched there were four robins in the nest. At another time a bluejay had its nest in a pine tree in our yard. There were five little ones in the nest. Then this spring a field sparrow built its nest along the bank of a creek. After the little birds were hatched the creek came up and washed the nest away and I never saw the nest again.

Frank Cairns.

Continued from page 42.

these species but are not family groups.

Seventh. Embraces regional groups of which only a single example exists at present but which will be succeeded by others. This is a large group sixteen by seven feet, with a painted background greatly extending its range, portraying the bird life of a marsh. The study and collecting for this group was done on marshes near the shore of Green Bay. Fourteen species are shown by sixty-nine birds and numerous nests and eggs. It is an ecological study of such a region and will probably be followed by studies of prairies, deserts, etc.

Eighth. Consists of exhibits illustrating facts and theories of ornithology such as evolution by environment shown by various races of song sparrow placed on a map of North America, evolution by artificial selection shown by the pigeon, individual color variation shown by the ruff, dichromation by the screech owl, etc.

Ninth. We come to what will be when finished the introduction to the entire avian exhibit. It is not a synoptic or systematic treatment of the subject but

attempts to tell many things about birds that should be known before one can fully appreciate the other exhibits. It starts with the earliest known birds, shows, by diagram, the great size of some ancient aves; the development of the egg is shown by a series of anatomical models and the different condition of birds at birth by mounted young of nidifugæ and nidicolæ. The evolution of the skeleton of the wing and the manner in which it supports the flight feathers, the entire skeleton and its relation to the entire bird, the pneumaticity of certain bones, the development of feathers, kinds of feathers, their color patterns, pigmental and refraction colors, moults with their relations to age, sex and season, types of bills, feet, wings, tails all are shown by preparations, and the series will also treat of eggs and nidification.

Other exhibits will soon be prepared to illustrate the beneficial effects of birds in destroying insect pests, noxious plants, etc, to accentuate their economic value which as yet is not generally fully appreciated.

It may not be out of place to mention that the museum also does a great deal in loaning birds to the city schools when they are used for class room study.

The idea back of all this is to furnish ample information to any one who comes to the museum with the desire to learn anything about birds and to impart some, pleasingly, but unconsciously, to anyone who may come with no such desire in mind.

Henry L. Ward.

Continued from page 43.

growing collection at home, before turning our reluctant steps toward town,—and dinner!

A small showing, perhaps, yet something; and after we were fed and properly clothed again, it was a satisfaction to have something to jot down in our field notes, and to plan for another excursion.

R. M.

Continued from page 44.

allowing a close approach, and as it was a male in high plumage, it was unmistakable.

In 1907, after a very hot week in early March, we had an exceedingly cold and late spring. The first bird I heard sing in the White House grounds was a white throated sparrow on March 1st, a song-sparrow speedily followed. The white-throats stayed with us until the middle of May, overlapping the arrival of the indigo buntings; but during the last week in April and first week in May their singing was drowned by the music of the purple finches, which I never before saw in such numbers around the White House. When we sat by the south fountain, under an apple tree then blossoming, sometimes three or four purple finches would be singing in the fragrant bloom overhead. In June a pair of wood thrushes and a pair of black-and-white creepers made their homes in the White House grounds, in addition to our ordinary home-makers, the flickers, red-heads, robins, cat-birds, song sparrows, chippies, summer crows. A handsome sapsucker spent a week with us. In this same year five night herons spent January and February in a swampy tract by the Potomac, half a mile or so from the White House—From "Small Country Neighbors" by Theodore Roosevelt in the October *Scribner*.

By The Wayside

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The Potato-Bug Bird.

Not a very poetical name for a very beautiful bird, but it is one that ought to appeal to every agriculturalist. Do you know the bird?

Well, anyway, you know the bug.

Before 1859 there was a striped beetle living on sand burrs at the base of the mountains in Colorado. They called it the Colorado beetle. One evil day the beetle discovered that potatoes are better for beetles than sand burrs. Then the beetle began to travel and by 1874 he was found wherever there are potatoes.

It is no exaggeration to say that every year \$100,000 is spent for Paris Green to fight this pest. Then there is the cost of labor to say nothing of the curtailment of the crop caused by the damage to the vines. And then there are the back-aches. Perhaps no job is more distasteful to the farmer boy than "bugging" the potatoes,

unless it is turning the grindstone to sharpen the sickle of the mower. And it is more than likely that both jobs will fall on the same day; a good day to go fishing at that.

Now is it not wonderful that with the spread of the potato bug, a beautiful bird should have developed a taste for it? This is always Nature's way. For every species there is its check. When circumstances are such that a certain species prospers then the species which feeds upon it will prosper, too. It is only when man destroys the balance of things by cultivation that



ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK

pests are produced.

That the Rose-breasted Grosbeak does feed on potato bugs has been established by thousands of observers from all parts of the country. One of these is Professor Beal of the United States Department of Agriculture. The following is taken from his report:

"A few years ago I made some interesting observations in a small field of potatoes near my house. No remedial measures were applied to the crop, but both beetles and birds were given a fair field and no favors. At first the insects increased in numbers in spite of the daily visits of the birds, but when the young of the latter were hatched, the numbers of the beetles began to diminish rapidly, and when the young birds were fledged and were brought by their parents and placed in a row upon the fence around the field, the insects rapidly disappeared, and when I examined the field a week later I could not find a single beetle, either young or adult. About this time the birds began to prey upon some peas in my garden, and I shot one of them and examined the contents of its stomach. It consisted of one large green caterpillar (*Sphingidæ*), several potato beetles, and a few fragments of peas. My conclusion was that the few peas taken had been well paid for. However, I hung an old coat on a pole near the pea vines, and the birds came near them no more. All of the above observations were made in a state in Iowa, which was one of the first states to suffer from the attacks of the beetles on their eastward march."

With an abundance of food the Rose-breasted Grosbeak is becoming more common. It is only that we let them alone and provide suitable places for nesting and the potato-bug will become a memory.

The following description of its song is Audubon's:

"One year, in the month of August, I was trudging along the shores of the Mohawk River, when night overtook me. Being little acquainted with that part of the country, I resolved to camp where I was. The evening was calm and beautiful, the sky sparkled with stars, which were reflected by the smooth waters, and

the deep shade of the rocks and trees of the opposite shore fell on the bosom of the stream, while gently from afar came on the ear the muttering sound of the cataract. My little fire was soon lighted under a rock, and, spreading out my scanty stock of provisions, I reclined on my grassy couch. As I looked around on the fading features of the beautiful landscape, my heart turned toward my distant home, where my friends were doubtless wishing me, as I wished them, a happy night and peaceful slumbers. Then there were heard the barkings of the watch-dog, and I tapped my faithful companion to prevent his answering them. The thoughts of my worldly mission then came over my mind, and having thanked the Creator of all for His never-failing mercy, I closed my eyes, and was passing away into the world of dreaming existence, when suddenly there burst on my soul the serenade of the Rose-breasted bird, so rich, so mellow, so loud in the stillness of the night, that sleep fled from my eyelids. Never did I enjoy music more: it thrilled through my heart, and surrounded me with an atmosphere of bliss. One might easily have imagined that even the Owl charmed by such delightful music, remained reverently silent. Long after the sounds ceased did I enjoy them, and when all had again become still, I stretched out my wearied limbs, and gave myself up to the luxury of repose."

Male—Head, throat, and back black; breast and under wing-coverts bright rose-red; rump, white, tipped with black, wings black. Female—Upper parts grayish-brown, margined with buff. Under parts buffy, streaked with dark grayish-brown.—*Chapman's Birds of Eastern North America.*

[This is the first of a series of lessons on nature study topics by Miss Ruth Marshall, instructor in Nature Study in the University of Nebraska. Subscribers to the Wayside are invited to write out these lessons and to send them to the author. If it seems advisable, comments upon these replies will be made in the next issue and some of the best work printed. Miss Marshall's address is Nebraska University, Lincoln, Neb.]

Winter Birds.

Winter is the best time of year to begin to study birds; for then they are few in number and there is no foliage to obstruct the view. Begin with those about home; then extend your study as far afield as possible, visiting frequently quiet, sheltered places, such as the banks of wooded streams. Be quiet in your movements when watching a bird, and never walk directly toward it. Carry a note-book with you and jot down at the time as many as possible of the following points about each kind of bird; size, shape of the bill, color of the upper and under sides of the body, prominent markings such as wing bars, spots or lines on the breast, head or tail. Note their calls. What do they seem to be doing? Write out a brief, accurate description of all of the kinds that you find during the month. Add the names, if possible. One of the many good bird books on the market is invaluable for identification, and an opera glass is a great help. Some of the common birds to be found at this time of the year in Wisconsin are the blue-jay, brown-creeper, junco, white-breasted nuthatch, snow bunting, horned lark, crow, herring gull, downy and hairy woodpeckers, chickadee.

Find out from your own observations

whether the birds that you are observing are seed eaters or insectivorous. Which kind is most valuable to man? Are there enough birds? Are there any birds that are undersirable? Why? What do you think is the chief reason why there are not more birds in winter? Have you ever tried to attract birds about the home? What success did you have? Try to provide food for them by tying pieces of bone or suet to the limbs of trees in sheltered places where the birds will not be disturbed; place cracked nuts, table scraps and seeds in baskets or upon shelves attached to tree trunks or posts. Give the results of this work.

R. M.

Damage to garden fruits by birds is a matter about which we may be greatly mistaken. I have four large cherry trees about the house, and robins have swarmed in them in cherry time; but I have little evidence that they have taken much more than the wormy cherries. The charge is often made that they pick holes in the ripest, finest cherries; but may not these be just the ones that have grubs in them? Last year the way the robins behaved was most interesting and suggestive. They literally stormed the trees by dozens before the cherries were fairly ripe, just as the first premature, wormy cherries were turning red; but after this, for three weeks, while the fruit hung rich and black, I did not see a robin in the trees, and the cherries were remarkably free from worms.—Prof. Hodge, Clark University.

Motto of the magazine *Bird-Lore*: "A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand."

BY THE WAYSIDE

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Value of Nature Study.

We wish teachers would realize how much they can do by exciting interest in bird study. We know, too, the excuse of many. "I don't know the birds myself." Well, why don't you? There are numerous and excellent books for beginners, and this is the time of year to begin, when there are few birds and you will not be confused by numbers and great variety; when foliage is gone and they are easier to see.

Did you ever feel a lack of interest on the part of your pupils? Here is a subject that will excite intense interest always.

There is a special reason why every boy should become a bird student. To make him a bird student makes him a bird lover while if he is thoughtless about birds he is apt to be a very destructive enemy.

Teachers in the country should be foremost in this work and instead are extremely hindmost. It is the country boy who kills birds, partly in a natural spirit of destructiveness and partly because he has a notion that almost every bird is a fruit destroyer, a bud eater, or a chicken thief. The facts that have been established by the United States Department of Agriculture as to the economic value of birds should confront the farmer boy and the farmer as well perhaps.

Some Pertinent Opinions on Cats.

To the list of noxious animals we might add with benefit the domestic cat which undoubtedly destroys many of our birds, both game and small birds. Unfortunately, however, the cat is too strongly entrenched in the affections of the people at large and the only way to deal with this bird destroyer is by a dose of lead properly administered when Tabby or Thomas is caught far enough from home,—a practice conscientiously followed by many.—*Thos. Aspinwall in Forest and Stream.*

My children's favorite pet, a beautiful white cat, repays its board-bill, perhaps many times, by protecting against the birds the insects so necessary to the garden's welfare. Clearly my first-hand studies of insects and cats do not lead me to follow Dr. Hodge in preaching their wholesale destruction.—*Prof. John Dearnus in Nature Study Review, Normal School, London, Ont.*

The foremost place among all song bird destroyers must be assigned to the house cat, this half-wild beast of the woods that climbs roofs as well as trees and never learns to distinguish between birds and mice. All cats prowling about in fields, woods, and parks should be killed. They are nefarious bird slayers, that use human habitations as the base of their operations.—*Dr. Lange, Instructor in Nature Study, St. Paul's Schools, in "Our Native Birds."*

Will you look up the matter of your subscription to the Wayside? We can not very well afford to send papers to subscribers in arrears. It would take too large a per cent. of our subscription price. We know our subscription price is ridiculously small, but we are glad to get it just the same.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month: Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mr. Thos. R. Moyle, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By the Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and may be bought from Miss Juliet Goodrich or Mr. Moyle.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North Street Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to E. S. Adams, 439 Elm Street, Chicago.

There has been much in the magazines lately about the English or House Sparrow. Some people say that the sparrows drive other birds out of the bird houses that have been made for them; that they break the eggs of other birds, that their chirp is harsh and disagreeable.

Then, on the other hand, the friends of the sparrow say that he is plucky and stays with us all the year to cheer us when our bird friends are few, and that we ought to be glad for this example of cheer when it is hard to be cheerful.

I'd like to know what Wayside people think. Has the House Sparrow tried to drive away your nicer bird friend? And if so, what did you do?

Illinois Prize Letter.

Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

I can help the birds by keeping the cats away and giving them what they can eat. Mamma has got a whole box of crumbs home; she keeps them until the birds come around and then she takes a handful and takes it out there. But when she takes it out the birds fly away.

We leave it there, though, and then the birds come around and eat it all up, and then they look around for more. When they go away I take some out again and then they come after it.

Yours truly,

Aged 9.

Marie Crofut.

The Kingfisher.

One bright, sunny morning when I was walking through the woods I came to a river bank. I heard a harsh sound and I looked up and saw a bird that was looking in the river. It was a kingfisher. Pretty soon I saw him dive down in the river and come up with a fish in his mouth.

The kingfisher cannot swallow large fishes, but he beats them against a branch and tears them before eating. As they live on fish, they make their homes near water and only travel south when the rivers freeze. They burrow tunnels in the earth of river banks eight to nine feet long and build their nests at the end of them, just as the bank swallows do, only the kingfisher's tunnel is much larger, and its nest is not nicely lined with feathers. The young often have no softer bed than a few fish bones.

His length is about thirteen inches. He has a bristling crest. The bill is longer than the head,—stout, straight and sharp. Its color is blue above with many white bands and spots on its long, pointed wings. Below it has a blue belt across the breast. The female has a brown belt. It is a citizen of North America. It is a rather startling and amusing neighbor who always minds his own business and is an industrious fisherman.

Merrill, Wis.

Elmer Blank.

The Origin of the Robin.

An Indian had a son named Opeeche. He was very fond of him and wanted him to be a great man among the people. He wanted him to be a good hunter and a brave soldier.

One day the father said: "Come, my son, it is time for you to fast. You shall fast a long time so you will become brave." Then he went to the river and bathed and then went into a lodge which his father had made for him. There he lay on a bed made of pine boughs. Every morning his father came to him and the boy was very patient not asking him for food. On the ninth day Opeeche said, "O father, my dreams have been evil, my fast has done me no good, let me have food and try again." His father would not hear of this, but told him to be brave. On the twelfth day his father prepared food for him. He heard a voice and he peeped in the wigwam.

One day Opeeche painted himself a vermilion. He was talking to himself, saying, "My father would not listen to my dreams, now it is too late." Opeeche spread his wings and flew into the forest. All the children that saw him called him Robin Redbreast.

Merrill, Wis.

Frances Wade.

The Humming Bird.

One bright sunny morning as I went to the hillside where the honeysuckle grows, I saw a little humming bird, which was flying so fast I could scarcely see it. This little bird is covered with the tiniest of feathers no longer than the scales on a small minnow. Those on the back are bright green and when it moves through the sunlight it looks bright yellow. It was flying from one honeysuckle to the other putting its long

bill into the flower to get the nectar. Its breast is whitish or light gray and its throat is ruby red. The female does not wear this red badge and is not quite as large, its length being only about two and three quarters inches. It will not alight for you to examine it for its feet are too weak to walk on. Young birds sometimes perch for a moment on some small twigs or convenient clothes lines long enough to rest their wings.

One time in the morning, after I got up I looked out through the window and saw one of these little birds sipping the nectar from the flowers. His main food is of tiny insects inside the flower. The little bird builds a tiny nest which holds two rosy-white eggs, no larger than peas, out of which comes the tiniest of baby birds possible.

The nest is made by the male only. It finds a knotty branch of maple or apple tree, perhaps of honey suckle. The nest is formed by bits of down from the stems of ferns, and sometimes of threads. It is made firm by being wet with saliva from the birds' mouth and shaped by his tiny feet and bill. On the outside of the nest it is covered with smallest of lichens; cobwebs and saliva are used in binding these to the nest. When completed it is no larger than a thimble inside, and yet it is plenty large enough for the mother to sit in comfortably.

When her babies are hatched she flies away and fills her little crop with insects. The babies are hatched in June. When she feeds them she thrusts her bill far down their throats.

Humming birds or hummers are found nowhere else except in the American continent. The Ruby-Throat is the only kind around our house. After leaving

us in the fall they wing their way to Cuba, Porto Rico or Central America. After spending the winter there they return in the spring to nest in the same orchard or grove.

Merrill, Wis.

Harold Hansen.

Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

I give the birds crumbs and wheat. I think sparrows are very fond of such food. The sparrows come on our porch. I like to watch them eat. When I throw out some food they will all fly away but but they come back soon. The sparrows come in our yard and look for crumbs and all kinds of food. Sometimes our dog runs after the birds but he will not harm them. I can build a bird house for the birds.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

John Haehne.

The Blue Jay.

The blue-jay is of a purplish blue color and has a strip of black around its neck which is often taken for a collar. He has a lovely azure-colored head, with silky plumes. His tail and some of his back is blue striped with black and some white. He is the loveliest bird that can be seen in the forest, but, like the peacock, has a harsh voice. The blue-jay is one of our winter guests. He is here the whole season. His home is in America and he never visits any other country. The blue-jay is very pretty but is also very saucy and mischievous. He eats smaller birds' eggs, and sometimes the mother, father and the young birds. When I hear the blue-jay's cry, it always reminds me of winter.

The blue-jay is not a very good friend

of the the farmer. A person can almost always tell what kind of a trip he is on. When he out in the field searching for food he screams and makes as much noise as he can; but when he is in some farmer's barn taking what does not belong to him, he is as quiet as possible. He not only takes what he wants to eat at once, but takes as much as he can and hides the rest. He has many good hiding places in which to store food. His elegant form and nice manners (?) make him very attractive to every person that visits the woods. He quarrels with all species of birds and is hated by them. He is feared among all birds, just like a person fears an enemy. They fly when they hear his voice. It is dangerous to be near the nest of a pair of jays, because as soon as they see the adventurer they fly at him and peck his face, eyes and hands very badly. The blue-jay, like the magpie and the parrot, can be taught to speak, but when he is wild he never learns to speak. You may sometimes hear him utter a few notes, though they are by no means musical. He is a destroyer of grubs and in that way is some help. He is a very good guardian, but a destroyer of the peace.

Merrill, Wis.

Esther Gurnell.

The Blue-Bird.

The blue-bird is found only in North America. It is one of the first birds to appear in the North after the snow begins to melt. It spends the winter in Mexico. Its wings are of a sky-blue color and its body of a yellowish brown below. It is said that Nature made the blue-bird to represent the sky and earth, so she gave him the color of one for his back and of the other

for his breast. His note is sure to be a sign of spring as it may be heard on a bright March morning. It likes a little box in which to nest and it will often fight with wrens for one. It lays five to six eggs which are of a pale blue color. It hatches several broods each season. When anything attacks the nest the male and female will fight with great courage. It lives on insects, worms, etc. The blue-bird belongs to the family of perching birds or to the warbler family and it gets its name from its color.

Last spring when I was coming home from school I heard something drop on the ground. I turned to see what it was. It was a blue-bird which had been fighting and got hurt. I took it home and the first thing I did was to give it some water. We had a bird-house with no other birds in it, so I put it into that. It soon got better and one morning when I went out to see it it wasn't there. At noon when I came home it had returned but not alone. It had brought another blue-bird; and they lived in that place a long time, so I felt repaid for my care.

"I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging;
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary:
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?

Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,

Up in the apple-tree, swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;

Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer—
Summer is coming! and springtime is here!"

Merrill, Wis.

Grace Martin.

A Jackdaw's Loot.

The few hundred persons in this village, near the foot of the Waukaw Mountains, are not mourning the death of Tad,

the ancient jackdaw belonging to farmer Walter Edwards, says a Jaysville. (N. J.) correspondent of the *Times*. Because of the old freebooter's death nearly everybody in the village has recovered some precious lost article.

Tad was a favorite in Jaysville. No one ever caught him in any deed of a questionable nature. He might well have pointed with pride to his record, and no one before he died, would have known differently.

His home was in the cupola of the Edwards stable. It was hard going for even a boy to get into that, and no one had ever looked at the life Tad led from the inner side of his threshold. He went about in the best society and was always trusted.

He began to ail the day after Thanksgiving, and after several days, retired to cupola and died. Tommy Edwards went into the cupola and found the body. On a ledge about four inches wide, which went all the way around the cupola, Tommy found a fine lot of jewelry, letters (some love) bric-a-brac, and such boys' delights as jackknives.

Mr. Edwards recognized some of the articles as belonging to neighbors, and decided to post a list of the loot on the door of the Dutch Reformed Church that the owners might call and claim their own. The list included, among many other things:

Spectacles, 17 pairs; 72 rings, 13 strings of beads, 11 pairs of earrings, 3 gold bracelets, 1 small butter knife, 5 marriage certificates, deed for a farm, 137 love letters, 1 copy of "Ships that Pass in the Night," and one pamphlet of instructions for insurance solicitors.

Tommy Edwards cut open Tad to find out if anything was yet hidden and discovered the cause of death. In the jackdaw's throat was lodged a ring. It belonged to one of the young women of the village, and Tad had stolen it while on a Thanksgiving call.

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VOL. X.

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No. 8

Bird Traits.

"Birds," Darwin tells us in the "Descent of Man" "sometimes exhibit benevolent feelings, they will feed deserted young ones even of distinct species, but this perhaps ought to be considered as mistaken instinct. They will feed adults of their own species which have, become blind. Captain Stansbury found on Salt Lake, Utah, an old and completely blind pelican, which was fat and must have been well fed for a long time by his companions. Mr. Blyth, as he informs me, saw Indian crows feeding two or three of their companions which were blind and I have heard of an analogous case with the domestic cock. Mr. Buxton gives a curious account of a parrot which took care of a frost-bitten and crippled bird of a distinct species, cleansed her feathers, and defended her from the attacks of the other parrots which roamed freely about his garden. It is a still more curious fact that these birds apparently evince some sympathy for the pleasures of their fellows. When a pair of cockatoos made a nest in an acacia tree, 'It was ridiculous to see the extravagant interest taken in the matter by others of the same species.' Whenever the female left (the nest), she was surrounded by a troop 'screaming horrible acclamations in her honour.'

Birds possess acute powers of observation. Every mated bird, of course, recognises its fellow. Mr. Bennett relates

that in China after a drake of the beautiful mandarin teal had been stolen, the duck remained disconsolate, though sedulously courted by another mandarin drake, who displayed before her all his charms. After an interval of three weeks the stolen drake was recovered, and instantly the pair recognised each other with extreme joy. Audubon states that a certain number of mocking birds remain all the year round in Louisiana, whilst others migrate to the Eastern State; these latter, on their return, are instantly recognised, and always attacked, by their southern brethren. Birds under confinement distinguish different persons, as proved by the strong and permanent antipathy or affection they show, without any apparent cause, towards certain individuals. I have heard of numerous instances with jays, partridges, canaries, and especially bullfinches. Mr. Hussey has described in how extraordinary a manner a tamed partridge recognised everybody; and its likes and dislikes were very strong. This bird seemed 'fond of gay colours, and no new gown or cap could be put on without catching his attention.' Mr. Hewitt has described the habits of some ducks (recently descended from wild birds), which, at the approach of a strange dog or cat, would rush headlong into the water, and exhaust themselves in their attempts to escape; but they knew Mr. Hewitt's own dog and cats so well that they would lie down and

bask in the sun close to them. Audubon relates that he reared and tamed a wild turkey which always ran away from any strange dog; this bird escaped into the woods, and some days afterwards Audubon saw, as he thought, a wild turkey, and made his dog chase it; but, to his astonishment, the bird did not run away, and the dog, when he came up, did not attack the bird, for they recognised each other as old friends."

Bird Breakfast Club.

In a town not far from Chicago some "grown-ups" who are interested in birds have organized a society that is known as the "Bird-Breakfast Club." One small boy who heard about it was very indignant and said he thought it was a shame to make a breakfast of little birds, so I must hasten to explain that the bird-breakfasters do not eat little birds, do not even have them on the table, but let them stay in the trees and bushes and look at them with opera glasses and field glasses.

Everybody who belongs to this club *must be interested* in birds. Now a great many people think they are interested in birds when they are really not. And as people who join societies and find out afterwards that they are not interested in the thing the society is organized for are such a nuisance, the founders of the Bird-Breakfast Club very wisely thought of a way to keep them out. All the meetings of the club begin at *four o'clock* in the morning. It is surprising what a good test of one's interest that four o'clock scheme is! There is no chance to straggle in late to meeting either. Everybody

is notified beforehand at whose house the meeting *begins*, but only the leader of the club knows *where* it will *continue*. Everybody who is on hand ten minutes *early* gets a cup of hot coffee and a sandwich. Promptly at four o'clock the company starts out to follow the leader, for a two or three mile walk or ride, to some promising bushy field near a stream of water. I forgot to say that this meeting is always held during the second week of May, when all the little birds, that make their summer home between Illinois and the Arctic ocean, are looking for a breakfast in the bushy fields around Chicago. Perhaps you do not know that during the migration season birds eat only one meal a day, and that is breakfast. The Bird-Breakfast Club found this out. The name of the club really ought to be the *Birds' Breakfast Club*. That is, the breakfast belongs to the birds, not to the club.

If you never went to a birds' breakfast in May, you would be surprised to find what a large and distinguished company it is. The bushes are full. And such beautiful costumes! Every bird saves his very best feathers all the year for this May breakfast festival. And such colors! Summer yellow, orange throated orange, goldfinch gold, pale robin's egg blue, deep indigo bunting blue, redbird red, scarlet tanager scarlet, chestnut-sided chestnut, bronze grackle bronze, with the jauntiest of black caps, the daintiest of yellow throats, and real swallow-tails. And with all this elegance of dress go many distinguished names: Maryland Yellowthroat, Connecticut warbler, Virginia rail, New York water thrush, Kentucky warbler and Tennessee warbler.

NATURE STUDY DEPARTMENT

The Trees in Winter.

[Teachers of Nature Study, pupils and all subscribers to the Wayside are invited to write out this and the following lessons of the series and then send them to the writer in care of the Editor.]

Everyone should know by name the common trees of the region. The study can well be begun in winter when the general form and certain other characters are best made out.

Beginning with those about home, make a list of the trees that you know; then extend your observations until you have the kinds. In learning the new kinds and in studying the trees already somewhat familiar to you, note the characters and illustrate them with clear outline drawings.

1. General form of the tree.
2. The buds, their size, shape, coverings, arrangement on the stem.
3. The bark, its character on the trunk and on the twigs.
4. The seeds or fruit, when found, its general characteristics. If there are any "evergreens", study the size and arrangements of the leaves. If there are trees that you cannot identify send small twigs with your lesson.

Bring into the house twigs of various trees; put them in water and watch the expanding buds. Note carefully what they contain.

Make a map of the neighborhood and note upon it the position of all the trees with their names. Do you find any deserted nests in any of them?

Are the trees about your home or school natives? Do you know when and

how they were planted? Have they reached their full size? Are they the most desirable kinds? Why? Are there enough trees? What other kinds might be planted with good results? Can you suggest any way of preventing "bad boys" from destroying fruit and nut trees? Ought trees to be protected by law?

What influence have trees upon the soil in which they grow? upon the amount of moisture which the ground retains? upon the general climatic conditions of your region? How do they influence animal life, especially birds and insects? What is their effect upon other trees?

R. M.

Birds Work Long Hours.

"Our hours," said a nature student to the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, "are nothing to those of the birds. Why, some birds work in summer 19 hours a day. Indefatigably they clear the crops of insects. The thrush gets up at 2:30 every summer morning. He rolls up his sleeve and falls to work at once, and he never stops till 9:30 at night, a clean 19 hours. During that time he feeds his voracious young 206 times. The black-bird starts work at the same time as the thrush, but he lays off earlier. His whistle blows at 7:30, and during his 17-hour day he sets about 100 meals before his kiddies. The tit-mouse is up and about by three in the morning, and his stopping time is nine at night. A fast worker, the tit-mouse is said to feed his young 417 meals—meals of caterpillar mainly—in the long hard, hot day."—*Boston Herald*.

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A Few Figures.

It is estimated that insects cause and an amount of damage amounting to \$800,000,000 yearly,—that each toad as a destroyer of insects is worth \$17.87 yearly to a gardener. An insect-eating bird will destroy at least three times as many insects.

Fully three-fourths of our birds are reported as decreasing in numbers. And the indifference—or hostility—of man is the reason for it.

The Friendliest Bird.

Next, you may see the friendliest bird in the woods, if he lives at all in your vicinity,—the chickadee. He will feed from your bounty on the window-sill, within a foot of your face. He will perch on your thumb while feeding from your palm; he will even venture inside if the window is raised. He will repay a thousand-fold any trouble in preparing the lunch counter or the grab-bag. Downy is also likely to be an early and a very regular patron. How energetic and businesslike he is!

He prefers his suet on the tree. He always alights right-end up, while chickadee isn't at all particular; right-side up or wrong-side up is all the same to him. If downy strikes the tree above the suet, he backs down to it in little jumps. When he reaches it, he doesn't sit still at his meal. Rat-tat-tat-tat, off comes a

nice morsel; then he bobs first to one side, then to the other as though he were playing peek-a-boo around the tree. Rat-tat-tat-tat, more morsel and more peek-a-boos to the end of the meal.

—Prof. I. N. Mitchell, Milwaukee State Normal School, in *Wisconsin Journal of Education*.

If you have not already put up nesting-boxes do it now or your labor is likely to be in vain, except in the case of the Wrens who ask no questions and will cheerfully adapt to their needs a home large enough for an Owl by cramming it full of twigs and then squeezing their nest into one corner. The Wren is a most comfortable bird in spite of its restlessness and quick temper, for it has no tradition in the matter of architecture. An old shoe, a mitten, a torn hat, a skull, or a neat house with piazza and overhanging eaves are all the same to it. With other birds the case is different and the imitation fence-post or hollow limb must be in place before the first Bluebird, Tree Swallow or Chickadee thinks of mating, while I firmly believe that the Woodpeckers and Screech Owls engage their quarters the fall before and occupy them on winter nights.—Mabel Osgood Wright in *Bird Lore*.

Bradford Torrey, in those charming essays, "The Clerk of the Woods" describes a device that has afforded him a great deal of pleasure in watching the antics of some gymnastic chickadees. A small, loosely knit or crocheted bag made of darning cotton was filled with nutmeats, and passed by a long string out over the top sash of the window, so as to hang against the glass below.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

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A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library of a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to E. S. Adams, 439 Elm Street, Chicago.

The Screech Owl.

Length, 8.50-9.50 inches.

Why this little owl should wear suchreaky plumage, rusty red one time, mottled gray and black another, without reference to age, sex or season, is one of the bird mysteries awaiting solution. Frequently birds of the same brood will be wearing different feathers, * * * but however clothed, we may certainly know the little screech owl by its prominent ear tufts or horns, taken in connection with its small size. Like the little saw-whet owl, which, however, wears no horns, people who live in cities are most familiar with it on women's hats, worn entire or cut up in sections.

A weird, melancholy, whistled tremolo from under our very windows startles us as the uncanny voices of owls do, however familiar we may be with the little screecher. It keeps closely concealed by day, often in a dense evergreen or in its favorite hollow; and except for the persecution of the bluejay, that takes a mischievous delight in routing it from its nap and driving it abroad for all the

saucy birds in the orchard to pursue and peck at, we should never know of its presence. In the early spring especially it lifts up its voice—too doleful a love song to be effective, one would think; yet the screecher's mate apparently considers it entrancing, since she remains mated for life.

In the southern and central portions of its range, nesting begins in March; in the New England and northern parts some time between the middle of April and the first of May. A natural cavity in a hollow tree, or an abandoned woodpecker's hole are favorite nooks, and boxes nailed up under the dark eaves of outbuildings on the farm or in dense evergreen trees where the light cannot strike the owl's sensitive eyes, have been promptly appropriated in many instances.

When hunting, the owl moves like a shadow, so silently does it pass in the darkness. Insects, cut worms and mice are what it is ever seeking; but sharp hunger in winter has sometimes led it into butchery of little birds. Of two hundred and fifty-five stomachs of screech owls examined by Dr. Fisher of the Department of Agriculture, one hundred contained insects; ninety-one, mice; thirty-eight birds; eleven, other mammals than mice; nine, crawfish; seven, miscellaneous food; five, spiders; four batrachians; two, lizards; two, scorpions; two, earth worms; one, poultry; one, fish; and forty-three were empty. Why in the name of all that is economic and humane, should this valuable ally of the farmer be so persistently shot?—From *Birds That Hunt and are Hunted*, by Neltje Blachan.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Dear Wayside:

One evening last summer the farmer with whom we were boarding in Wisconsin told me he had found a bird's nest while out "hayng." His horse had nearly stepped on it. When I went to see it, to my surprise it was built on the ground. It was not near trees, shrubs or vines, right out in the open grain field. After cutting the grain from around it the good farmer had placed some on top to protect it from rain and sun. There were five eggs in the nest. They were light brown. It was the nest of a ground bird. I went every day to see if the eggs had hatched. On the third they hatched. Their eyes were not open, to my advantage, for I could give them bread day and night and tend to them carefully. I did not know how to whistle. All I would say was pep, pep, pep. At the first note all would open their mouths as wide as possible. I used to see the mother but she knew I would not hurt her babies but give them food. It was the night I left for Chicago. I went to bid the birds good-by. Two were gone and the other three lay stretched out on the ground. I laid them carefully in the nest and went back to the farm house, hoping the mother was taking them for an outing and would soon be back, but next morning they were all gone. I fear some cruel animal had taken them.

Aged 10. Serena V. Rawlins.
Chicago, Ill.

Mauston, Wis., June 6

Dear Wayside:

Last Saturday afternoon I saw a flock of goldfinches and this morning when I

was coming to school I saw another flock of goldfinches. They had such a pretty yellow on them. I also saw a Baltimore oriole on one of our plum trees. I went out to look at it, and it flew away. This morning in school time a limb broke off of a tree and fell to the ground. It had a flicker's nest in it. The limb fell so that the flicker's nest was upside down. My teacher sent some of the boys out to stand the limb up against the tree. Then the janitor went and put the little flickers in a hollow hole in a tree so they wouldn't get hurt. But the flicker never came back to her young ones and the little flickers died. They must have starved.

Yours truly,
Aged 12. Laura Wermuth.

Mazomanie, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

One morning as I awoke I heard a bird singing. I got up and dressing myself went out to look what bird it was. I looked around and perched on the highest branch of a maple tree a robin singing away with all his might. The very same robin had a nest in our pine tree and he would sing early in the morning to greet his mate. When the little birds were hatched you would see the robin bringing food to them. When the birds were old enough to fly it was nearly time for them to go south.

Yours truly,
Aged 11. Mabel Schumann.

Cross Plains, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

The catbird is a pretty bird. It sings for a long time without stopping. But if he is in danger or on a rainy day he

will perch on the highest limb of a tree and meow like a cat. Otherwise its song is very pretty. Its color is a little darker than ashes. The catbird builds its nest mostly of dead grass and leaves. The eggs have a pretty color and are a little smaller than a robin's, and the color is a kind of a dark green. I love to see birds and watch them. I belong to the Audubon Society. When its members are around the birds are not so much in danger.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Anna Witt.

Cross Plains, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

The bluebird is a little larger than the sparrow, and its wings, back and tail are of a pretty blue. The breast is red. Its length is about seven inches. The bluebird is found in almost every part of the United States. Last summer some bluebirds had built their nest near our house in a tree. When we went to see them there were four light blue eggs in the nest. A few weeks after they were hatched. Three young ones were in the nest and the cat was eating the other one. I chased away the cat, but the bird was dead. The old one was screaming, and flying about to save her little one. Some days later some boys had robbed the nest, and the birds were dead. Bluebirds build their nests of grass in safe places.

Lucy Ueberselzig.

Appleton, Wis

Dear Wayside:

Last summer a robin built her nest in a tree near our house. She built it of

sticks and straws and strings, which she pulled from our morning glory vines. She wove these together and then pasted them with clay. In a short time she laid some eggs. I did not look to see how many she had for I did not want to scare her away. They are sky blue about the size of an acorn. She sat over her eggs a few weeks and soon had some little robins. They had no feathers and looked very thin and sickly. The mother robin flew away finding food for her young birds. She brought worms, crumbs and cherries for the birds' breakfast. One day one of the little robins fell out of the nest, a distance of about eight feet, but luckily did not get hurt. We got a ladder and put her back in the nest and she soon got well and strong.

Soon after another little robin fell from the nest and broke its wing. It did not live long for it was very weak. The mother robin was very much grieved. The other little birds soon got feathers and their breasts were speckled and their backs black.

One evening as the mother robin flew away, a cat approached the nest. She began to climb the tree, and just as I was about to pull her back, the mother robin came back without noticing the cat. The cat, seeing her on the ground, went towards her, but the robin was too quick for him and got away. So the cat went towards the nest. Then the mother robin came back and flew on the cat's back. The cat tried to catch her, but only got two feathers out of her tail. She never went towards the nest again. Soon after, I went into the road and found a large bunch of hair there, which

the robin had pulled out of the cat. The mother robin flew back to her nest and stayed there all night. The little robins' wings were yet too weak to fly and they remained in the nest a long time. But when they grew strong the mother taught them how to fly. At first they only flew a short distance, but later on they found their breasts were no longer speckled but a clear red. Soon winter came on with colder weather, and the nest grew small. So these robins flew away to the south where it would be warm the year round. I hope they will come back again this spring.

Aged 12.

Yours truly,

Laura Nehls.

Appleton, Wisconsin.

Dear Wayside:

Early one beautiful warm spring morning I heard a bird singing. I looked out of the window and found out that it was a robin. He was singing a very pretty song.

Robins are one of our earliest birds to appear in spring. They come back from the south the latter part of March or the first part of April. They begin to build their nests about the fifteenth of April or later. They build their nest very carefully. They make it out of straw, string and other things and plaster it with mud. These robins built theirs in a large oak tree. It was some time after they had their nest finished that they had four little young ones. They took very good care of them. The mother went back and forth for a long time finding food for the little ones. It did not take very long before they knew how to fly. They flew back and forth on the small branches

near their nest. After they had learned how to fly well they flew longer distances. They soon learned how to take care of themselves and then went out in the wide world.

Irene Reinke.

Continued from page 60.

It would tax the skill of Chicago's best society reporter to give all the names and costumes at such a "function" as this. But that is just what the bird-breakfasters try to do.

For two or three happy hours everybody wades through the dewy grass, skulks under bushes, crawls gingerly between barbed wires, tiptoes across the brook on wobbly stones, and pokes his field glasses into every bush and tree. One enthusiastic member, who is said to have put on his best trousers by mistake in the darkness of early morning, is also said to have waded into a swamp to stir out a sora rail. He found the rail. It is a hungry but enthusiastic company that rounds up for the trip home.

You didn't suppose that was the end of the meeting, did you?

Bird-breakfast Club meetings don't end that way. Back at the four o'clock end, the place of the gathering, of coffee and sandwiches, there is a large breakfast table groaning with good things. A generous menu card offers a choice between shredded wheat biscuit and baled hay, grape nuts and gravel, toasted corn flakes and chopped corn husks. Or you can pass at once to the hot hash, stuffed eggs (hen's eggs, not birds') warm biscuit, with honey, sliced pineapple, etc., etc.

The Bird-breakfast Club has no roll, but a counting of noses about the breakfast table; only one class of members, the very active ones in the field and at the table; and no officers but the volunteer leader and the provider of the next breakfast.

F. E. Sanford.

By The Wayside

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No. 9

The Value of Some Birds of Prey.

The farmer sees a hawk strike a fowl which has wandered from the farm yard and he immediately condemns all birds of prey. It would be just as reasonable to condemn the whole human race because of the action of highwaymen. Even when the industrious hawk is seen beating tirelessly back and forth over harvest field and meadow busily hunting the rodents which occasion losses both of grain and fruit trees the curses of the average farmer go with them.

Birds of prey are unceasingly hunted while that gigantic fraud—the house cat—is given food and shelter. The difference between the two is, briefly—only three or four birds of prey hunt birds when they can procure rodents while the cat always prefers birds to mice.

Hawks and owls may be divided into three classes. The first is composed of those species which never touch birds and poultry and which are therefore wholly beneficial. To this class belong

not a few hawks and most of our common owls. The second class are those which prefer rodents for food, but which will, when hard pressed, prey upon birds and poultry. To this class belong the much dreaded "hen hawk" itself, and not more than seven per cent of its food consists of poultry and birds.



USED BY PERMISSION OF ATKINSON, MENTZER & GROVER, CHICAGO

The red-shouldered hawk, sometimes incorrectly styled the "hen hawk" is a very valuable bird to the farmer. Ninety per cent of its food consists of injurious mammals and less than one and one-half per cent of poultry and birds.

Then there are a few hawks which are

decidedly harmful and among them the duck hawk and the goshawk. Fortunately such species are rare. The most common of the powerful species are Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk.

Instances where the destruction of hawks and owls have brought on a plague of rodents or insects are not unknown. Mr. Peter Adair in the *Annals of Scottish Natural History*, attributes the checking of a plague of rats to the rapid increase of the short-eared owl. In the west an increase in the number of grasshoppers and crickets has been observed as a result of the short-sighted destruction of the sparrow-hawk, a totally harmless species.

Jack's Summer With Us.

Tommy, our old black and white cat, was possessed by an inordinate passion for devouring all the birds he could lay his claws on, and his disagreeable habit of bringing his prize into the house, and expressing at the same time in blood-curdling mews, his delight at the capture, gave opportunity for forcible correction; but as lately nothing but mice had been brought for approval, hopes were entertained that the sweet, feathered creatures, were being spared to live out their happy lives.

One morning after a severe storm, however, we noticed that Tommy was much interested in a tiny, dark, fluttering object, his sharp eyes had discovered in the wet grass, the half-fledged bird—as it proved to be—had evidently been thrown out of the nest, and was in an exhausted condition, too young to obtain food for itself, or fly away. It was simply impossible to leave it to be eaten by Tommy,

or die of starvation, so it was brought into the house where careful nursing soon changed it into a happy, lively bird, with an enormous appetite. Not the slightest movement could be made near him, without causing a shrill chirp, as the little head with wide open mouth spring up so exactly like a jumping Jack that all acquired the habit of calling him Jack. But how he did eat! -

No account was ever kept of the quantity of food taken; but one day, besides flies, caterpillars (his special dainty) and berries, nearly a cup of bread and milk vanished down Jack's throat, and he was still asking for more.

When Jack was hardly larger than a minute he tried to bathe in a few drops of water spilled on the floor. A small dish was given him, and so great was his delight that he fairly danced around it, stood for a second picking at the water, then in he plunged, dipping in his bill, and fluttering vigorously, both wings and tail, sprinkling himself and everything near-by until thoroughly drenched. He finished by a general dressing of his plumage in the sun.

Even after his feathers seemed fully grown, Jack showed no disposition to fly, but enjoyed hopping around, until, suddenly one day with a shrill chirp, and whirl of wings, across the room he flew, and out of the window, down to the garden. After that, as no attempt was made to prevent him, he went wherever he fancied, always returning however to pass the nights in a favorite corner, where a perch was placed for him.

Tommy, at first, seemed inclined to think Jack would make him a fine meal, but after receiving strong hints otherwise,

(Continued on last page.)

NATURE STUDY DEPARTMENT

Domesticated Animals.

[Teachers of Nature Study, pupils and all subscribers to the Wayside, are invited to write out this and following lessons of the series and send them to the writer in care of the Editor.]

This subject is well adapted for the winter months. There is no topic better fitted to bring the home and school closer together. It is not necessary to have the children's pets brought into the school room.

Did the domestication of our most valuable animals occur in historic times? How did they help man to rise from savagery? Is it worth while to repeat this race experience in the education of the individual? What traits of character will be developed in a child by the care of pets?

What animal is most completely domesticated? Name one recently tamed. Make a list of the domesticated animals of this country. What are the possibilities for this work?

Did the Indians domesticate the dog? Of what use is the dog to savage man? Does it ever revert to the wild state? Is man preserving the most valuable traits of the dog by breeding? Explain what is meant by saying that no other animal has the same measure of the "human quality?" What care should a dog receive, especially as to food?

Is the horse native to America? What do you think was the first use man made of the horse? Has the horse been a great aid in the civilization of man? What can you say of man's dependence on the

horse at the present day? How does the horse rank with the dog in intelligence and devotion to man? What are the physical qualities which make this animal so valuable? What care does the horse require?

Are cats native to this country? Do they ever go wild? Do you think they could have been domesticated by savage man? What is a cat most attached to, man or home? Are cats more or less intelligent than the dog? Are cats of real service in the home? Are they good pets for children? Have you ever heard of their carrying disease? What have you observed of their destruction of birds?

R. M.

The Phoebe.

The last week of the month is quite certain to bring the first of the flycatchers, the phoebe. No matter how difficult it may be to tell the phoebe from the pewee in May or later, now there is no difficulty, for the phoebe has no competition from any members of his own family. He flits from fence rail to stump, always near the ground, snapping up the advance guard of the insect host. At this season, he is not calling his "phoebe," and seems to prefer the woods to the haunts of man. But he is a fly-catcher all of the time and his darting off into the air and back to his perch, to say nothing of that little mannerism of flipping the tail down every little while as if to keep his balance, easily betrays his identity.

—Prof. I. N. Mitchell in the *Wisconsin Journal of Education*.

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The department of agriculture calculates that the quails of North Carolina and Virginia consume annually 1341 tons of harmful weed seed.

According to a recent postal regulation it is unlawful to send monthly publications to subscribers more than four months in arrears. Will you kindly look up the matter of your subscription so that we will not be compelled to drop your name from our list.

The first national movement in favor of the protection of birds was originated in 1886 by Dr. George Bird Grinnell, editor of *Forest and Stream*. The Audubon Society is now organized in all except eleven states and territories.

Pulling a Leopard's Teeth.

The spotted leopard, Alice Roosevelt, of the Central Park Zoo, had twelve teeth pulled recently by "Bill" Snyder, the head keeper. She fainted in the most ladylike manner under the operation.

Alice, who is only nine months old, had been ailing for some weeks and appeared to be in such low spirits that Keeper Snyder bought her guinea hens and tender quail to tempt her appetite. In gently thrusting a piece of quail on

toast down her throat recently the keeper discovered that Alice had not shed her puppy teeth on the lower jaw and the other set had grown in front of them. He decided to remove the earlier set and looked for a dentist.

Several were telephoned to, but when they were asked to enter the leopard's cage and extract her teeth they were all too busy to attend to it, and Snyder had to do the job himself.

The teeth were successfully taken out, and as the last one left her jaw with a jerk, the leopard fainted and had to be dosed with three stiff drinks of brandy before she came to and in the leopard language asked, "Where am I?"

Alice appeared to be very comfortable in the afternoon and according to Bill Snyder she will be herself again in a few days.—*New York Times*.

A No Account Dog.

A man in Missouri recently sued a railway company for damages for the death of a hound killed on the track. The company defended itself upon the following points:

Said dog was chasing a rabbit up defendant's track in violation of the game laws.

Said rabbit lived on defendant's right of way, and was therefore the property of the defendant.

Plaintiff's dog was a trespasser, and was hunting defendant's property without permission.

Said deceased was not much of a dog, anyhow, or it could easily have kept out of the way of defendant's trains.

And having fully answered, defendant prays to be discharged.—*Youth's Companion*.

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Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to E. S. Adams, 439 Elm Street, Chicago.

Bird for the Month.

It is now time to look for the bluebird, even in Wisconsin and I wonder which little girl or boy will be the first to see one and to write to me about it. It is not as common a bird in cities and towns as the robin, so few of us realize that it comes quite as early to announce the spring. When we first see it and it lights on some neighboring fence or tree to give us a merry spring song of tru-al-ly, tru-al-ly, we are glad, for not only do we like to hear it, but we want to get a good look at it. Now we see that it is about seven inches long and that its back reflects the deep blue of the sky, while its breast reflects the reddish-browns of the earth.

The male comes a few days ahead of the female, and commences at once to hunt for a home. If we put up boxes for them the sparrow is apt to take possession and they are hard to drive out, so the bluebird, who does not like to fight, goes to some quiet place where it finds a knot-hole or hollow tree, where in early April, they build a nest of grass,

and soon after from three to six pale blue eggs can be seen. When the young are first hatched they look black, but in fifteen days they are ready to leave the nest and look like the accompanying



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picture. The upper part is dark gray streaked with white and the under part is a light gray spotted with white. It is a lucky person who can have a pair of these sociable birds for neighbors. With gentle and considerate treatment they can be made almost tame.

Edna S. Edwards.

I want to tell the little readers of the Wayside about the youngest bird student I ever knew. One cold winter when she

was about two she came west to visit her grandmother and was sick so was shut in the house for months. One of her amusements was to watch the birds come to a piece of suet hung on a lilac bush near the window. Sometimes she was told a chickadee was on it and sometimes that a woodpecker was. One day she was alone in the room when she called "Oh! grandma come quick, there's a chick-a-pecker on my suet!" Soon what she called a "wobin" came and when the warblers came she was excited over the "wabblers." Once when she was found throwing her uneaten lunch out of the window, she sweetly informed her aunt that she was feeding the birds. She is six now and calls the birds by their right names, but she will never forget the lessons of love and thoughtfulness taught her that winter.

Dick loved bird's eggs. He knew it was wrong to rob the nests because his mother had told him so repeatedly, but he could not resist. One spring a dear, old robin built in a tree in the front yard. Dick's mother told him that the bird had trusted them, and it was a great honor and that she would punish him well if he went near the nest. You can imagine how she felt when she looked out and saw him climbing that tree. When the frightened little boy dropped to the ground she was there ready for him and marched him into the house, placed him across her knee, and spanked him. He took it without making a sound which was a great surprise until he could keep it no longer, and he opened up his mouth and out came a badly broken robin's egg. He had had no opportunity to dispose of it, but it

was a better cure for him than the spanking for he never even wanted to rob another nest.

The Robin.

The robin is one of the first birds to visit us in the spring. Sometimes he comes as early as February.

The robin's head is wholly black, his back is brown, and his breast is much the color of our Jersey cow.

Once I saw two robins which were very much excited. They scolded and dashed wildly about and then flew to a limb on a tree. Presently as I watched the nest and saw a squirrel lift up his head again as the angry bird dashed at him. The squirrel was squatting in the midst of the eggs, breaking them open and feasting upon them. It must have been a very sad sight, when the mother bird returned to the nest; the eggs all broken, which she had left there a few minutes before.

One summer I went visiting and I saw a robin sitting on a fence. It was a small robin and did not fly away. I got a shovel and dug some worms and gave them to the robin. He ate them and did not fly away. We gave him some more and he ate until we went away.

Oswego, Ill., April 17, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

The migrating birds are all back again. I thought that I would tell you about a brown thrasher. Their backs are reddish brown, and their breasts creamy spotted with brown, while their sides are heavily streaked. The thrashers are about the length and build of a cuckoo. But you can tell them at a distance. The breast of the cuckoo is white while

the thrasher is spotted with brown. The cuckoo is songless, while the thrasher is a splendid singer. The thrasher is very particular about a place to build its nest. If the soil is sandy and dry it will build on the ground, and when it is wet it will build in a tree or a brushpile. One morning as I went down into the orchard, I thought I heard the chattering of squirrels and began to look around and saw a thrasher sitting on a log, calling as fast as he could. It seemed to be telling me to get away. I looked for the nest and found it with the father bird sitting on it. It had four speckled eggs in it. One week after I found it. There were three little thrashers hatched out. Then the old birds were kept busy feeding them. They soon fell out of the nest and helped themselves to food and soon flew away.

Yours truly,
Glen Leigh.
Aged 12.

Mauston, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

One morning we rode to town. While we were going we saw a scarlet tanager in the middle of the road. We drove nearly on to it before it flew away. It was all bright red except the wings,—they were black. It is the size of a bluebird. It is a very pretty bird. I have also seen the magnolia warbler, the myrtle warbler, bobolinks and the barn swallow.

Yours truly,
Fred Wermuth.

Decatur, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

I think the oriole, with its black and orange coat, is one of our most beautiful birds. One spring two orioles built their nest in a poplar tree near our school room

window. The father bird brought horse hair and strings, but the mother bird did the weaving. The nest was fastened to a branch and hung like a pocket. It was a nice cradle for the young birds. While the mother bird was on the nest, the father bird would fly to the top of a large tree near by and sing to her. When the little ones were hatched, both birds were kept busy feeding them.

Yours truly,
Berton Young.

Mauston, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

One morning as I was going to school mamma called me to see what the cat had. I came, and she had a western yellow throated warbler. I took it away from her and took a good look at it. It had a yellow throat shading off with olive green. It had a black patch from one eye around by its bill to its other eye; just above that was a little gray spot. Its back was an olive green.

Yours truly,
Grover Kimball.
Aged 14.

Mauston, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

One day I was walking down town, when I heard a peculiar sound. I looked up into the tree and saw about ten or twelve cedar waxwings.

The waxwing is very beautifully attired. He has a crest like a bluejay's. His back, head, and breast are a soft beautiful brown or tan. There is a band of black, reaching from behind the eyes to bill. Wings and tail cinnamon brown. On its wings are a few spots clustered together resembling red ceiling wax. The end of the tail has a yellow band across it.

Last evening I was riding my bicycle along the road, when a ground sparrow flew up. I thought there must be a nest so I got off and looked and, sure enough, there was a nest with five eggs.

Mina Kimball.

The Whip-poor-will.

When I was in Michigan last year, there was a whip-poor-will that sat in a tree across the road and sang till late at night. He used to sit on a bench near the house, but when the dog heard him he would chase him away, till at last he did not come back again. He had found a new place to sing at evening, and this place was across the road.

Some people near by told me that the whip-poor-will was black and white but a boy on the next farm said that he had almost caught one, and it was gray.

The bird sings whip-poor-will so plain that you would think it was some one shouting off in the distance. There is a pair of whip-poor-wills at almost every farm house.

Whenever the dog heard the bird sing he would run down to the road and bark for about fifteen minutes at a time, so loud that you would get a headache in a very short time.

George Jensen.

Chase School, Room 1.

A bird came down the walk:
He didn't know I saw;
He bit an angleworm in halves,
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

—Emily Dickinson.

Jack's Summer With Us.

(Continued from page 66.)

decided to behave as a gentlemanly cat should; but the saucy little bird sometimes was seized by a desire to torment his natural enemy, for poisoning himself out of reach, and above where Tommy lay, taking his nap, he would with wings outspread, and all in a quiver, scold and chatter at him in a most exasperating, daring way, never, fortunately for himself, however, making the good cat do more than open one eye.

Jack became a gorgeous creature—a Baltimore Oriole—or as the boys say, "hang nest" and was a joy to the eye in his dainty garb of black, with shaded orange trimmings. One could imagine he had flown into a luminous, golden sunset, and great splashes of the brilliant coloring had adhered to the black.

During the summer Jack was a happy bird, and one of his pleasures was to perch on the baby's carriage, and enjoy her rides with her, keeping up an incessant chirping all the while, the dear baby cooing softly in answer. As cold weather drew near, he began to act uneasy, and grew less friendly, so when one night he could not be found it was decided he had started on his southern journey with the other birds.

He had won all hearts by his loving ways, and was greatly missed, especially by the small boy, who sobbed out, "I've no one now to tell my secrets—why I guess I told Jack—just bushels—and he used to listen so hard, and I knew he would never tell on me."

The next year when the mellow whistle of a large, handsome, and unusually friendly Oriole was heard, all wondered if it was our Jack, telling us in his sweet way, how glad he was to be near us again, though why he should keep asking, "what are you going to do-o-o?" the children could not understand.

By The Wayside

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APRIL, 1908.

No. 10

A Study in Character of Birds as Shown by Heads and Necks.

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The head of a bird is indeed a wonderful object, when we consider its comparatively small size and realize that it contains the brain, as well as being the

beak. The only exception which comes to mind is the crowned crane, the suffusing of whose bare, white cheeks indicates the changing emotions.

The eyes of most birds are placed at the sides of the head, in such a position that the bird cannot bring both to bear



PORTRAIT OF DEMOISELLE CRANE—A DANDY IN EVERY LINE

seat of the five senses. It also supports that important organ, the beak, which takes the place of hands and tools in the life of its owner.

Of expression, with the exception of that caused by raising its feathers, the bird has little. Fear, however, which must needs be expressed all too often in the life of a bird, is made apparent by the dilating eyes and the open, panting

simultaneously upon the same object, but is compelled to turn its head and look sideways. As birds spend so much of their time in the air, or in trees, where danger may threaten from all sides, above or below, this arrangement is most useful to them, giving them command of almost their whole surroundings, whereas without turning the head, we can only see ahead of us. In much the same rel-

ative position, the two ears are placed, and the absence of a directive outer ear renders the bird susceptible to sounds coming from every direction.

Owls, for very obvious reasons, are interesting exceptions to the above statements. Living most of their active life at night, playing always the role of pur-



PORTRAIT OF A WELL-BRED ROOSTER
SHOWING AN EXTREME DEVELOPMENT OF COMB AND WATTLES

suers, these birds have few enemies to fear. Their subsistence depends upon the keenness of their senses when focussed in one direction—downward. When its strong, soft-feathered pinions carry a mousing owl over field and stubble, the head, like the nose of a hound, is held low, and, that not a rustle or a motion of the little field-mice may be lost, the ear-openings are turned downward and the eyes look full upon the

ground. Look a barn owl in the face and you will see the entire circumference of both eyes, but a dove—one of the *pursued* in life's race—shows in the front view only the profile of the eyeballs. The same story is told in the eyes of the fox and the rabbit—examples of nature's parallels, which are never repetitions.

The eyes of the woodcock show an interesting adaptation to its habits. The bird feeds at night in marshes, probing the mud for worms, and being in frequent danger of attack from owls or other foes, it has need of constant vigilance. So we find that its eyes, which are large and lustrous, are placed far back on its head, and also up near the top of the skull. Useless in guiding the bird in its search for food, they have become altered in size and position, and so best fulfill their function of aiding their owner to all but look through the back of its head.

What a list of crests we may compile in a walk through a zoological park! Concealed crests bring to mind the kingbird and the ruby-crowned kinglet, both of which derive their names from their crowns of ruby. It is said that the former bird is aided in its search for food by the bright spot of color, which, flower-like when exposed, attracts insects. This, however, should be confirmed before being accepted as a fact; although in a tropical flycatcher, which has a beautiful red and purple transverse crest, the evidence of this novel use seems fairly well corroborated.

As the antithesis to this condition, we find many birds which have the head partly or entirely bare of feathers, such as the vultures and some of the waders. In the former group this lack of feathers is doubtless of value in enabling the

birds to avoid soiling their plumage, when engaged in their scavenger work. The great Condor of South America has, just below this naked area, a necklace of the whitest of fluffy down, and in addition the male has a large wattle of skin upon the front of the head. Wherever the skin of the head and neck is partly bare, ornamentation often takes the form of many-shaped and often highly colored whistles, such as we see highly developed in a King Vulture.



PORTRAIT OF A KING VULTURE

The length of the neck of birds is often correlated with that of the legs—a long-legged bird of necessity requiring a long neck to permit its bill to reach the ground. Geese and swans are an exception, and in their case we find that the long, mobile neck is of great use in making up for the awkwardness of their waddle when on land, and in allowing them to reach beneath them while floating in shallow water, thus feeding along the bottom.—C. William Beebe in *"The Bird."*

NATURE STUDY DEPARTMENT

Tadpoles.

[Teachers of Nature Study, pupils and subscribers to the Wayside are invited to write out this and the following lessons of the series and send them to the writer in care of the editor.]

At this time of year, the life history of the toad or frog will furnish a most fascinating study. Search for the eggs on the first warm spring days after the animals' spring songs are heard. The eggs are about the size of a large pin head, dark on one side and covered with a jelly. Toads' eggs are deposited in long strings, frogs' in masses; both are attached to the stems of plants in shallow water. The former develop more rapidly. Having found the eggs, estimate the number in a laying. What of the entire mass as compared with the size of the adult? Suggest a reason for the enormous numbers. What is the use of the gelatinous covering?

Take home a few eggs; keep them in an aquarium or shallow dish. There should be a sloping bottom of clear sand and a few stones and water plants. Try to imitate nature as closely as possible in providing a place for the development of the eggs. Watch them carefully and make brief notes on the changes as they appear, using a hand lens. Make an enlarged drawing of a single egg when they are first obtained; make a drawing each day until the young tadpoles hatch. What is their first food? After this is used up, find out what the polliwogs eat and how they get this food? What does this teach you as to their usefulness in natural bodies of water?

If time allows, the development of the

Continued from page 76.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to Mr. T. R. Moyle, Appleton, Wis.

A Capable President.

Mr. Keatnor, an eminent British naturalist, delivered himself of a glowing tribute to President Roosevelt's knowledge of bird life.

"The ruler of the United States," as Mr. Keatnor styles him, gave him "the greatest ornithological treat" he had ever enjoyed. As the journey progressed thru dripping undergrowth and over marshy ground from the haunts of the phoebe and cardinal to the fishing grounds of the halycon, the naturalist was astonished and charmed by the lore of his host. Possibly if Mr. Keatnor had made a full confession we should learn that he was duly impressed by the president's physical ability and slightly fatigued perhaps.

On the cover of the March *Bird-Lore* is a photograph of a quail perching upon the head of a cat. Both seem to feel very comfortable. The owner of them says they have been warm friends for almost a year.

A collection of bird skins or, even better, of mounted birds, is very valuable to a school as a help to identification of birds and as an aid in arousing interest. Any school may have such a collection at very little cost. It does not require great skill to prepare a bird skin very

acceptably. As for the birds only let the children know they are wanted and every dead bird found will be placed in your hands. And tragedies among the citizens of the air are frequent; especially during the migration period is this true.

The following is taken from an article in a recent newspaper. Let us be thankful for the innovation even tho the motive displayed is not the most commendable:

"Straw trimmings are another feature of the season, and the disciples of Audubon may safely rejoice that madame has found a substitute for the beautiful aigrette, the fairy feather that pleased mi-lady so much that her desires have cost many millions of herons their lives. It is the price, not humanity, that has saved the unhappy birds this season; for in getting the aigrettes, most all the birds have been wiped from the face of the earth, and the few aigrettes on sale are so expensive that even Mrs. Moneybags can hardly afford such a luxury.

"However, the straw imitations are pretty, airy and practical, while they have been made up in every imaginable shade and color."

NATURE STUDY DEPARTMENT

Tadpoles.

Continued from page 76.

toad or frog tadpole should be followed in the same way until the adult form is reached. Do you know what enemies they have? What do you think of the possibilities of this study of life histories for children. Return the animals to the ponds when the study is completed.

R. M.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month: Illinois children sending to Miss Mary Drummond, 208 West St., Wheaton, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By the Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and may be bought from Miss Juliet Goodrich or Miss Edwards

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North street Appleton

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to E. S. Adams, 439 Elm Street, Chicago

Bird of the Month.

Last month we had the bluebird to describe, so this month I have taken the indigo bunting, another blue bird but very different from the other. They are small, not much over five inches, and their heads and rumps are a darker blue than their breasts, while their wings are slightly tinged with brown. Nothing can describe their brilliancy as they fly in the sunshine from weed to weed while they gather the tiny seeds which is their chief diet. One morning last spring, between showers we went birding in our own back yard, which is really a great ravine, and there on the side of the hill as we looked down we saw five scarlet tanagers, three indigo birds, summer yellow birds, goldfinches and many bright warblers. It truly was a great color scheme. You can look for him among the bushes and weeds in the month of May, but in the hot July and August days, I have found him mostly fluttering in the tree tops keeping up a constant and unmusical call, which in my mind is inseparable from great heat and dusty roads. I sincerely hope some

boys and girls will have found this bird before next month, or can describe to me one they saw last year.

E. S. E.

Molly Cotton-tail.

As Easter draws near I hear much about the hare or rabbit that brings the beautiful colored eggs to the children. I do not know the origin of this fable or superstition, whichever you may call it, but I often wonder as to its truth and long for the Cotton-tail family that lived on our street last summer. On the side of the hill stands an old street car brought



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there for a children's playhouse. Under this car Mr. and Mrs. Cotton-tail made their home and raised their young. Nothing could be more cunning than the five little babies when they first came out to play. I was so interested in my neighbors that I looked in books to find out about their ancestors and their habits and there I found many strange facts that I could not prove by my living examples. One book said that the inside of their cheeks were covered with fur and

another that their teeth grew all the time so that they had to gnaw tough bark to keep them down, and another that these gentle creatures could fight. This particular family became almost friendly after awhile and would come to the door where they would nibble at the crisp greens thrown out to them, but if there was an unusual sound, away they would scurry down a great drain pipe which carried the water away from the driveway, and as it was most always dry it made a safe retreat. In the dusk of the evening they could be seen playing games on the lawns, and as the moon rose their little white tails looked like fairies dancing about. One day the guardian went out to feed them and there she found an old man with a gun and a hound hunting her pets in her own yard. She asked him what he wanted and he said that these rabbits would be a public nuisance if allowed to live, and he was trying to kill them before they destroyed anyone's gardens. As they lived in the heart of a manufacturing town, and away from gardens and temptations, the old man was told to go and never come back. But by fall either the old man or other natural enemies were too much for Molly, for there was not a bunny left to cheer our winter months, but we hope that next summer another family will come and that we can enforce our own game laws so that next Easter we can see for ourselves whether the rabbits bring us colored eggs.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Mazomanie, Wis., March 26.

Dear Wayside:

This spring when I was working I saw a pair of bluebirds. I watched them

and they went into a box I had put on fence two years ago. Last year there were two pair built in it and raised their young. I put crumbs out for them.

The male bluebird has a dark brown breast and a dark blue back. The female has a light brown breast and a light blue back. The bluebird likes to build in hollow trees, cans or a box that is set out for them.

Aged 13.

Yours truly,

Richard Royston.

Illinois Prize Letter.

South Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

I saw a bluebird the twenty-first of March. He was sitting on a fence when I saw him. I went into the house and got some crumbs. I put the crumbs on a box. Then I put my hands behind my back and walked slowly towards it. He did not fly away when I came up to him. I see him every morning at my window. I always put some crumbs on the box. The bluebird is seven inches long.

Aged 10.

Yours truly,

Clara DeYonge.

Mauston, Wisconsin, March 23, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One morning as I was going to town from the country I saw a bluebird. Its back was blue, and its breast was a reddish brown. The bird was flying from one side of the road to the other keeping ahead of me all the time. The same morning I saw a meadowlark, robin, bobolink and blackbird. This morning I saw a kildeer and two robins fighting.

Aged 13.

Yours truly,

Earl Stalker.

Maywood, Ill., March 25, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Last Saturday I saw a large bluebird. The bird's back is all blue. I stood and looked at it. Then two robins came along and the bluebird flew to the front. Then I went out to watch it. It was eating something. Just then a car came along and the bird flew away. The bluebird is about seven inches long.

Yours truly,

Dan Ryan.

Mauston, Wis., March 23, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One morning last week I heard the song of a dear robin. I could not see him, but I made up my mind to find him; and sure enough in the big linden tree back of our house was the robin. He was at the very tip-top of the tree. He had an olive-brown back and an uncommonly red breast. I hope they will build their nest in the tree.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Mildred Tate.

Maywood, Ill., March 25, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

I have seen fifteen bluebirds this year. We have some holes in our barn and the birds go in them. Every morning I see two bluebirds on our fence and I give them corn and wheat. Our cat wanted to catch one but I would not let him.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Edgar H. Leonhardt.

Mauston, Wis., March 23, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

As I was coming to school last Tues-

day I saw two robins. One had a piece of grass in its mouth. I watched them and they lit on a post near by and began to chirp very loud. Their breasts were uncommonly bright and very pretty. Then they picked up the grass and flew away. So I walked on. But after I got a little way off I looked again and they were in a big oak tree. When I came home at noon I looked again and they were nowhere to be seen.

One of the girls brought a kangaroo mouse to school. It has short fore legs



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and long hind legs, so we can see that it must hop like a kangaroo. The boys said when they see them in the woods they sit on their tails. Its nose is pointed very near like a bird's beak. Clem Bradley looked at it through a magnifying glass and said that it had a pouch in which it carries its young.

Yours sincerely,

Aged 12.

Irma Otto.

Maywood, Ill., March 25, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

I have not seen a bluebird as yet this year. I am going to put out a birds' house and I hope it will be tenanted by either the bluebirds or robins. The little sparrow is such a cross little bird, that I do hope they will not claim it.

The bluebird is very pretty and I shall surely study it as soon as I get a chance. I have seen quite a few robins though. They seem to be making a nest somewhere about our yard for they make such a chattering and fly about the trees so.

Very sincerely yours,

Aged 12.

Margaret Gorham.

Mazomanie, Wis., March 26, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One day as I was going home for dinner I saw five or six bluebirds sitting up in the top of the tree. Its breast is kind of brownish and its back is all blue. It is a very pretty bird and a pretty singer. The other morning when I was just getting up I heard two birds singing. I went to the window and out in the tree I saw a bluebird and a robin. Every morning just before I get up a robin comes and begins to sing so sweetly. It wakes me up every morning.

From your friend,

Aged 11.

Edna Sharratt.

Mauston, Wis., March 23, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Last Sunday while I was minnowing I saw a meadowlark on one of the telephone wires down by the stock-yards. He was singing something I never heard before. I went down the track and

when I came back there was one singing off a ways from the stock-yards. That is the first bird I have seen this year that does not stay with us all winter.

Yours truly,

Clinton Wilson.

Mazomanie, Wis., Mar. 26, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

I will tell you my experience about robins. Last year there were seven robins' nests in our yard. I would see them pick up grass that we had cut down. They would fly to a tree and I would go and tell my brother and mother. Sometimes I would climb to the nest to see how many eggs there were. They would fly at me trying to drive me down but I would not touch them. I watched them sit on the four blue eggs. After a while the nest was full of little birds. The birds grew very fast and flew away.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Stanley Johnson.

Mauston, Wis., March 23, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Saturday, the 7th of March, as a few boys and I were walking down the track we saw three meadow larks sitting on a fence. We did not go very far after that when we saw a bluebird sitting on a stump. We went on and soon came to a creek. We looked into the water and saw some minnows swimming in the water. We went home and got a small minnow net and went catching minnows in the afternoon.

Yours truly,

Bennie Lutz

By The Wayside

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VOL. XI.

MAY, 1908.

No. 1

The Reappearance of the American Egret Near Chicago.

In June of the past year I learned with the greatest pleasure of the return of the beautiful American Egret to one of its old nesting sites within fifty miles of Chicago, and realize that as they increase this locality must necessarily be discovered before many years.

I wish that our laws and the sympathies of the unfeeling woman who persists in wearing egrets may be aroused to prevent the destruction of the new colony of birds who are making so brave an attempt to regain a foothold in our region.

I cannot conceive how an intelligent people can willingly exterminate an entire species of such a beautiful and beneficial bird just to satisfy a vagary of fashion.

On my Bird Study trips in 1895 I always looked forward with extreme delight to watching and studying these grand birds along the marshes and ponds in northern Indiana and the Southern part of Cook County.

Through the persecution of the bird by the egg and plume hunter and particularly by the demand for the plumes by the fashionable woman the bird has not been seen for years, and the cause given for their disappearance by the men who slaughtered them has been that the nests were destroyed by the fires which swept through the Kankakee region in the fall of 1895. A poor excuse, as I am certain the birds had all, or nearly all,

been killed by that time. This would be an easy matter as the birds will not leave their young and all are congregated in a few large colonies.

The egret in our region nests in the tall trees in company with the great blue heron and as the birds are continually shot at they select the most secluded portion of a swamp and place the nests as high as they can find support for them in the trees, often building ten or twelve nests in one tree. The illustration given with this article gives a fair idea how they appear.

The birds, as in the South, only have the plumes during the season when the nests are sure to contain young, which die of starvation and cold on the death of the parent birds.

I wish the readers of this article could feel the pity of this as I have, and could have seen me following in the wake of a party of plume hunters in a Texas swamp who are killing the white-faced Glossy Ibis for the wings; they are paid ten cents each for them. These birds nested in the heavy growth of rushes surrounding the inland ponds as there were no trees for miles.

I found one spot where there were the dead bodies of thirty of these birds and going into the rushes found nests of the young birds, cold and almost dead, and I was compelled to put them out of their misery.

(Continued on page 3)



COLONY OF GREAT BLUE HERON NEAR CHICAGO. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK L. WOODRUFF

NATURE STUDY DEPARTMENT

Insects.

[Teachers of Nature Study, pupils and subscribers are invited to write out this and the following lessons of the series and send them to the author in care of the editor.]

The study of insects is most interesting and valuable if it begins with the life histories of a few forms. Material for such study is within the reach of everyone, and the observations may be carried on easily in the school or home. The following outline is intended as a guide for the study of some common insects. A little careful search will reveal the presence of many forms whose life histories may be followed. Moths and butterflies will afford the best work for beginners. The student may begin by collecting all the larvae (caterpillars) that he can find. These may be kept in small boxes and supplied with the leaves of the plant on which they were found. The leaves should be fresh and slightly damp. Note briefly the time when the larvae were found, the size, the moulting of the skin, the food preferred and the amount eaten, the general appearance of the animal. In many cases it will be possible to see the transformation to the pupa (chrysalis or cocoon). The adult may not emerge until the following spring; but the pupae of early summer usually transform in the same year.

One of the best insects for study is the Monarch butterfly. It is large and common and goes through its metamorphosis rapidly. Eggs and larvae are very common on the milkweed plants; the former are tiny conical bodies looking like drops of the dried juice. The larvae have black, yellow and white stripes across the body. The cabbage butterfly larvae may be found on cabbage and na-

sturium; they are the common green "worm." The adult is a common white butterfly. The mourning cloak is another common butterfly, known by its dark wings with yellow borders; its large spiny caterpillars are often seen on willows.

The entire life story of the mosquito may be followed by any one. The eggs are laid in early summer on the surface of stagnant water; they are fastened together in "rafts" which look like flakes of soot. The eggs and the "wigglers" that may be found should be kept in tumblers of water, which are supplied with a little plant life and covered over with netting. Note the position of the larvae in the water. The pupae are the comma-shaped wigglers. Try to find out how they breathe. Try the effect of a drop of kerosene on the surface of water containing a few larvae and pupae; explain this. When the adult emerge, notice the difference between the two sexes; the males are smaller, have feathery antennae (feelers), and do not "bite."

R. M.

***The Reappearance of the American Egret
Near Chicago.***

(Continued from page 1)

The young of the American egret leave the nest in July and the unsuspecting birds spread over a considerable area north, feeding in our small ponds through Lake County, Indiana, and as this is the time of year when large numbers of the employes of the many industrial plants of Whiting and Gary spend their Sundays fishing and roaming through the territory shooting and killing everything that flies, I almost despair of protecting this little band of brave bird which last year consisted of seven pairs, and I think they are still safe up to this year. The only way to protect the egret is to stop the demand entirely. If this is not done there will be no hopes of saving my little Indiana colony of white egret.

—Frank L. Woodruff

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

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All communications should be sent to Thos. R. Moyle, Appleton, Wis.

A word might be said to the children who desire to form Audubon Societies. The enrollment blanks, with the simple pledge the children are to sign printed at the top, can be had by writing to Edna S. Edwards, Appleton, Wis. These blanks, after all the children have signed, are returned and put on file with the State Society. Each branch society elect their own officers and raise money for any purpose they desire, but there are no regular dues. These societies teach the children to love and study the birds and are a great help in the school work.

Through the generosity of Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover of Chicago, we have the "Bird of the Month" in color. This picture is one of a series of several hundred of birds and other natural history subjects. The pictures have the unqualified approval of Mr. Burroughs who has used them to decorate his cabin "Slab Sides."

The pictures sell at two cents each. No order is taken for less than thirteen. A list of subjects and further information can be obtained from Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, 350 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

As well suppose the trees without leaves as the summer air without swallows—*Jeffries Field and Hedgerow*.

Bird Day in a Primary School.

Our celebration of Bird Day began some weeks before. In fact, it may be said to date back to the middle of January, when we had our first talk about the winter birds. From this on we did many things. We studied the bird pictures and made them into a guessing game, saying "I am a bird," describing, and closing with, "Who am I?"

We learned many bird songs, the favorite being Krinbill's "Robin Song" which begins "Hark! I hear a merry sound." We read bird stories and dramatized "How the Robin Got His Red Breast." Later this formed part of our program. The little son's sorrow over the quenched fire and his joy when Robin revived it were very well done.

Good written lessons on birds were rewarded by bright-colored birds cut from advertisements, the best robins being found on a pattern sheet, strange to say. Nests and eggs were modeled from clay with moderate success.

We chose favorite birds, cut and painted them on both sides. When the day came, these were hung on black threads and flew quite realistically. There were many robins, bluebirds, and goldfinches, with a tiny flock of kinglets, the teacher's choice.

The third grade joined us in celebrating and we thoroughly enjoyed each other's songs and recitations. Among the latter was Lucy Larcom's "Sir Robin" which has such a robin-y sound.

We always include in our year's work trips to the pond a short distance back of our school house, where many red-wings nest.



SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

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The American Redstart.

In May the Redstart comes to us with troops of other warblers which have been spending the winter in the South. He is one of the gayest of that gay family, which the Cubans call *mariposas*, butterflies, because of their brilliant colors. The redstart they call *candelita*, the little red torch. Our English name means red-tail, but he really hasn't a bit of red on him. He always makes me think of a Baltimore oriole because he wears the same colors. His head and back are jet black and there are bright orange bands on his wings, tail and the sides of his breast. Only the old males are colored like this: the females and young males are grayish-olive, with yellow markings.

Warblers are all restless birds, but the redstart is the most active of them all. He will dart back and forth, circle over the ground, opening and shutting his orange tail meanwhile, like a dainty fan; then he will fling himself into the air, turn several somersaults, and come tum-

bling to the ground like some mad thing. He is not mad, however, but is snapping up insects with that sharp, black bill of his.

Redstarts build a pretty cup-shaped nest which they usually place in the crotch of some sapling. Cowbirds often lay their eggs in redstarts' nests. Once I watched a redstart feeding a full-grown young cowbird on our lawn. The cowbird would make a rush for the redstart, and snatch the worm from her bill, making a loud gobbling sound that seemed to scare the little mother nearly to death. Finally the cowbird flew with a whoop to the top of the house, and the timid little redstart followed, wondering, I am sure, what kind of a child she had hatched out.

E. D. F.

Arbor and Bird Day Exercises.

The Arbor and Bird Day program was given by the members of the Harmon Audubon Bird Societies No. 1 (primary pupils) and No. 2 (intermediate pupils). The literary part of the program was held in the primary room which was prettily decorated for the occasion and suitable drawings were on the boards. The flower beds were made, one by the girls and one by the boys, the children doing all the work of digging, raking and planting, under the supervision of the teacher.

The twelve boys of the spade drill, near the close of the drill, planted three trees which were named George Washington, Ulysses Grant and Abraham Lincoln. A number of the readings were about birds and were very much appreciated, as was all of the program.

The birds of this community need have

no fear of the small boy and the air rifle, as the boys have all taken a marked dislike to "killing birds," and are very proud of their Audubon badges.

The following program was rendered:

Reading of Governor's Proclamation, Arbor Day Exercise, Pink Rose Drill, Spade Drill. Recitations—"A Little Sermon to Boys," "Arbor Day," "What Do We Plant," "The Singing Lesson," "Fall Migrations," "Who Stole the Bird's Nest," "The Humming Bird," "The Two Pussies," "April Weather," "Just Cause I'm a Girl," "Anticipation," "Planting a Tree," "The Puzzle," "Love in the Third Reader." Dialogue—"Voices of the Trees." Songs—"Arbor Day," "The Pussy Willows;" Duet—"The Daisies," and the Raindrops;" Solo—"Sweet Arbor Day."

The Shrike Family.

One early spring morning the bluebirds near our country home were molested by a couple of shrikes who seemed to be intent on driving them from the garden which had been their peaceful abode for many summers.

These boisterous little ruffians soon gained dominion over the domain and built their nest in a large crab-apple tree which not a bird in the vicinity would dare to approach. Even the cat hesitated about going too near. One day she slyly crept toward the apple trees when all at once there was a frightful quacking. There was the cat crouching under the tree and the two shrikes flying desperately around her head and making the most terrible noise. They kept this up until the cat retreated her steps. I never saw her venture that way again, and wondered whether the confusion and screeching were too much for her or whether she really felt the pecks of their beaks.

After awhile we heard the young birds

in the nest. The old birds brought them a great variety of food including insects, worms, eggs of other birds and often scraps of fowl meat, probably that of mice and other rodents that they found in the field.

Early one morning before the sun was hardly peeping over the horizon the whole household was aroused by a dreadful quacking and screeching in the crab-apple tree. The young shrike family were taking their first lessons in flying. The adult birds were very boisterous with their commands and, I fear, did considerable scolding, but by the time the people in the house were up and about the little ones had all dispersed excepting one little fellow that hesitated leaving the lilac bush near the porch. He was a curious, chubby little fellow dressed in gray, with a head that seemed rather large for his body.

Soon the mother bird returned and with coaxing and some scolding the last of her brood ventured into the fields.

The Shrike family stayed in the neighborhood until the frosts of winter came when they took their departure.

Sophia M. Schaefer.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Mazomanie, Wis., April 30th, 1908.
Dear Wayside:

Monday morning as I was coming to school I saw a little dark blue bird. It was the little indigo bird. The indigo bird is from five to six inches long. He is dark blue with blackish wings and tail. The female bird is a brown bird. The indigo birds come to Northern United States about the middle of May, and builds its nest in a forked branch of

a tree near the ground. After the nesting period is over it stays around till winter, and then they go to Central America to spend the winter.

Yours truly,

Aged 13.

Clifford Leach.

Mazomanie, Wis., April 30, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

The indigo bird is five or six inches long. It is an indigo blue. The female is brown. It winters in Central America but it comes north and nests in the northern part of United States. It comes to Mazomanie in May or June. It lays three or four bluish white eggs, in a nest of grass leaves and bark lined with fine grass and hair. Its nest is built in the fork of a bush near the ground. Sometimes they fix the old nest and use that. This bird sings all summer, and all through August. It feeds mostly from the ground. After the nesting season the male bird becomes brown like the female.

From your friend,

Aged 9.

Zella Reeve.

Glendale, Wis., April 14, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Last spring a pair of robins nested in front of our house. I saw the robin on her nest. Her mate brought her food and sang to her. One morning as I looked up in the tree I saw the pretty nest torn down. There was a pair of robins around our house all summer, but they didn't nest near by.

A pair of bluebirds nested in our plum tree a year ago. They would come up to the chicken coop to eat when I fed the little chickens.

Aged 13.

Myrtle Craig.

Weblake, Wis., May 1, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

The other morning when I was going to school I saw a little bird with a broken wing. After chasing it for some time I succeeded in catching it. I brought it to the school house, where we fed it and gave it a nest. It was soon able to fly quite well and we were going to let it go, but one morning when we came to school it was gone, and we have never heard or seen it since.

We could not find out the name of the bird, but I will describe it. Its bill was on a level with the top of its head. Its wings and back were black, spotted with yellow. Its breast was gray spotted with black, and it was about five inches long.

Yours truly,

Lynn Marsh.

Mazomanie, Wis., April 30, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

I will tell you something about the indigo bird. The indigo bird is from five to six inches long. Its wings and tail are blackish. Its body is indigo blue. The female is brown. In winter it stays in Central America, but it comes north and spends its nesting period in the northern part of the United States. It appears in Mazomanie in June or May. It lays three or four bluish white eggs. Its nest is made of grass, leaves, and bark. It is lined with fine grass and hair. It builds its nest in a fork of a bush near the ground. Sometimes it uses its old nest. The bird sings all summer even in August. It feeds mostly from the ground. After the nesting season the male bird becomes brown like the female.

From your friend,

Aged 10.

Hazel Howard.

Maywood, Ill., March 25, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

The little bluebirds have a very pretty color. I saw the bluebird the twenty-first of March. When my mother was clearing the table off, a bluebird came up and looked in the window. When my mother saw them, she put some crumbs out for them to eat. The bluebird is seven inches long. When the little bluebird is hatched, it is black.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Ella Zeige.

Mauston, Wis., March 23, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

As I was going out in the country Saturday, March 14th, to saw some wood, I was standing up in the wagon-box, and noticed some birds flying in front of the horse. I looked again, and to my surprise I saw that they were bluebirds. The birds lit on a hitch-rack outside the Catholic cemetery.

Yours truly,

Henry Underwood.

Maywood, Ill., March 25, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

I saw some bluebirds on our fence and I threw some crumbs out for them and they ate them all up. Then the next day they came again and I fed them with feed. Then they came at noon again, and drank water from the tub in our yard where the chickens drink.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Edward Krotz.

Weblake, Wis., May 1, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Last night as I was coming from the barn I saw a little ground bird on our

old table out of doors. I watched it until it flew on the woodpile. It stayed and chirped awhile, then it flew away. A little while after that I went into the house. As soon as I got into the house I looked out of the window. I saw one in an old oak tree in our yard. My brother found a little bird. Its wing was broken. He picked it up and carried it to school. We don't know what its name is. Good-bye.

Aged 10.

Margurritte Marsh.

Glendale, Wis., April 14, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Last spring a pair of robins built their nest on the reach of a wagon. One morning when I looked into the nest I saw five blue eggs. I told the people who owned the wagon about the nest and they left the wagon there until the young birds were hatched. The next time I looked the mother bird was sitting on the nest and her mate brought her food. All of the eggs hatched and every time I went near after that the old birds would fly around me and try to scare me.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Gladys Haney.

Mauston, Wis., March 24, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

As I was going to school this morning I saw two robins. They were sitting on the roof of a house. I watched them a little while. Pretty soon one of them flew away. He lit in a neighboring tree where he sat pruning his feathers. He was a large robin with a grayish-green back and a chestnut breast. In a little while he called to his mate to come. When it heard the call it flew to the tree. Then they flew away to another tree.

Yours truly,

Frederick Denicke.

By The Wayside

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JUNE, 1908.

No. 2



UPPERED BY PERMISSION OF ATKINSON, MENTZER & GROVER, CHICAGO

THE BELTED KINGFISHER

The Kingfisher.

He is certainly not a disciple of Isaak Walton but he is a very successful fisherman nevertheless and because of this and because his family were in the business even before the time of the ancient Isaak

his ideas of fishing ought at least, to have some weight. "One should be proud of the vocation of a fisher" he would say. "Approach your favorite stream with gladness. Let your voice ring out. No one is better than a fisherman. Don't sneak up

on your prey. Perch on some handy limb over the water and, when you see indications of fish, fly out over the water. Hover there a moment till you are sure of your fish and then *go* for it. Don't mind if you do get wet. One can't be successful and too careful of one's clothes at the same time. Don't let the size of the fish daunt you. The bigger the bet-

ter and if you can't carry it away you can leave it."

What fine clothes he wears for a fisherman! Not at all our idea of "fishing togs."

And his home? In a mud bank at the end of a burrow sometimes six feet long. A queer place for so brightly colored a bird, but very safe.



USED BY PERMISSION OF ATKINSON, MENTZER & GROVER, CHICAGO

THE PRIMARY CLASS IN THE FISHING SCHOOL.

Work the Birds Do.

Just at present we hear frequently of the great sums of money being spent in San Francisco to exterminate the house rat, while from the other side of the world, western Europe, there rise loud lamentations concerning the destruction caused by rodents to British crops and merchandise. We know that all over this country rats, mice and other small gnawing animals of various sorts are causing in city and country damage which is beyond calculation. Individually trifling, the sum total of this destruction amounts to a vast sum. It is said that in one county of the State of Washington a species of ground squirrel destroys a half million dollars' worth of

wheat annually. If the destruction wrought by these various rodents could be stopped the country would be richer each year by hundreds of millions of dollars.

Traps, poisons, noxious gases and contagious diseases as yet seem powerless, not only to exterminate these rodents, but even to keep their number down. Last autumn there was printed an account of a plague of field mice in the Humboldt Valley which swept off its agricultural products almost as in times past the Rocky Mountain locusts have swept the valley of the Platte.

It is generally understood by thoughtful people that our forests are decreasing at such a rate as to threaten a lumber

famine in the course of twenty-five years. Even the people who are not thoughtful stop and think a moment when they are obliged to buy a little lumber, for the prices charged for it now are two or three times what they used to be. Besides the harm done by fires and by wasteful cutting, the forests that are left are being destroyed by the attacks of borers which kill the trees and so lessen the supply of lumber.

Every farmer knows that one of his chief labors when his crops are growing in summer is fighting weeds, either with hoe or cultivator. Weeds grow from seeds, and presumably the more seeds the farmer can destroy the fewer weeds he is likely to have to fight. It is known that sparrows of all sorts for food depend largely on the seeds of various weeds, and while the food of the individual sparrow may perhaps amount to no more than a quarter of an ounce of seeds each day, yet these birds are so numerous that it has been figured by an elaborate calculation that in 1906 the sparrows of the country saved the farmers \$35,000,000, merely by their destruction of weed seeds.

The most useful aids to the farmer in destroying the hordes of small rodents that prey upon his crop, his fruit trees and the contents of his house and barn are the hawks and owls, whose food these mammals are. These birds are striving day and night the whole year around to capture this food. How enormously valuable to man are the services of these hawks and owls has been pointed out many times by experts who have studied their food, and may be seen even by a non-expert, who will take the trouble to pull to pieces one of the pellets of undigested material disgorged by owl or hawk, and will notice what it consists of. He will find that it is made up of the fur,

Continued on page 12.

NATURE STUDY DEPARTMENT

Weeds.

[Teachers of Nature Study, pupils and subscribers to the Wayside are invited to write out this lesson and send it to the author in care of the editor.]

What is a weed? Plants, like animals, may be either friends or foes to man. Name a plant that is troublesome; one that is harmful. Why? Name a poisonous plant. Name a plant that has an attractive flower and yet is called a weed. Explain. What can you say of the vigor of weeds as compared with cultivated plants? of their ability to withstand unfavorable conditions, as drought and cold? Many of our most troublesome weeds, as the Russian thistle, have been introduced here from other countries. What does this illustrate as to their character? What can you say of their powers of multiplication? Give several examples of devices for getting their seeds scattered. Give illustrations of two ways in which weeds protect themselves from animals.

Weeds, from an economic standpoint, are classed as annuals, biennials, and perennials. What do these terms mean? Give illustrations. Which kind is hardest to get rid of? Can weeds spread by any other means than by seeds? What are the different means of destroying them? Are there laws aimed at the destruction of weeds? What birds eat great numbers of weed seeds? At what time of year do they do most service?

The composite family contains more weeds than any other family of flowering plants. This is also the largest family, owing its success to the ability to produce an immense number of flowers and to scatter them widely. The dandelion is a good illustration; the so-called "flower" is really a closely packed head of tiny flowers. Give examples of weeds that are composites.

Collect and make a study of any ten weeds in the region. Make an outline drawing of the leaf of each. How are its seeds scattered? State for each whether it is an annual, biennial or perennial and how it can best be eradicated. Add any other notes that may be necessary for the identification of the plant.

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An Enemy to the Sparrow.

Americans have been invited to import other English birds which will destroy the sparrow. The sparrow has no fiercer enemy than the English robin and chaffinch. The robin is an insect-eating bird and would grow fat on American mosquitos. Moreover, he so hates the sparrow that he wages war with him on all occasions. The chaffinch likewise detests the sparrow and fights him to death whenever opportunity occurs. Both birds love the society of humanity and breed freely in cities where they can obtain some little arborescence.

To Protect British Birds.

Lord Avebury has just asked the British parliament to pass a bill based on a law which at present obtains in the State of New York and which provides that no wild birds or birds for which there is no open season can be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of certificates, and no part of the plumage, skin or body of any protected bird can be sold or held in possession for sale.

Lord Avebury said it was greatly to be desired that the British parliament should follow the example of the New York legislature before it is too late. The Linnean Society, Selbourne Society and the Society for the Protection of Birds can produce evidence of the exportation of large numbers of precious birds.

Work the Birds Do.

Continued from page 11.

skulls and large bones of mice or rats—in other words of destructive rodents. The man who kills a hawk or owl unless it be one of the three or four harmful species, performs an ill service for the community where he kills it.

The woodpeckers spend all their time winter and summer, searching for grubs which bore into trees, and for the eggs of noxious insects which lie hidden in the crevices of the bark and the cracks in the dry wood; and every insect, grub or batch of eggs they devour is just so much help to the owner of the wood lot by reducing the number of his enemies.

It was in 1868 that the German society of Farmers and Foresters became alarmed at the constantly increasing depredations of insects, which was due to the great destruction of birds, and began to urge that an International agreement should be had for the protection of birds useful to agriculture and forestry. They worked on this subject for nearly thirty years, and at last in 1895 a meeting was called in Paris and attended by delegates from all the countries of Europe. It was unanimously agreed that beneficial species should be protected, but there was absolutely no agreement concerning the usefulness and noxiousness of the various species. The delegates did not know what the birds ate, and so they did not know whether the birds were useful or harmful. To find out about this for America is a part of the work now being done by the United States Biological Survey.—*Forest and Stream.*

As you hoe in your garden this summer let it remind you that the winter birds that you encouraged to stay around your home have made your work much lighter by eating weed seed.

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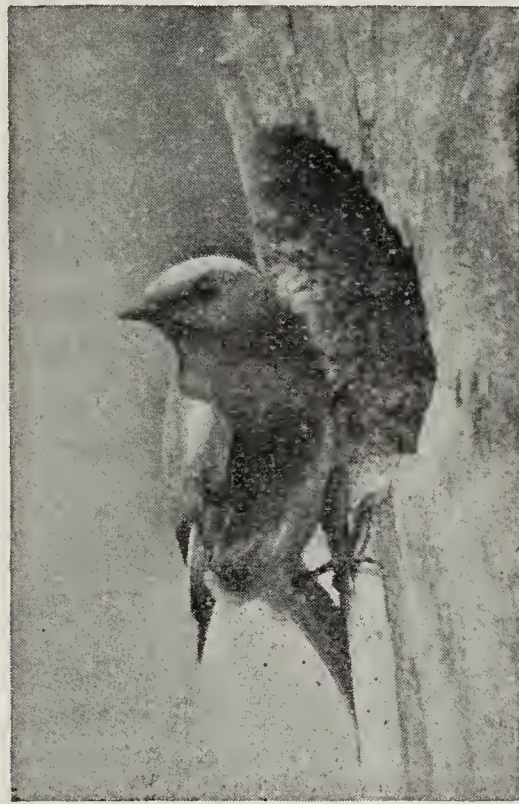
Black-billed Cuckoo.

This morning I saw a cuckoo in one of our trees and decided that he should be the bird of the month. It was about eleven inches long and was of a beautiful brownish color on the back while its breast was white. Its beak was long and black. Its head was set close to its body. The tail was long with white spots. We have heard its sad call for a number of days but have not been able to locate it before. In some places it is called the rain crow for it is heard on dark or rainy days. When we speak of cuckoo we at once think of the English bird, but in this country they are quite different. Their nests are very carelessly made, only a few sticks laid in a bush. The only one I ever saw was so loose that it seemed as if the young birds had hard work to keep in. Listen, and some cloudy day you will hear "kow-kow-kow! kuk-kuk!" then follow the sound and you will find this beautiful bird.

Bird Club.

Hugh Lewis, of Antigo, writes of a Bird Lovers' Club he has organized. He is ten years old and is the treasurer. There are two honorary members. At the meetings each child pays one penny and all the money they can raise is to go for a cement drinking basin to be put into

the court house yard for the birds. I wish the children in other places could take up such work through the summer.



WONT YOU COME IN?

Illinois Prize Letter.

Evanston, Ill., May 21, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

A few days ago I saw a very bright-colored bird, which I learned was the redstart. Its head and neck were shiny black. It was about five and one-half inches long. I have never seen so many birds in a town as there are here. One day I asked my mother to come to the window. There was a female redstart on our fence. It would dash this way and then that spreading its wings and showing two yellow spots on each side.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Alfred Redfield.

Prize Letter for May Number.

Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

I saw the indigo bunting on the 28th of April. It had a piece of straw in its mouth. It flew into a bush.

The male is blue and a dark gray. The female is a checked brown so when it is on the nest the people cannot see it.

Last year I watched it from the window. He was singing. It comes in May and leaves in September. It is five and three-fourths inches long. It is not a large bird.

Yours truly,
Aged 13. John Haehne.

Mauston, Wis., May 15, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

I have seen quite a few birds this year that I never saw before.

One of the boys found a black-throated blue warbler. The bird was hurt. The back of its head and back is slaty blue. Its throat is black. Its breast is white with a little blue. The wings are black and white edged with blue. The tail is black and white edged with blue.

I have seen the scarlet tanager, the Cape May warbler, the magnolia warbler and other birds. I saw the scarlet tanager in the courtyard on a tree. I watched it for a while and then it flew to the ground. I got a very good view of it. I have seen the chestnut-sided warbler. It looks as if it had splashes of paint on its side. Our school house is right by the court house and we go over there every recess to look for birds.

Aged 12. Hazel Clawson.

Mauston, Wis., May 15, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

Yesterday I saw a summer yellow bird by the river as I was fishing. It was on a branch hanging from the shore over the river. This morning as my father and I were fishing in our boat we saw some more of the summer yellow birds. They are yellow all over except at the beginning of the tail where it is a little brownish black. It is about the size of all warblers. It did not sing when I saw it.

Aged 12. Leland der Flon.

Mazomanie, Wis., April 30, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

The indigo bird is five to six inches long. Its color is indigo blue. The wings and tail are blackish. The female is brown. In winter they go to Central America. But it comes to the northern part of the United States in nesting season. It lays three or four eggs, bluish white. They make a nest of bark, grass and hair. Its nest is built in the fork of a bush near to the ground. Sometimes it uses its old nest. The birds sing in summer and even in August. It feeds mostly from the ground. After nesting season the male bird becomes brown like the female.

Yours truly,
Aged 11. Edwin Redel.

South Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

As I was going to school this morning I saw the indigo bunting sitting on a fence post. I didn't notice it at first. The indigo bunting comes in May. It is a little early for him to come. He is five and three-fourths inches long. The indigo bunting goes away in September. I thank you very much for the pictures you sent me last week. I am not going to kill any birds any more.

Sincerely yours,
Aged 10. Clara DeYonge.

Mazomanie, Wis., Mar. 26, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One day as I was visiting my aunt out in the country I was walking through the meadow and on the ground was a meadowlark's nest. It had four eggs in it. The meadowlark has a brown back, a yellow breast and a black crescent by the throat.

Yours truly,
Aged 13. Isabel Tesch.

Appleton, Wis., May 27, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One morning last April I looked out of the window, and there in one of the maple trees in front of our house I saw a bluejay trying to chase a robin out of his nest in the tree. The robins had already built their nest, and in the nest were four pretty blue eggs. I watched the birds for a long time, and finally the robin succeeded in chasing the bluejay away. Many mornings after this the bluejay would come and bother the robin and his family, but the robin always succeeded in chasing him away. One morning as I looked for the birds I found that the robin and his family had flown away. I think they were glad to get away from the bluejays.

Yours truly,

Aged 13.

Marie Gleisner.

Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

The Indigo Bunting is $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches long. Its head is dark blue while its body is a lighter blue. Its wings are tinged with light green. The Indigo Bunting sits on the topmost branch of a tree and sings its song. It comes in May and goes in September. Its mate is brown. The Indigo Bunting is in the same family as the sparrow.

Aged 9.

Guy E. Savage.

Julius Caesar.

Jennie had come to visit with her cousin Ruth, who was kept in the house by a severe cold, and the two were busily repairing the wardrobe of a large family of dolls, when Ruth suddenly said,

"I'm tired sewing, let's ask grandmother to tell a story about the time when she was a young girl and lived in the wilderness."

"All right," answered Jennie, "I've finished this dress, and am tired too."

Grandmother's father left Boston when she was only six years old, and took his family the long, eighteen day's journey

to far off Illinois; as there were no railroads then, they went by stage-coach, canal, river, and for days in large wagons, with thick, white, cloth coverings, drawn by either horses, or oxen, and called prairie schooners. They made snug sleeping places for the mother and children, were a refuge during storms, and also served as baggage cars for the household goods Mr. May carried with him.

It was the children's delight to hear grandmother tell of the life of that long ago time, and of the queer pets of the family.

They found her as usual in the cozy corner, where the weight of years and ill health caused her to spend much of her time, reading, or knitting for her wide-awake grandchildren.

This time she asked, "Would you like to hear about Julius Caesar?"

"Yes indeed," answered both little girls, "who was he?"

"A gray squirrel, that in felling an old walnut tree, my father found among the branches. It was a forsaken wretched mite, and apparently only breathing; so knowing it would perish if left, he brought it to mother, who took it as she did all helpless dumb creatures, for she—your great-grandmother—felt the right to live justly belonged to them, and she loved to help in their struggle to keep it; but this time all her efforts seemed in vain, the little body remained cold, and became rigid, while no beating of the tiny heart could be discovered. Now, as you know our house was on the edge of a large grove of forest trees, in which lived an immense colony of squirrels, and our old white cat (named Niobe on account of much weeping for many children,) had developed into a famous squirrel hunter, and enjoyed a squirrel dinner, far better than one of mice, or even the dear birds, which it was impossible to prevent her from catching, for all wild

birds were more plentiful then than the English sparrows are now.

During the endeavors to save the desolate, wee being, Niobe had closely watched every movement, evidently hoping for another delicious feast, and at last mother feeling there was not the slightest spark of life in the poor body, and it was beyond all suffering, reluctantly gave it to the cat who carried it away. Not long after she was disturbed by Niobe, who came rubbing against her, mewling softly, and going back and forth to the door, until mother feeling something must be wrong, followed her to the woodshed, which was the home of Niobe's one kitten; but judge of her surprise to find everything right, and to see the (supposed) dead squirrel lying snugly against the kitten, both warm, happy, and comfortable, while the rescuer purred in manifest joy over them.

How she had been able to restore him to life was a mystery, but from that time he received the same love and attention from his foster-mother as did her own offspring, and grew and flourished as it did. When the two became old enough to play together, it was a pretty sight, though they (the squirrel especially) led the cat a strenuous existence, for her adopted charge caused her much worry for his love of galloping up the trees, and whisking through the branches. At first the anxious mother tried to follow until finding her efforts unsuccessful, she became reconciled to his wanderings, and contented herself by giving him a cordial welcome on his return; but if the kitten tried, as all kittens do, to run up a tree, and follow its playmate she would spring quickly and pull or push it down, evidently determined to have only one such lively climber in the family.

The one other thing Niobe could not understand and would not allow if possi-

ble, was Julius Caesar's love for nuts, and his habit of sitting up with his bushy tail making an interrogation point behind his back. He would hold one in his forepaws, break off the shell with his sharp teeth, peel away the husk and eat the kernel. This for some reason would exasperate her to such an extent, as to make her spit at and cuff him, until in self defense, the puzzled squirrel after rapid chattering, and scolding, generally dropped the nut and scampered away.

This vigorous trio continued their happy life until cold weather, when Julius Caesar disappeared, and for days Niobe and her kitten were inconsolable, while we all missed seeing the active, little fellow frolicking around."

"Didn't you ever see him again?" asked both Ruth and Jennie eagerly.

"We never knew certainly" answered the grandmother, "but the next spring among the squirrels, we saw a large handsome one, who showed no fear of us, or of the cats, but was very friendly, and social, and whose playful tricks were so much like those of Niobe's pet, we children decided it was without a doubt he. We also decided Julius Caesar's mission in life, must have been to save his family from the cat's cruel teeth, for after Niobe took the apparently, lifeless, little one, and cared for, and loved him as she did her own dear kitten, she entirely stopped (as far as we could discover) her murderous assaults on the squirrels, and as all delighted seeing the graceful creatures frisking about, Niobe's kind act in saving one squirrel's life, made happiness for many."

"Yes indeed," said Ruth, "we just love to watch them playing in the park, don't we Jennie?" then as it was time for grandmother's afternoon rest, the two girls with "many thanks dear grandmother," skipped back to their beloved dolls.

Helen P. Haskell.

By The Wayside

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Audubon.

Ten years or so before the eighteenth century made its bow of farewell, a bright-eyed lad with decidedly foreign features might have been seen lying down amid the profuse and fragrant flowers of a plantation in Louisiana, where, shielded by the orange trees, he was intently watching the movements of the southern mocking-bird. That studious lad was John James Audubon, who afterwards became one of the most honored naturalists of his time and who gave to the world that monumental work on "The Birds of America," that remains to this day without a peer.

Audubon was born in New Orleans, May 4, 1780. His father—a Frenchman—crossed the Atlantic in a fishing smack from Nantes, and found his way to Louisiana, where in a few years he became an extensive ship-owner. His mother was a Spanish senorita of New Orleans, which at that time was Spanish territory.

The father was an ardent worshiper of Napoleon, and took the boy to France to be educated, and to win fame among the armies of the "Little Corsican." But the boy had no mind to be a soldier, and so, after a few years, was sent out to take charge of the estate in Louisiana, and another in Pennsylvania. At Mill Grove, near Valley Forge, he met and married Lucy Bakewell, the daughter of an English neighbor.

But at this time (1808) the new and wonderful West was enticing numbers of adventurous souls away from the Atlantic seaboard, and Audubon and his young wife went to Louisville, Kentucky, where, by the way, one of their two remaining daughters—Miss Harriet B. Audubon—is living at present.

In this new country he began the nature study which was to make him famous in earnest. The woods were amply stocked with game, the swales with water-fowl. It was an ideal place for a bird-lover to do his work. And to do it well, he was greatly assisted by the drawing school of David during his stay in France.

Then there came to him the dream of a complete record of American Birds. And these should be given in their natural surroundings and in their natural size. The pictured eagle should be on the same proportion as the real bird of flight. So with the wild pigeon, the thrush, and the humming-bird.

But to do the work he set himself, he must thoroughly acquaint himself with the haunts of the birds he would portray. And this of necessity made him a rover in the cause of science such as few men have been. At one time he would be away for months in the Appalachian Mountains; and at another, far away among the Indians of the prairies, studying grouse and wild swan. One year

would find him along the Great Lakes; another year in the lowlands of Louisiana. Among his longest journeys was that from the coast of Labrador down through New Brunswick and Maine, and thence through all the Atlantic states to Florida. Later he went along the Missouri from St. Louis to the headwaters of that mighty stream. The colossal nature of such an undertaking can only be understood as it is remembered that it was before the days of convenient travel, such as our time affords. The perseverance of the man is beyond praise, it is beyond comprehension.—*Journal of Education*.

To Shield Bird Guards.

As the result of recent appeals from farmers, orchardists, cotton growers and ranchmen in every section of the country a widespread campaign is being instituted in this city for the protection of every American species of insect-eating bird. During the coming year renewed efforts will be put forth in every state in the union by the National Association of Audubon societies, which will head the movement, to obtain protective legislation for the native birds as well as better enforcement of such existing laws as the Audubon workers have succeeded in having placed on the statute books. If sufficient support is forthcoming from the agrarian interests affected by the insect pests, which the birds hold in check, it is hoped to make this a great economic as well as sentimental campaign.

Resolutions calling upon the government and state legislatures to co-operate in this Audubon work throughout the entire cotton belt were unanimously passed by the International Conference of Cotton Growers, Spinners and Manu-

facturers at Atlanta, where representatives of the cotton industry from all over the world met early this month. The cotton men assured Prof. T. G. Pearson, secretary of the National Association of Audubon societies, who has just returned from representing the association with another Audubon official, that they realized that the native birds had been demonstrated to be the best effectual means of checking the bollweevil and other pests that menace their crop. The government Biological Survey, the abolishing of which was successfully opposed by the Audubon workers last winter, was commended by the cotton conference and the extension of its work recommended as a most valuable means of determining the economic value of various bird species by its scientific examination of the stomachs of specimens.

Although Audubon campaigning has resulted in the passing of protective legislation for bird life in every southern state, where five years ago no such statutes existed, it is the intention of the association to redouble its efforts for proper enforcement and amendment of these laws as a part of its general national campaign. In the northwest, the coast states and throughout the middle west it is intended to institute similar campaigns in response to the appeals of granges and organizations of orchardists which have come from every section.

"The extent of this movement will be limited only by the funds available from our members and friends," said William Dutcher, president of the association, at its headquarters, 141 Broadway, to-day. "We have had an unusually hard campaign in forty state legislatures and increased expense in securing reserves for

the national waterfowl, increased educational and other branches of our work. I expect to report a deficit of some \$12,000 on this account at our annual meeting this month. The National Association of Audubon societies is planning more extended usefulness than ever for next year, however, and is relying for support upon its friends and members, more of whom it very much needs."—*The Northwestern*.

A Bird Restaurant.

It was a cold, cloudy, winter's day, and the invalid looked listlessly out on the dreary landscape, with a weary longing for the bright, beautiful spring, its birds and flowers, when a loud chirping attracted her attention. Two sparrows underneath the window were picking eagerly at something they had found, sturdy fat fellows in their thick, winter's garb of brownish gray; but alas, on account of a wicked law, feathered outlaws for three months, with a price set upon their small heads.

"Oh," she said, "You dear sweet birds, innocent of all wrong, but with no place to flee, safe from man's cruel hand, here during this winter you shall live, protected, and cared for."

She began that morning what the children called "a bird's restaurant" by placing food on the window sill, and under the old peach tree that guarded her window.

The sparrows soon learned to expect their breakfast, and often came, almost before light, and tapped on the window with their little black bills, to tell in their sweet, bird calls, how hungry they were.

They also told others of the new res-

taurant, for soon fifteen sparrows were enjoying their friend's hospitality. One morning a blue jay's petulant screams were heard mingled with the sparrows' rapid scolding, and among the feathered group was a "little boy in blue" taking much more than his share of breakfast. The next day large crumbs of bread and corn were thrown out with the other food, and the blue jay again made his appearance, and picked up the corn hastily, always flying into the tree to eat, perhaps to be away from the sparrows, or it may have been from his manner of eating, as he held the corn in his claw, and broke it in pieces by savage thrusts of his strong bill.

The next time he came, he brought a relative or friend, and they gobbled up the corn and large crumbs; some they ate, but a great deal they carried to the bank of earth and straw, covering the celery. It was curious to watch them dig a place, by thick thrusts of their bills and push the food in. Whether they remembered where it was, and ate it at some future time, the watcher never discovered.

A bit of bright scarlet flashed in the sunlight one morning, among the blue and gray. A gorgeous cardinal grosbeak had joined the invalid's pensioners. At first there seemed another slight disagreement, but soon all was harmonious, and the blue jays, red birds, and sparrows ate quietly together in their restaurant, which was kept open until warm weather.

To the invalid's delight the little "bird restaurant" helped the long, dreary winter to pass quickly and merrily, and when spring came, she rejoiced to feel that she had saved from hunger, or cruel death, some of our dear feathered friends.

—Miss Haskell.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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Annual Meeting.

[This report arrived too late for last June's issue.]

The annual meeting of the State Audubon Society occurred on the evening of May 29th, in the Unitarian Church. Owing to the bad weather and to the numerous other attractions, only a small number were present. The business meeting occurred at half after seven, and the usual reports were listened to and adopted. The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of \$12.50. The following officers were elected:

Dr. R. H. Denniston, President.

Mrs. Joseph Jastrow, 1st Vice President.

Mrs. R. G. Thwaites, 2nd Vice President

Mr. Chas. E. Brown, Secretary-treasurer.

Mr. Thomas R. Moyle, Appleton, Secretary, treasurer, and librarian of children's Department.

Directors—Dr. J. C. Elsom, Miss Theresa Farill, Mrs. F. J. Turner, Mr. E. G. Artzberger, Mr. Frederic S. Brandenburg, and Mr. A. B. Stout.

At 8 o'clock Mrs. R. W. Hegner gave an illustrated talk on "Some Experiences of a Bird Photographer," both the photographs and the slides having been made by himself. The evening was a most valuable and entertaining one, thoroughly enjoyed by all present.—*Chas. E. Brown.*

Robin Nest on Wagon Tongue.

An industrious robin has built a nest on the tongue of a big carryall used by

Lon Fuson, driver of the Center township consolidated school wagon, in hauling about forty children to and from the Center township school, south of Muncie. In this nest, which is near the front axle, the robin laid her eggs and raised her brood. So much confidence has she in Mr. Fuson that sometimes she does not accompany her young on their twice a day tours, but allows them to go away and return while she industriously grubs about for worms.

When Fuson noticed the bird building her nest on the wagon in the early spring he thought she would soon realize the uncertain character of her surroundings and desist, but she failed to do so; and patiently continued the work of construction until the nest was completed. Then she laid the eggs and sat on them, hatching four young robins. The latter do not seem to mind being jolted and bumped over the uneven highways, but this process seems to give them an abnormal appetite on their return home.—*Indianapolis News.*

What the East Wind Brought.

One gloomy afternoon in December, a raw chilly wind was blowing from the east.

I was sitting by a window in a country home when all at once the sky darkened more than ever. It was not a cloud that overcast the heavens, but a big flock of snow buntings. It was a sight never to be forgotten. There were not mere hundreds, but thousands of them. They lit in a field near by, and acres of the pasture were alive with them. After feasting and twittering for a while they again took wing and flew steadily westward.

An old farmer who witnessed the scene prophesied a terrible snowstorm for the next day. It was not a snowstorm, but a terrific rain which ended up in a sleet that coated the trees and ground with a sheet of ice. This multitude of snow-buntings were evidently aware of the coming storm and were doing their utmost to get out of danger's way.—*S. M. Schaefer.*

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month: Illinois children sending to Miss Mary Drummond, 208 West St., Wheaton Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Edna Edwards, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By the Wayside one year as a prize.

The worn button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society costs two cents and may be bought from Miss Mary Drummond or Miss Edwards.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North Street Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison Wis.

Illinois Schools may use without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to E. S. Adams, 439 Elm Street, Chicago.

Bird of the Month.

Vesper Sparrow, grass finch, or bay-winged bunting, is one of our common country birds. We have all seen him flying over the open fields flapping his two white tail feathers as a sign of his retreat. As he sits on the fence, or feeds on the plowed field, or along the road he looks, to the casual observer, like an English sparrow, song sparrow, a field sparrow, but when he flies or sings we know better. His song is soft and sweet and is often confused with the song sparrow's, for like that bird he sits on a tree for half an hour at a time, alternately singing and resting. They come in April; in May they build their nests upon the ground and by the end of June they have hatched their speckled eggs and turned their young out upon the world so that they can feed and play until November, when they start for the south.

E. L. E.

Mauston, Wis., June 8, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

As I was coming in from the country, Sunday, May the thirty-first, I was walk-

ing slowly, as the day was very warm and I was looking for birds. I saw a scarlet tanager in the middle of the road; I stopped to see what he was doing when he flew into the wood near the road, and all I could see of him was a red ball. He soon lit in a tree not very far from the road. I walked into the wood near the tree where he was, and was looking up at him, and he hopped down to another limb near a neat little nest, and a greenish-colored bird flew off the nest. I knew that was his mate. I climbed up the tree but the nest was out on a little limb so I couldn't get to it. I climbed up the tree a little higher and saw two light blue eggs with black spots on the large end. I then came down the tree, and went on home.

Yours truly,

Henry Underwood.

Mauston, Wis., June 8, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One day I told Miss Bond, our teacher, that I very seldom saw birds because I lived upstairs down town.

Mildred Tate, a friend of mine, said, "Well, I tell you, if you come over to our house I will show you some little flickers in their nest. Come over this noon." I told her that I would come.

Mildred had lived upstairs down town, too. When they moved on the ground where there were trees and places one would probably see birds, she was delighted. When at school, we would be talking about birds, Mildred would say, "Yes sir! I saw some of those birds in our back yard." We would laugh at her

and tease her about the wonderful things she saw in her back yard.

I went over to her home that noon and she came running out and we went over to see the flickers. They were in a hole in a branch of a tree.

When we came up, the flicker had his head out of the hole, but he dodged back again. After a while, I suppose he thought we were gone, he stuck his head out again. He looked all around and we got a fine view of him. The flicker in the hole of the branch would make a beautiful picture. The branch had been cut off so it had turned gray. The hole was almost perfectly round. The flicker looked for a minute as though he was looking for some one. I said to Mildred, "Why don't we see the young ones? I wonder where they are."

Mildred said, "My goodness! he is the young one himself. There is another one here some place."

He looked different from the old ones. His head was between a gray and a black color. It was more black than gray. Under his chin on each side of his bill he had a brown spot. Below each of his eyes he had a brown spot too. We could n't see any more of him.

The tree that the flickers are in is in front of Dr. Hess' home. Mrs. Hess said that they have been coming there for two or three years. I shall watch and see if they come back next year.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Elizabeth Loomis.

Mauston, Wis., June 9, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Saturday as I was cleaning the front porch a bird flew from the vines. I looked in the vines and discovered the

neatest little nest with four eggs in it. I did not try to see what color the eggs were, for I did not want to disturb the nest and I want them to hatch their young. Soon the mother bird came back to the nest. Then after a while the father bird came and put a worm in the mother bird's mouth. I went into the house and got some crumbs and put them on the posts. At night I looked on the post and the crumbs were gone. So I put some more out.

When I would go near the vines the bird would look down but it would not fly away. I guess it knew I was not going to hurt it.

I looked at the bird close by and found out that it was a chipping sparrow. These birds are very tame. I hope next year they will come and build their nest in the vines again.

Yours truly,

Esther Rohde.

Mauston, Wis., June 7, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

I have seen several birds this year, and now I am going to tell you about them. Early this spring I saw robins, bobolinks, meadow larks, woodpeckers, song sparrows, kingfishers, bank swallows, quails, hawks, owls, crows, bluebirds, scarlet tanagers, goldfinches, catbirds, humming birds, grosbeaks, red-winged blackbirds, and Baltimore orioles.

The kingfisher is not a pretty bird, but is very homely. Its song is not so elegant as it might be. The kingfisher's bill is very big. Its bill is so big that you might think it would overbalance him. Its bill is about two and one-half inches long. Around its throat and under its chin is white. Its stomach is

white and brown. Its back and wings are mostly blue. There is a little black on the ends of his wings, and a little white mixed with it. Its tail is grayish with white dots in it. Its head is also blue.

I climbed one of our trees near the school room window not long ago, and put strings up for the birds to build nests with. Some of the high school teachers saw me and thought that I had skipped school, and my teacher was after me.

There is a robin our back yard. He has a nest built there. There are two eggs and two robins in the nest. They have been there a long time and I had not noticed them until to-day, which is Saturday. I dug some angleworms for them last night, and fed them to them. The two eggs are cracked.

About two weeks ago I had two little rabbits. The cat had caught them and I took them away from her. In a day or so afterward, I gave them a lot of clover to eat. They ate so much that it killed them.

I have also seen many different kinds of wild flowers this year, such as wild sweet pea, wild columbine, wild rose, wild flag, spiderwort, shooting star, violets, blue-eyed grass, lady slippers, arbutus, and the most fragrant of all is the arbutus.

Yours respectfully,

Earl Stalker.

Mauston, Wis., May 8, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Sunday I went out to the bluff, and just as I got to the bluff, I saw something yellow flash through the trees. I went to where I saw it light, and there on a

branch of a tree I saw a goldfinch. But he was very wild and flew away as quick as he saw me.

I went on my way up the bluff and when I got upon top on the west side, I saw a whole lot of different kinds of little warblers. I saw three or four flickers and around a little point I heard a lot of bluejays chattering and flying and shrieking what sounded like "thief! thief!" They were flying around a hollow tree, and I guessed there must be an owl inside, but I didn't investigate.

Down near the spring I saw an indigo bunting. I followed it through the underbrush to see if it had a nest. But he led me a fine chase. He flew to the spring and drank and then flew up onto the bluff where I couldn't follow it.

Yours truly,

Charlie Casey.

Mauston, Wis., June 8, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One Sunday as another girl and I were going out to my grandpa's to spend the day, we saw an owl on a telegraph pole; he looked as if he was asleep, but he wasn't, because after a while he flew away toward the woods near my grandpa's. After dinner we went out into the woods and there we found the female and two little owls and they were so cute! The owl we had seen was the male. Then what should an old crow do but come right down (almost in front of our eyes) and take one of the little owls. The old owls did not like it very well but I don't suppose they could see because it was in the daytime.

So we walked around and picked some flowers and then went back to the house and there we saw two orioles building a

nest—on Sunday, too, but I don't suppose they know any better. And work! they worked like little nailers, just as if they wanted to get it done for that night. There are some woodpeckers' and flickers' nests back of our neighbor's barn.

Yours sincerely,

Aged 12.

Irma Otto.

Mazomanie, Wis., April 30, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

The indigo bird is from five to six inches long. In color we call it indigo blue. The female is brown. In winter they go to Central America, that is why they don't get here so early, for it takes them quite awhile to get here. It nests in Northern United States. It appears in Mazomanie in May or June. It lays three or four bluish white eggs. It makes its nest of grass, leaves, and bark, lined with fine grass and hair. Its nest is built in a fork of a bush near to the ground. Sometimes it fixes up its old nests. This bird sings all summer and in August. It feeds mostly from the ground. After the nesting season is over the male bird becomes brown like the female bird.

Yours truly,

Aged 13.

Isabelle Tesch.

Mazomanie, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

The indigo bird is from five to six inches long. The male's color is indigo blue with blackish wings and tail. The female is brown. Its nest is made of grass, leaves and bark. It lays from three to four bluish white eggs. During the nesting period it is found in Northern United States. It comes to Mazomanie in May and June. It winters

in Central America. This bird sings all summer even through August. The male bird becomes brown after the nesting season.

I remain yours,

Aged 12.

B. Cleveland.

Mauston, Wis., June 8, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One day as I was working out-of-doors, I heard a noise in one of our trees. It was a peculiar sound. I looked up into the tree but saw nothing. I waited awhile and heard the same noise again. I looked up and saw a robin in a tree sitting on a nest. I watched for a long while, and one morning as I was watching I saw two robins starting to fly from their nest. After a while the old mother bird came back. She coaxed the little ones along with her and they flew away. I was sorry that they flew away, for they were so cunning.

Yours truly,

Mary Klippel.

Mauston, Wis., June 9, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

As I was out on our porch Saturday, I saw one of our neighbor boys coming. He had a little bird in his hand. He said he was going to keep it. I made him put it down, and I saw it was a young robin. The two old robins were over in a tree near the road. I took the little robin and put it on a limb of a tree. It flew over where the old robins were. They brought worms and other food for it to eat. Then they all three flew away.

Yours truly,

Lou Odell.

By The Wayside

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VOL. XI.

OCTOBER, 1908.

No. 4

BOB-WHITE—AGRICULTURIST.

I should like to have everybody present meet my friend, Mr. Robert White, or as he is commonly called, and, as indeed he calls himself, Bob White.

Bob-White is not running for office at the impending election, yet I think I can safely make the statement that he is one of the most highly esteemed characters in our country, and he is deservedly popular. Always cheerful, modest, a model family man, an industrious worker, and a very valuable assistant to the farmer, a good vocalist, and I might add, though it is no joke to Bob-

White, that he is a very welcome addition to many a banquet.

At present, however, in Wisconsin, Bob-White enjoys the protection of law, it having been decreed by the legislature that to the year 1910 the life of this very valuable citizen shall be protected from the murderous assaults of other less valuable citizens. And Bob-White seems to have been informed through some source of the legislative action. I have heard his voice from the very midst of a

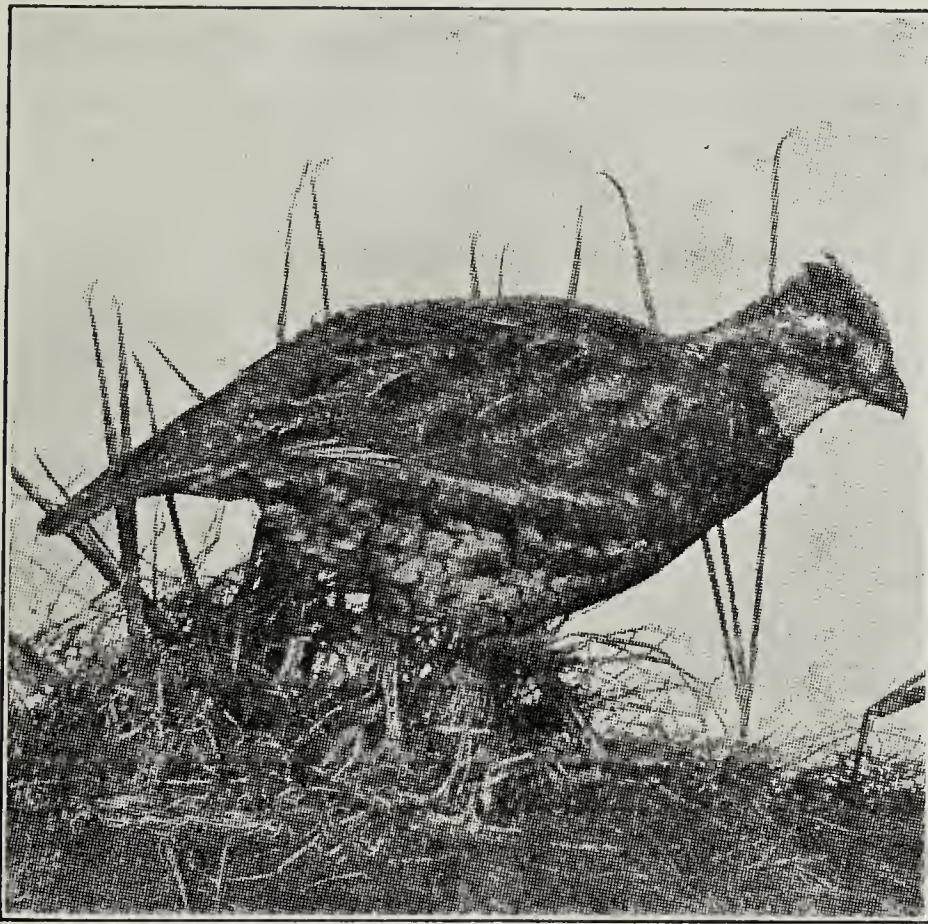
populous village and the farmers say that they feed with their chicken.

Bob-White has been so long sought as a table delicacy that science has discovered only recently how valuable he is alive; many times more, it appears, than

as an addition to the larder. He is a weed destroyer. From early autumn until spring his food is necessarily weed seed and what grain he can glean from the harvested field. Rag-weed, fox-tail grass and pigweed seed are his staples.

In relation to Bob-White's valuable service as a weed destroyer

in only two states, the Government report says: "It is reasonable to suppose that in the states of Virginia and North Carolina from September 1 to April 30 that there are four Bob-Whites to each square mile of land, or 354,820 in the two states. The crop of each bird holds half an ounce of seed and is filled twice a day. Since at each of the two daily meals, weed seeds constitute at least half the contents of the crop, or one-fourth of an ounce, a half-ounce daily is consumed by each bird.



BOB-WHITE

On this basis, the total consumption of weed seeds by Bob-Whites from September 1 to April 30 in Virginia and North Carolina amounts to 1,341 tons." (P. 14, Bul. 21. Bureau of Biological Survey.)

When we consider that a single one of these might produce a plant bearing thousands of seeds in a single season, and this process, if unchecked, would in three years produce not millions, but *billions* of weeds, we may get some idea of the value of the quail as a weed destroyer—a work in which he is ably assisted by the mourning dove, the meadow lark and other allies.

After a winter in which a vegetarian diet has largely predominated, Bob-White has no desire for sprouting grain, but early in the spring he is out on the war path hunting for animal food. Although in most climates he can find more or less insect food during every month in the year, his bright eyes are always on the lookout for the earliest comers among the insect pests, and during the spring, summer and autumn, his services in this direction are invaluable. The chinch bug leads the list of expensive insects with a tribute levied upon the American farmers which is estimated at \$100,000,000 per year. This destructive little pest invades the wheat fields in armies, but Bob-White leads his covey to the fray, and if he had warriors enough, he could eradicate the foe, for the bugs winter in just such situations as are frequented by the quail, and the birds feast upon them whenever they are available.

In a letter to the Department of Agriculture, Mr. M. A. Page, of Garnet, Kansas, says of the quail: "On opening the crop we found about two tablespoonfuls of chinch bugs."

The grasshopper stands next in the amount of damage done, and \$90,000,000 per year is a conservative estimate of his tax upon this country, for he sometimes devastates whole states. But here, too, Bob-White is on duty with the meadow larks, all of them feeding voraciously upon the invader.

The potato bug is another enemy which has cost the American farmer a vast amount of trouble and expense. In spite of large expenditures for poisons, this beetle still costs us about \$8,000,000 per year. Very few birds will touch the disgusting creatures, but the rose-breasted grosbeak and faithful Bob-White are always ready for them. The potato bug is not an occasional article of food, but when available is made a constant article of diet; one crop of a quail has been found to contain 100 of them; neither is this useful habit of protecting the potato vines confined to any one locality. Reports to the same effect have come to the Biological Survey from Ontario, New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Texas. In some cases of badly infested potato vines, Bob-Whites have been seen patrolling the rows, and carefully picking off the bugs.

The Mexican Cotton Boll Weevil came over the border in 1894 and less than ten years later it was costing America \$15,000,000 per year, and these figures soon rose to \$20,000,000. As yet it is mostly confined to Texas, but threatens to sweep over the entire cotton belt. Hence all the cotton states would do well to prohibit the shooting of a single quail until this foe is exterminated, for Bob-White is looking for him and feeding upon him. F. M. Howard, of Beeville, Texas, writes to the Bureau of Entomology that the Bob-Whites shot in

his vicinity had their crops filled with the weevils. Another farmer reports his cotton fields full of quail and the entire absence of weevils.

Bob-White also destroys the stripe cucumber beetle which makes such havoc with cucumbers, squashes, etc. In fact he has to his credit a list of fifty-seven different beetles, twenty-seven varieties of bugs, nine species of grasshoppers, locusts, and their kindred, and thirteen sorts of caterpillars, besides ants, flies, wasps, spiders, etc. The crops and gizzards examined in the Government laboratories to ascertain the character and proportions of the quail's food, were collected from twenty-one states, besides Canada, Districts of Columbia and Mexico.

These birds are especially valuable during the nesting season, as the young feed almost entirely upon insects, twelve or more different species having been identified as the food of the downy chicks.

It is freely admitted that when abundant, the quail is a legitimate game bird, but he is worth so much more in the farmer's field than in the stomach that, until they become superfluous, it behooves him to protect them in every possible way, especially in the cotton states, where the killing of a quail should be absolutely forbidden for a term of years, or until the Mexican cotton boll weevil becomes a thing of the past.

What with lawless slaughter in many cases severe winters in the North and the numerous enemies with which they have to contend, is a lamentable fact that the number of quail is decreasing almost everywhere. But it is both hardy and prolific, and with proper protection will not only hold its own but gain in numbers.

Man is Bob-White's worst enemy, but

by shorter open seasons, with rigid game laws *carefully enforced*, it may be possible to enable the bird to gain ground even in localities where he is threatened with extinction. Some wise farmers, especially in Maryland and Virginia, are feeding their quail in cold weather. Wheat, buckwheat, corn millet and other grains may be used for this purpose and should be scattered, if possible, under briars where they may have some protection from hawks. Bob-Whites have been known to feed with the chickens on Sarasota Key, off the western coast of Florida, as well as at other points farther north.

In cold climates a sheaf or two of grain might be placed upon a platform slightly raised above the snow, and thus afford them both food and shelter. Sumac trees and berries should be left for their benefit, and also the edges of grain in the wheat fields, for the farmer will find that some time and care spent in the protection of this valuable ally is money well invested.

[The above article is taken very largely from a leaflet published by the Audubon Society and written by Miss Elizabeth Reed.]

Louisiana Bird Islands.

The annual visit of inspection to the bird islands of the coast of Louisiana reservation, which are in charge of the Louisiana Audubon Society, of which Frank M. Miller is president, shows a vast number of birds breeding on these islands—a number which is continually increasing. Of these hordes very few are snipe-like birds, such as oyster catchers, willets and small plover, but by far the greater number are gulls and terns with a few, and only a very few, black-crowned night

(Continued on page 32.)

BY THE WAYSIDE

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The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

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All communications should be sent to Thos. R. Moyle, Appleton, Wis.

This year our magazine goes to many more schools than formerly and we are very glad of it because the schools, especially those containing younger pupils, are the ones from which we want to get our bird friends. We plan to have published this year some articles on how the school yards can be made more beautiful and especially more attractive to birds. We would be very glad to hear of the achievements or plans of any of our friends along this line.

We would like to suggest to you, friend teacher, that at least once a month the subject of the composition lesson be something connected with birds. Let it be understood that something the children have observed is much better than something you have told them or they have read and we shall be very glad to publish the best of these compositions.

And now as to the study of birds. Don't be deterred from it by the fact that you don't know all about them. Nobody does. If you know very little the more reason why you should devote some time to the study of them, and you and the children will be able to meet on a common ground, each contributing what he has learned.

We will publish each month a list of the common birds that will be present at that time. For November you should be

able to see the white-throated sparrow, bob-white, hawks, owls, woodpeckers (4) the hairy, downy, red-headed, and the flicker, the crow, bluejay, song sparrow, chickadee, cedar waxwing, white-breasted nuthatch, and perhaps a blue-bird, goldfinch, or prairie horned lark.

Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, of Chicago, publish colored plates of these birds for two cents each, which would be fine to help identify them and will help decorate your schoolroom too. Or if you will send us fifteen cents we will include a colored plate of the bird of the month with each number of the Wayside.

A Tragedy in Bird Life.

These early June mornings, so tempting to bird-lovers, have often found my brother and I afield armed with field glass and camera. And always, as we have reached a certain favorite spot, the familiar call, "Bob White! Bob White!" has been sure to greet us. Often, too, we flushed the Quail from the underbrush, but never a trace of the nest could we find.

Recently the mystery was solved, and a woodland tragedy disclosed as well.

So carefully was the nest made, and so well was it hidden, that had it not been for the tragedy, we should probably never have found it. But five or six of the white eggs scattered about in front of the nest drew the eye and, together with a bunch of feathers behind it told the sad story.

Perhaps a family of young weasels that I saw playing in a thicket hard by could have told more of it. And had we had time to stay and watch we might have caught the thief coming back for the rest of his booty.

(Continued on page 32.)

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month: Illinois children sending to Miss Mary Drummond, 208 West St., Wheaton, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Thos. R. Moyle, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By the Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society costs two cents and may be bought from Miss Mary Drummond or Mr. Moyle.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North Street Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Chas. E. Brown, State Historical Building, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to E. S. Adams, 439 Elm Street, Chicago

Bird of the Month.

This month we are going to study the White-throated sparrow. We see him in large flocks during the spring and fall migrations and admire his striking markings and rich color. He is one of our largest sparrows and can be easily identified by the white throat and stripes on his head. His back is very striped and there are white bars on his wings. His song is sweet and plaintive and the first cold morning that we hear it we are sure fall has come. He is also called, by some, the Peabody bird for that is what he seems to say as he hunts for seeds. Chapman says of him:

He is disposed to be rather quiet for several days after his arrival, and beyond a few low notes addressed to his companions, has little to say; but if you whistle to him even a poor imitation of his song, nearly every bird in the company will hop up from the tangle of branches, and, perching on the outer twigs, look for the friends who called. Perhaps some may essay a few tremulous notes in response, but for a week or more they will make few attempts to sing.

The White-throat's call-notes are a low *tseep* and a very characteristic sharp *chink*,

which has been well likened by Mr. Bicknell to the sound of a marble cutter's chisel. At this season the White-throats roost together in flocks of varying size, and if you chance to be near their home at bedtime you will hear this *chink* note given as a "quarriers' chorus." Finally, as the gloom deepens, it will cease, and from the dark depths of the thicket will come only the cozy, contented twitterings of the birds wishing one another good night.

E. S. E.

Mauston, Wis

Dear Wayside:

One Sunday as some of my friends and I were going out to Little Bluff to get some flowers, we saw a scarlet tanager and some other bird and I did not know what it was. It was reddish brown all over, and a little lighter on its breast. It had a crest on its head. It was about five inches in length. The scarlet tanager was all red except on its wings, and they were black. We could not see it very well because it would hop around from branch to branch. It is about five inches long.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Agnes Williamson.

Look up the description of the cedar waxwing and see if that is your "other bird."

Mauston, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

One morning when I was going out to the farm, I saw a kingbird making its nest in the cherry tree. It had some hair and string to put in the nest. I thought I would help it build its nest. So I put

some string in the tree. When the bird saw the string it took it and began to weave it in. I couldn't stay long enough to see it finish its nest.

When I came the next day it was finished. In about four or five days it had four eggs. They were white with brown spots on them. I suppose the next time I look I will see some little kingbirds there.

Yours truly,
Aged 12. Frederick Denicke.

Mazomanie, Wis., Oct. 5, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Our Audubon society started this month. We meet every two weeks. We have our exercises on Friday. There are forty-eight that belong out of our room. We have a lot of new members. We have all new officers this year, which are George McKee, president; Richard Royston, vice president; Violet Coldwell, treasurer, and I am secretary. There are twenty-four people that want Audubon pins.

Yours very truly,
Edna Sharratt, secretary.

East Dubuque, Ill., April 26, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One day as I was out in the yard I looked in a tree and saw a flicker's nest. I was careful not to say anything when boys were around that I thought would harm them. The fourth day of July when we had a picnic some boys came over. In some way they found out that there was a flicker's nest up in the tree, and began to climb it. One of the boys took a stick and thrust it into the nest. Then he took a gun and shot it into the nest so as to scare the birds.

The flicker eats insects from the tree. His nest is like that of a woodpecker.

They have a red spot on their head, a yellow tail, and his body is brown flecked with white.

Yours truly,
Marie Boesch.

Appleton, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

Last year a chipping sparrow made his home in our vines on the porch. He had a chestnut colored crown. His back was black, brown and gray. He had a black bill and his breast was a grayish white.

He made a neat little hair-lined nest of fine straws and sticks and horse hair. One year he built his nest on the back porch. The first year there were only three little birds because one of the eggs fell out and broke. The second year there were four.

After the eggs were laid the mother bird sat on them for about two weeks. One day when I looked into the nest there were four very homely looking birds. Then the father and mother birds were very busy bringing food to the young birds. Whenever one of the birds flew near they would all open their mouths as wide and possible. They seemed to be all head and no body. They grew very fast and in a little while were able to fly.

Yours truly,
Aged 14. Flossie Hanson.

Appleton, Wis., May 20, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

Once I found a chimney swift in the field and picked it up and took it home. It acted as if it were dead. Then I put it in a cage, but it would not fly, but about seven o'clock in the evening when I put it out in a tree, and after I watched

it awhile it flew away with some other chimney swifts.

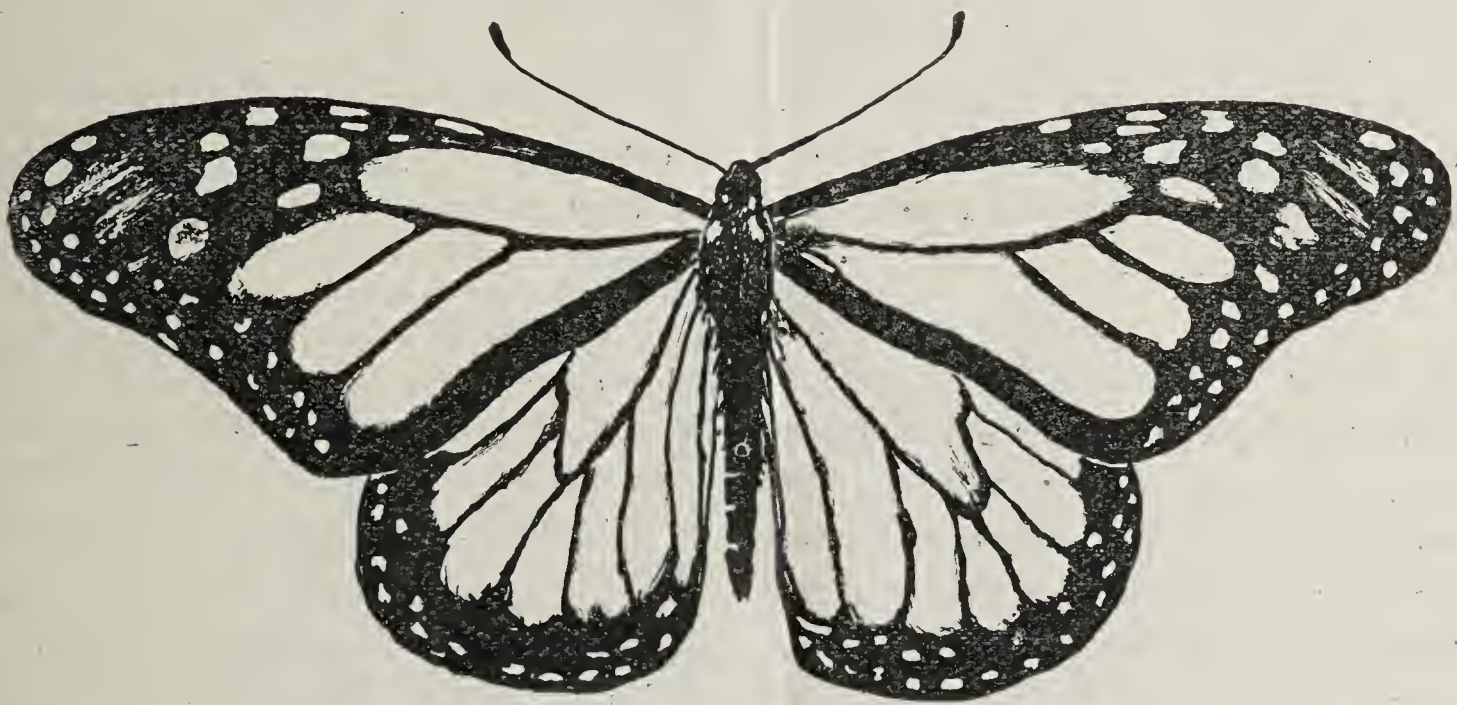
During the very hot hours in the summer they don't fly but sleep in some shady place. There are very many in the summer and they are about five inches long.

Their nests are made of light twigs or stems of leaves glued together with saliva and fastened to some wall and look like half a saucer. They lay from four to six

or 10th of March. Our teacher said we should watch for them, so we did. I saw six one Sunday when my papa took us all out for a ride in the country. A phoebe is seven inches in length. He catches flies for his food. He is grayish-green—his head and body, but his breast is white. He builds a nest of moss and grass and horse hairs.

Yours truly,
Florence Adelman.

Aged 8.



THE MILKWEED BUTTERFLY

white eggs. They have long, scythe-shaped wings. They are birds of a sooty black color and lighter on the throat. The bill is quite short. Its tail is different from other birds'. The spiny tips of the tail feathers help to support the body while clinging against a surface just as the tail feathers of the woodpecker do. They do not come to Wisconsin until the last of April or the first week in May. They live only on insects. They make a twittering noise as they fly.

Aged 13.

Edna Durdell.

East Dubuque, Ill., April 23, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

A phoebe is a very pretty bird, and comes back from the South about the 9th

Metamorphosis of the Milkweed Butterfly.

I had often heard of milkweed caterpillars turning into butterflies, but never had the chance of seeing them, until I was out in the country where I saw a great many.

I picked a leaf on which I saw a great many eggs. I put it in a box. I watched it for about two weeks. When I looked at it one day, I noticed that the eggs were cracked, and they kept on cracking. The last time I looked at it there were milkweed caterpillars about one-eighth of an inch long, and they kept on growing.

When full grown the caterpillars were green streaked with black and yellow and in time turned into chrysalis, and

stayed in their chrysalis state from ten to fourteen days. The chrysalis was about one inch long. At last the chrysalis turned brown and black for about two hours. Then a beautiful orange-yellow butterfly streaked with black appeared. From wing to wing it was about four inches wide. There are three parts to the body: the head, chest and abdomen. The proboscis is used to suck its food. When they do not use the proboscis it is curled up like a watch spring. The first time I noticed it, I thought it had only four legs but afterwards I noticed it had six, so it is a true insect.

Reubia Kuethe.

Mauston, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

This spring I have seen a great many birds. I am going to tell you about a robin who lives near my house in a tree. The first time I saw him he was in front of our house. He was trying to get a worm out of the ground. It came out so suddenly that he nearly went over onto his back. Then he flew back to his nest. I watched him and saw where he went. Yesterday at noon I saw a little robin in the road. He was one of the young robins that were in the nest. Today he could fly alright and was getting his dinner. A few weeks ago I saw a rose-breasted grosbeak. It was all black and white except on his breast where it was red. I have seen a great many Baltimore orioles this spring. The first one I saw was when I was out on the lawn reading. It flew on the fence. I could see him very plainly but he could not see me at all. He was colored black and yellow.

Yours truly,
Wesley Jones.

(Continued from page 27)

herons and snowy herons. Perhaps the laughing gulls are the most numerous birds breeding on these islands, known as the Breton Island reservation, but there are also royal and Cabot's terns in extraordinary numbers. Another bird very numerous is the black skimmer, which breeds in small colonies on the sand beaches of the outer keyes; also there are some brown pelicans and frigate birds known also as "man-o'-war" birds.

Protected from man as these various species are, they are still always in danger from the elements and from natural enemies. Not seldom high tides or terrible storms sweep over many of the nesting grounds of the colonies and destroy eggs and young; and on some of the islands the racoons eat the eggs. Efforts have been made to destroy these last named vermin, but without complete success.

The work done by the Louisiana Audubon Society on this Breton Island reservation is one which is greatly to its credit. Always it has the backing of the National Association of Audubon Societies, and the joint work of the two has accomplished great things.—*Forest and Stream*.

(Continued from page 28)

The nest is beautifully arched. One might almost call it a blind tunnel. Perhaps that is why the too careful mother was caught.

It was built just in front of a thick clump of tall grass, some of which was bent over and mixed with other grass and weeds to form the top. Almost directly in front of the nest was a thick bush which had to be held aside while my brother took the picture. It will always be one of great interest to us both.
—EMMA VAN GILLUWE, in *Bird Lore*.

By The Wayside

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No. 5

THE BROWN THRASHER.

The Brown Thrasher is a common, everyday bird, from May to September, in West Roxburw, Roslindale and Needham, Massachusetts. It arrives in this vicinity about the first week in May; a few may sometimes be seen during the last week of April, but so far as I have observed, this is unusual. They generally arrive in pairs, and, when first seen among the undergrowth of pasture and roadside, are very shy and suspicious, and show no sign of that bravery which some of them later display in defense of their young. As they flit across the road, from thicket to thicket, at this time of the year, they frequently make me think of a reddish, wind-blown leaf.

Some of the birds begin housekeeping a few days after their arrival, as I have found a bird sitting on four eggs on May 10. Nests are composed of coarse twigs, bark and dead leaves, and, at times, dry grass is used; the lining is generally fine roots; rarely, it is a combination of fine roots and fine twigs, and one nest I ex-

amined was lined with bark and dry grass. As a rule, the structures are well made, but some of the ground nests, when taken up, do not retain their shape. The favorite nesting localities are neglected, overgrown pastures and the bor-

ders of woods.

Most of the nests I have found were placed on the ground, but they are frequently built in bushes and tangles of vines, and, on rare occasions a nest may be found in a tree. Nests in bushes are not difficult to find, but those placed on the ground are very well concealed. A good way to find the latter



BROWN THRASHER WITH YOUNG UNDER HER.
Photographed by George P. Perry

is to pick out a likely looking pasture, beat over it, and in this way, flush the bird, which is a close sitter, from the nest.

While the young are in the nest, the parents generally are very brave, flying at and, sometimes, hitting the intruder, and they look fierce enough with their staring yellow eyes and sharp curving bills, to frighten away many small boys who would, otherwise, rob their homes. Nuttall says: "One of the parents, usually the male, seems almost continually occu-

pied in guarding against any dangerous intruder." The appearance of the human intruder is heralded by the whistled *Wheeu*, which is followed by the loud *kissing* note if the person continues to advance. If an enemy gets close to some nests, the owners seem to lose all timidity, and uttering their peculiar, hoarse cry, which sounds to me more like the sharp tearing of a piece of stout cloth than anything else, fly fiercely at him. I have had the skin of my hand broken by their sharp bills when examining nests containing young. This attack is conducted with such pathetic desperation and is so touching that it makes me feel heartily ashamed of myself (when I am its object) and I oftentimes beat a hasty retreat.

Much has been said and written in praise of the Brown Thrasher's song. Perched in some tree—tall or short, it matters not to him so long as he can stand among its topmost branches—he pours forth his medley. I must, to be entirely candid, confess that I do not like it. To my ear it is a confused and queer mixture of rapidly repeated notes. As Mr. Torrey says: "High notes and low notes, smooth notes and rough notes, all jumbled together in the craziest fashion." Nevertheless, it has the quality of sincerity and I go away feeling that the singer has earnestly tried to do his best.

The food of this species consists of caterpillars, beetles, grasshoppers, and fruit of various kinds. In late August I have watched them among the rum-cherry trees, gulping down cherries—pulp and stone together.

Cats and blacksnakes undoubtedly destroy some of the young in my neighborhood. On one of my rambles I found a nest with the bird sitting on three eggs, at the foot of a white birch sapling in a pasture near some houses. Two days later the young came from the shells; the next day I found an empty nest and scattered about it were the long tail-feathers and many small brown ones of a Thrasher. I suspect the author of this tragedy was a cat which sometimes prowled about the pasture. This species begins to leave during September. By the end of October, all Thrashers (with

the possible exception of some abnormal fellow) have departed for the South.

—Charles E. Heil, in *Bird Lore*.

A Visit With Our Birds in Their Winter Homes.

Every reader of the *WAYSIDE* knows that our robins, bluebirds and song sparrows and our other birds so common in summer, suddenly leave us in the fall, and who that loves birds has not eagerly looked for the warblers which arrive from the north about the first of September! Have we not often wondered where they go? Surely our thoughts have sometimes followed them, and we have wished that we might journey with them. What sights we should see, great forests and valleys, lofty mountains, rivers, lakes and often oceans. And what strange and beautiful parts of the world we should see if we journeyed with some of the hardest travellers, say our merry, rollicking bobolink. With him we would go from Florida to Cuba and beautiful Jamaica. Here we might take a short rest before launching out upon the 500 mile journey across the ocean to South America, where we would travel southward till we reached those great waving meadows of Brazil. What a journey we have made with the friend of our clover-fields, so daintily liveried in black and white, fully as long a journey as from New York to England or France. Some of our birds go as far as the bobolink or even farther, others stay within our southern states, while many travel into Mexico, and farther down through Central America. The past winter I was in Costa Rica, Panama, Venezuela, and on some islands north of Venezuela and as these places are the summer homes of many of our birds, I am going to tell you what I saw there. In Costa Rica, flitting about the tops of trees so tall that these birds looked like insects more than birds, I found the black-throated green warbler, the chestnut-sided warbler, the red-start, the worm-eating warbler, the Tennessee warbler and the golden-winged warbler. They seemed happy and doubtless were enjoying their rest and garner-

ing strength for the long flight back to us. I did not hear them sing because they rest from this too, and us alone, do these birds favor with their songs, for most birds sing only to win their mates and cheer them, while they are hard at work, building their nests, sitting upon their eggs and caring for their young. The birds in this way teach us a lesson. We should sing most and be happiest while we are working the hardest. One day a hawk alighted upon a tree near me, and what kind do you think it was? The broad-winged hawk, one of the commonest and most useful of our hawks in Illinois and Wisconsin. One of our most beautiful of North American birds, the summer tanager, spends its winters in Central and South America. I saw them often in Costa Rica. In Panama, I saw our yellow warbler. He goes still further south for his winters—to the northern part of South America. In the coffee plantations of Venezuela I saw many redstarts. How far away from home they seemed and yet they were perfectly happy. If we could have talked, how pleasant it would have been to have talked about home! Along the bank of a stream, near where I saw the redstarts, were a few water thrushes, and one lesser yellow-legs. I could tell much more about the birds I saw in these tropical countries, but I must stop.—*John F. Ferry.*

On Meeting Our Feathered Friends.

When you begin the study of birds, your first pleasure will be in learning their names. Without a name a bird is like a skillet without a handle—difficult to use. Moreover, until you have mastered the nomenclature of the science, the great mass of ornithological literature, whether technical or popular, will be a riddle without a key.

After you have identified all the common birds in your neighborhood, you will begin to keep a sharp lookout for the rarer ones, especially those which are only migrants of the spring and fall, or are only winter visitants—the latter being birds that drop down from the North in the winter time. Each new friend, if

Bird Notes.

In looking backward over thirty years of delightful contact with the birds, each year, month, week and day fraught with experiences which only a bird-lover can understand, the first thing that attracts my attention is the readiness with which the memory forgets all the unpleasant episodes connected with our outings, leaving only a long unbroken memory of pleasant observations.

Lest we forget entirely, and in order to round out more interestingly the bird notes taken from day to day I have, in later years, entered not only the much-wanted facts concerning the life history and habits, and the many items directly connected with the birds themselves, but many of the episodes which occurred, especially when on trips to out-of-way places. It has resulted in a shelf full of more or less musty volumes, full of matter in the shape of a running journal of events of decided interest to the writer and often read by the following generation.

All the scientific notes are copied off at intervals into a modern card index system under the name of the bird to which they refer. That this method of keeping notes in the form of a daily record of events is nothing new, one only has to refer to the letters of that English naturalist, Gilbert White, each a classic in itself, and all published in 1789, under the title of "The Natural History of Selborne."

The carefully written note book, or journal, will often recall many a mishap or danger, which at the time added spice to the observations. This is especially true with those who have had the pleasure of exploring unfrequented parts of the West, where mountain and desert offer much in the way of odd form and environment to attract the student. I recall with what pleasure I saw my first zone-tailed hawk, the dainty verdin and LeConte's thrasher in their desert homes and also the opposite sensation when caught in a ten-days quarantine in a mining camp near by on account of an outbreak of smallpox; one victim wandering off into the waterless waste, never to return. The account of the birds

BY THE WAYSIDE

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Dear Wayside Children:

It is long since I have written you a letter, but this must not be, because of that, a long letter.

What I want to say is just the same old story. Why don't our Illinois children send us more letters? I begin to think our schools don't teach writing. Who is *sure* they do, and that they teach about birds, too?

Another thing. This is a dark, cold day, and we begin to have fires in our homes and get warm clothes for winter, and we sometimes give a little shiver as we think of "the long dark nights and the snow." Now I want you to do a little thinking about the *birds'* winter. All the "stoves" they have are the quick heart-beats of their little bodies, and their "wood and coal" are the food they eat. If they have nothing to eat the fire goes out and the poor little bodies freeze. Won't you try and see that about your schools and homes the birds have a good "woodpile" in the shape of something to eat? Seeds and crumbs and suet and nuts are all good "sticks of wood" for the birds, and they need them most when the snow covers things up. Don't forget!

With good wishes for you and the birds,
Mary Drummond.

Bird Notes.

Continued from page 32.

published afterwards made no mention of the terrors of a two hundred and fifty mile journey back to civilization and the

two-months siege of mountain fever which followed.

On another occasion, while in the high Sierra's following a rocky trail with eyes more alert for Clarke's nutcracker, Sierra thrushes and white-headed woodpeckers, than the dangers of the trail, I found myself and horse rolling and plunging down a slide in a cloud of dust. This happened ten days travel from the nearest railroad town, but the broken arm and hand bone, while it confined observations to the immediate vicinity of camp did not spoil an otherwise delightful six weeks mountain trip, and ten years later the journal is all the more readable for it.

Sometimes the serio-comic occurs for I read of a camping friend who followed an elusive LeConte's thrasher from a camp made late in the afternoon on a wild desert mesa in Arizona, where it is sometimes dangerous to meet the gaunt, half-starved thirsty cattle afoot; their curiosity often causing them to rush with uplifted tail at the solitary footman although they pay no attention to a horseman. This particular friend was forced to climb a thorny desert bush which held him just above the horns of a menacing bull, about half a mile from camp, where he spent a couple of hours, until dark, yelling to his companions at the wagon to come to his rescue with a horse. He could see them in camp adjusting the paraphernalia ready for night. Later the preparations for supper, and towards dusk, as they became uneasy on account of his absence, he could see the smoke of their guns which they fired at intervals to aid the lost one, but his loudest yell could not quite reach them. After dusk the bull decided to rejoin the herd, leaving the prisoner free, who soon strode into camp the maddest and most unreasonable bird-lover ever caught out after dark. It, however, did not prevent recording some very interesting notes on the LeConte's thrasher.

And all this leads to the observation that we must not let the present tendency to specialize deter us from recording not only the "bird notes" but the episodes as well.—*Frank S. Daggett.*

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month: Illinois children sending to Miss Mary Drummond, 208 West St., Wheaton, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Edith Edwards, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By the Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and may be bought from Miss Mary Drummond or Mr. Moyle.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North street Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Chas. E. Brown, State Historical Building, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to E. S. Adams, 439 Elm Street, Chicago.

Bird of the Month.

The Northern Shrike visits us in winter, arriving from the North early in November and remaining until late in March, when it departs for its summer home in the interior of British America.

One February morning while walking with a friend in Jackson Park, we were surprised to hear the clear, sweet call of some unknown bird. My friend declared it must be a mocking-bird. This winter song might easily be mistaken for a mocking-bird or catbird, but with deep snow on the ground, I recognized the notes of the northern shrike.

As we slowly approached, the music ceased and the bird suddenly left its perch and gave chase to an English sparrow. We were near the old hunter's cabin at the south end of the Wooded Island. The squeaking, frightened sparrow flew around and around the cabin, steadily pursued by the shrike, which seemed to hold about the same even distance of only a few feet behind it. Although flying for life, and making a desperate attempt to escape, the poor sparrow was unable to gain a foot. It finally darted off across the lagoon, and both pursued and pursuer were lost to view in the shrubbery.

Again, on a November day, I saw a shrike drop from its perch in a large box-elder tree into some dead brush near by. Hidden for a moment, it quickly re-

appeared and returned to its perch in the box-elder tree carrying a large mouse which it had caught on the ground during a brief interval of two or three seconds. The mouse was carried head foremost between the feet of the bird and as it passed I could plainly see its long tail hanging out behind. The bird quickly flew to some low shrubbery, carrying the mouse as before. I followed cautiously, and clearly observed its movements with the aid of a powerful glass. The mouse was quickly impaled on a thorn, its body being allowed to hang down and over a small branch, when the bird proceeded to devour it. From its manner of feeding, it was clear that this habit of impaling its victim is to enable the bird to secure the animal while feeding.

A bluejay will hold a young bird or any morsel of food on a limb with its foot while eating it, but the shrike, having comparatively weak feet, finds it more convenient to impale its prey on a thorn or other sharp object, where it is held securely while the bird proceeds to tear it to pieces. That this is probably the reason for this curious trait will appear more clearly if one observes the shrike in the act of eating. It does not perch with its food, but perches on a lower level and tears away with its hawk-like beak.

In cities the principal food of the northern shrike consists of mice and English sparrows—both harmful species—so we must regard its winter residence in our parks as beneficial; but in country districts it also destroys many useful birds. However, the great numbers of mice it feeds upon may more than overbalance the harm it does among the birds.—*J. L. De Vine.*

Ray, Ill., June 8, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:

I will ask you to please send me the literature of the Audubon Society telling of the protection of birds. I will also send you a description of the bluebird—

my favorite bird. The male is a rich, azure blue; throat and under parts chestnut; ends of quills blackish. Its length is from six to seven inches. The female is a blue color mixed with dull reddish brown, becoming bright and pure on tail and wings. Its under parts are rusty brown. It is smaller than the male. In the summer it lives in Eastern United States, and in the winter in the southern states. It returns in the spring. It has a very melodious song. It lays from four to six eggs, and lays from two to three times during the year. It builds its nest in trees, posts or bird boxes. The male sits close by and sings while the female hunts for food.

Ethel Rose.

McLean, Ill., May 29, 1908.

Dear Miss Drummond:

I received your letter. I liked that paper very much. I liked the colored picture very much, that was in the paper. Thank you for sending the paper. It had a great many nice stories about birds in it. The paper was very nice to read. In that other letter I meant to say that the boys must not rob the bluejay eggs, because the bluejay is a very nice bird. There is a Baltimore oriole around our place. They are building a nest in our apple tree. They are very nice birds and pretty. They build a hanging nest.

Yours sincerely,

Iva May Sutter.

If you are very busy that you cannot answer this letter just send me a postal card once in a while.

Woodstock, Ill., May 29, 1908.

Miss Drummond:

We have received the leaflets which you sent us. We were glad to get them, and have learned many things about the

birds which we did not know. We have learned about the usefulness of birds and can tell them by the color and their songs. The killdeer, mourning-dove, pigeons, bluebird, robin, bluejay, crow, bobolink, humming-bird, meadowlark, scarlet tanager, blackbird, oriole, sparrow, woodpecker, owl, prairie chicken, cowbird, chicken-hawk, catbird, kingbird, canary, brown thrasher, and butcher bird, are some of the birds around here.

In our school the boys have made three bird boxes. Two of them are made out of chalk boxes, and the third is made from a box. It is something like a house.

I do not know if there are any nests made yet, but birds go into them.

Clara Gabrielson.

Mauston, Wis., June 9, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Last Sunday as I was out by the house I saw a pair of goldfinches. They were picking up some straw in the yard. When they got all they could carry they would fly away with it. I watched to see where they went and I found that they went into the hedge of arbor vitae. Then, when they put that straw down they would fly down and get some more and they kept on until they had quite a lot of straw. I think they were going to build a nest in the hedge. I saw two more goldfinches this morning and I think they were the same ones. The goldfinch has black wings and the rest is yellow.

Yours truly,

Aged 13.

Louise Wilson.

Mauston, Wis., June 9, 1908.

Dear Wayside:—

One day while I was down by the depot another boy and I saw a sparrow's nest. The railroad company does not

like to have them build nests around the wires, or we would not have torn them down. We first got a long pole and put a hook on one end of it. We then got a truck to stand on so we could reach it and then we got it down. Two or three eggs fell out and smashed. Then we went and tore another one down, and three or four young sparrows fell out but they fell so far that it killed them instantly. The sparrows keep building here as fast as we tear them down, and maybe they will stop building there for a while.

Yours truly,
Aged 13. Clinton Wilson.

East Dubuque, Ill., April 24, 1908.
Dear Wayside:

The bluejay is a pretty bird. The bluejay is a little bigger than a robin. Once a baby bluejay fell out of its nest. I was going to put it in its nest. The mother bird did not like it. She flew down and was going to pick me. So I thought I could leave it alone.

Yours truly,
Aged 8. Marjorie Heller.

Mazomanie, Wis.
Dear Wayside:

The indigo bird is from five to six inches long. Its color is indigo blue. Its wings and tail are blackish. The female is brown in color. After the nesting season the female and male are both brown in color. It spends its winter in Central America. In the summer it comes to the northern part of United States. It raises its young there. It reaches Mazomanie, Wis., in June or July. It lays three or four bluish white eggs in a nest of grass, leaves and bark lined with fine grass or hair. It builds

its nest in the fork of a bush near the ground. Sometimes it uses its old nest. The birds sing all summer, even through August.

Yours truly,
Louis Kirch.

Mauston, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

One morning when I was going to school I met Leland de Flon and Irma Hauer. Leland called me over to see a moth in the grass. I went over to the edge of the walk to get a better view of him, when a big bluejay flew down and picked him up and flew off into a tree. We watched him and soon the moth's wings fell down out of the tree. I suppose the blue jay ate him, but I would have liked to box his ears if he had had any.

Aged 13.

Yours truly,
Mildred Lute.

Mauston, Wis., June 9, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One Sunday morning I went with some people for a picnic. As we were going I noticed in front of me, perched on the fence, the prettiest bird I ever saw. I asked the lady with me what it was, and she said it was a scarlet tanager. As soon as the bird noticed us he kept watching. He cocked his head on one side and looked so cute. Then he would sit and watch for a while, then he would fly. After we were done with dinner I was in the swing that we had brought, and then, not far off, I saw a scarlet tanager. I got out and got some pieces of a bun and threw it under the tree. The bird did not come while we were there, but I think he came afterward.

Yours truly,
Pauline Millard.

On Meeting Our Feathered Friends.*Continued from page 35.*

you are to the manner born, will give a thrill which the miner feels when he strikes a nugget; the day will go down in your note-book—of course you will keep a note-book—as a Red Letter day, and the spot on which you made your find will become memorable. Years afterward you will associate with it the bird which you found there, and when you see the bird elsewhere you will always think of this sacred spot.

But as time goes on there will come a period when your heart will turn back to its first loves, to the commoner birds, like the robin, song-sparrow, flicker, blackbird or bobolink. You will reach a stage—always assuming that you are a born bird-lover—when you will want to know more of a bird than its name, and when you take your excursions into woods and fields you will be looking for more than a rare bird, or one which you have never seen before. You will want to learn something of the inner life of even the commonest bird—its food supplies, its song or songs, the time of its coming in the spring and its going in the fall, its manner of winning its mate, its choice of nesting sites, the number of eggs it lays, the period of incubation, and so on.

Much of this information you will find in your books, and it will do you no harm to read it there. But, after all, there is nothing like original information—information which you have dug out for yourself. Moreover, there is a great deal in the life history of every bird upon which the books are silent. This may sound incredible to you, but it is true. No one has ever found the time or the inclination or the opportunity to find many of these things out. And you should, for one, be glad everything is not found out. There is something left for you to do. The humblest bird-student may chance upon a discovery which the whole ornithological world will welcome. Even if you make no startling discovery, a conscientiously kept note-book is always a mine of wealth, and will contain items which any bird magazine will be

glad to use, provided the matter is presented in brief, readable shape.

Hence, when you go out again into the great out-door world do not feel as if you were treading a charted field, accurately surveyed, with every possible path indicated. Such is not the case. The greater part of it is virgin soil. But, remember, you must bring to the task that without which the performance of no task is worth while, namely, love. You must be painstaking, patient, accurate. Do not jump at conclusions, but verify your facts again and again. Guess at nothing. Keep statistics.

For instance, if you find the nest of a bird which has hitherto been supposed not to nest in your section, first make sure of your species. Then describe the location of its nest, the kind of a tree or bush it is in, height from ground, date, whether or not water is near. Finally after all this is done, photograph the nest if possible. A live bird is a very difficult subject for the amateur photographer. So is its nest, for that matter; but it presents no insurmountable difficulties to an ingenious boy or girl.

I may add in conclusion, that you should also learn to identify a bird by ear as well as by sight. Learn its song and call-notes. You will be astonished at the number of them. Do you happen to know, for instance, that the bluejay has a very tender, beautiful, minor song? Also try to learn to identify a bird by its flight. This is not nearly as difficult as you will at first imagine, and in a short time you can tell a dove, cuckoo, blackbird, bluejay, goldfinch, meadowlark, robin and many others by their flight alone, at a distance of a quarter of a mile or more. Lowell says, in one of his poems, that he knew every tree by its leaf, its bark, or its naked outlines in the wintertime. Thus should you know your birds.—*Elmore Elliott Peake.*

“Every being possesses the Divine Spark, and when we learn to think of horses, dogs and all animals as our ‘Little Brothers,’ handicapped in the race of life, all the world will be better for it.”

By The Wayside

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THE TRUTH ABOUT TOADS.

Very few people realize the value of the toad. Very few people know much about it—and the most of what they do know is not true. Toads do not bring warts on your hands if you handle them. They do not “rain down,” even tho the little fellows, not much bigger than a rain-drop, are very plentiful right after

of his chief enemies. Dr. Hodge writes of finding two hundred dead or mangled toads in a pond. He learned, subsequently, that the two boys who had killed them had filled a milk can with three hundred others and dumped them on a man's door-step. English gardeners have estimated the value of toads at about



a shower. They are not “ugly and venomous” but they do “wear a lovely jewel in their heads,” placed there, however, by nature and used to see through. Toads are not hideous after a little intelligent study. What coloration could the toad adopt that would conceal him better from his numerous enemies? There are owls and ducks and snakes and other animals that appreciate the food value of the toads.

Mankind, or rather boy-unkind, is one

\$17.00 annually. It is estimated that insects cause an annual loss of \$300,000,000 to \$400,000,000. Take away the checks, of which birds and toads are the chief, and it is doubtful if any vegetation could exist. Then those two boys caused an annual loss of \$8,500 a share of which, no doubt, fell on their parents. Would children behave so unreasonably if their elders did not look upon these valuable allies as “ugly disgusting creatures?”

We hear considerable during these days of the house-fly as a spreader of disease. The toad is the mortal enemy of the house-fly.

When winter's firm grip is finally broken and the roadside pools are filled to the brim and warmed with the advancing sun, then in the dusk of the evening, comes the low trilling love song of the toads, not to be confused with the shriller note of the frogs. Listen for it next spring and when you have learned to distinguish it the toad will have made one more friend and protector. In his humble and defenceless state he needs many.

The Soaring of Birds.

The following theory of the soaring of birds, recently given by Wright Brothers in a magazine article, may be of interest to those who like myself have watched the soaring of hawks and buzzards many a time and wondered how they did it without flapping their wings and yet rose thousands of feet.

"A bird is really an aeroplane. The portions of its wings near the body are used as planes of support, while the more flexible parts, when flapped, act as propellers. Some of the soaring birds are not much more than animated sailing machines. A buzzard can be safely kept in an open pen thirty feet across and ten feet high. He cannot fly out of it; in fact, we know from observation made by ourselves that he cannot fly for any distance up a grade of one to six. Yet these birds, sailing through the air, are among the commonest sights through a great section of the country. Everyone who has been outdoors has seen a buzzard or a hawk soaring; everyone who has been to sea has seen the gulls sailing after a steam-

ship for hundreds of miles with scarcely a movement of the wings. All these birds are doing the same thing; they are balancing on rising currents of air. The buzzards and hawks find the currents blowing upward off the land; the gulls that follow the steamship from New York to Florida are merely sliding down hill a thousand miles on rising currents in the wake of the steamer, in the atmosphere and on the hot air rising from the smokestacks. On a clear, warm day the buzzards find the high, rotary rising currents of air and go sailing round and round in them. On damp, windy days they hang above the edge of a steep hill on the air which comes rising up its slope. From their position in the air they can glide down at will."

So far as the writer knows, this is the only theory that explains with any satisfaction how birds rise thousands of feet without a single flap of their wings. It seems plain enough that an upward wind would raise the bird, and that by properly slanting the surface of the wings the birds can sail in any direction, and there is, no doubt, a proper inclination of the wings that would keep the bird in a stationary position.

The theory equally well explains that the bird can be raised by a wind that blows upward with a slant. Any upward movement of the wind sufficiently strong will raise the bird, regardless of what the lateral movement of the wing may be, and the sailing of the bird in any direction is merely getting the proper balance between the proper gravity and the power of the wind.

With an upward slanting wind it seems possible for the bird to sail against the wind and maintain its height. We know that in a still air the bird can

easily sail in a down slanting direction, and that it can do this against the wind, but in an upward slanting wind the lift of the wind amounts to the same thing the downward slant does in still air, and we have the apparent paradox of a bird sailing against the wind and at the same time rising. It is perhaps a little difficult to get hold of the matter in one's mind without first remembering that the earth has nothing to do with the matter, except to be always pulling down on the bird and the wind always lifting it. To the bird it must always seem that the air is still, and that his sailings always have a downward slant, and so they do as regards the wind itself. If the bird were to lose some light feathers, and we could watch them, they would be hundreds of feet above the bird in a few minutes, and the bird could not rise to them without flapping his wings.

—O. H. HAMPTON in *Forest and Stream*.

Arrival of Winter Birds in Chicago.

Scarcity of food owing to dry weather, forest fires in the northern country, or other and perhaps more usual causes, seems to be hastening the winter birds southward, and the coming season promises to be a good one for winter observations.

On November 7, I saw a pair of Evening Grosbeaks on the Wooded Island in Jackson Park, Chicago. They were perching quietly in a clump of small trees, were not at all wild or timid, and gave me an excellent opportunity to observe them. Presently they flew down to the edge of the lagoon and drank, and I have never seen a more pleasant sight in bird life than these two Grosbeaks made standing side by side in the frosty

morning sunlight dipping up water.

On November 8, I found a flock of pine siskins in the south part of Jackson Park. They were making themselves very much at home about the trees and shrubbery and in the grass. Some English sparrows took offense at their presence and assailed them again and again. The siskins yielded their ground very reluctantly, and came back each time as soon as the sparrows had gone.

On the same day, just south of the Park, on some vacant land, part of which is under cultivation and part overrun by weeds and wild grasses, I encountered a small flock of snow buntings. I have been so accustomed to associating snow buntings with wintry storms and snow-blown fields that the sight of these winter birds seems all the more worthy of note.—F. A. PENNINGTON in *Bird-Lore*.

“Why are so many so-called Christian people, while absolutely dependent upon the mercy above them, so deaf to the cry for mercy of the helpless animals beneath them? That is the question which so puzzles the great body of working Humanitarians, to-day.”

Man's cruelty to animals transcends all his other crimes, all his sins of omission and commission. Ever since I have been able to think, this one awful reality, man's unspeakable cruelty to dumb animals has seemed to me the most terrible and most terrifying fact in life.—*Minnie Maddern Fiske*.

The Audubon Society of Madison have engaged Mr. William L. Finley to lecture upon some phase of bird life on the evening of December 14th.

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Of late THE WAYSIDE has received a number of letters from some of its older friends. We have not had permission to publish any of these so we will compromise by omitting the signatures. One mother writes: "We need THE WAYSIDE to counteract the teaching of certain books contained in our school libraries. My boys have been studying 'The American Boys' Handy Book' by D. C. Beard, and have learned from it how to make a number of bird traps, which, of course, they were not allowed to use."

Another writes: "I have found it very easy to interest the teacher of the school where my little girl attends, in birds. She seems very glad to get the reading material which I was able to furnish her. Later she reported that the children had become very much interested in the birds."

From still another: "I think the best way to save our birds is to make as many women as possible personally acquainted with the birds about us. Then they would find it impossible to ever wear anything in the shape of a feather on their hats. To me it is a practice that is childish and barbaric. It is strange how ignorant people are in regard to bird life and there is much that we Audubonites can do."

What an overwhelming catastrophe was the introduction into America of the

house sparrow! Its harsh insistent, incessant chirp is now the dominant bird voice about our homes, where we may never again hope to hear a chorus of native bird music unmarred by the discordant chatter of this pest. It is as though some foul odor had forever defiled the fragrance of our fields and woods.—*Bird-Lore*.

Two Sparrow Episodes.

A friend in this town, who is a close observer of birds and is thoroughly reliable, has just told me the following incidents. A robin was gathering angleworms in the lawn, and had filled her bill with a fine bunch of them for her little ones in the nest near at hand. Several English sparrows were hopping about close to her, evidently intent on trickery. As the robin lifted her head and was getting ready to fly, one sparrow at her right, and another in front, were chirping and threatening in a way to divert her attention; then, just at the right moment, a third sparrow darted up to her from the right side and a little in the rear and nabbed the bunch of worms, pulling them all from her beak. Poor Madam Robin stood looking puzzled, as if she scarcely knew what had happened.

My informant also says the purple martins, as a rule, seem to be quiet and peaceably inclined just as long as the English sparrows keep their distance. But more than once he has seen one of the martins turn like a flash on a sparrow that was getting too bold and coming too near, seize it by the feathers of the nape, gave it a twist and a snap, and send it whirling to the ground. This will help to explain how the martins manage to hold their own against the sparrow clans.—L. S. KEYSER, in *Bird-Lore*.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month: Illinois children sending to Miss Mary Drummond, 208 West St., Wheaton, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Edith Edwards, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By the Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and may be bought from Miss Mary Drummond or Mr. Moyle.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Sophia Schaefer, Librarian, 679 North Street Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Chas. E. Brown, State Historical Building, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to E. S. Adams, 439 Elm Street, Chicago.

Suppose you were a bird and, instead of a comfortable bed, slept in an evergreen. Your meals during the winter must be mostly seeds because the insects disappeared months ago. And then some cold morning in December you come out of your spruce bough bedroom and find all the weed seed upon which you have been living covered with snow. Have you noticed how, after a heavy snow, the chickadee and downy woodpecker, and others that are shyer, come about the houses. Here is your chance. Go into business right away. There is a fine opening for a bird restaurant.

I have a restaurant and picture gallery combined. It is located on the top of a post. The main building is a board about four feet long, and a foot wide, and weather-beaten. On the north end is the lunch counter. A fairly good lunch counter can be made out of a box about the size of a cigar box. Cut a slit in one side near the bottom and fasten it so it is tilted toward the slit. Then the supply of crumbs will come out the slit as fast as they are eaten. Pieces of fat are enjoyed by some birds. You can fasten

this down to the board with some double-pointed tacks. On the other end of this board is a box large enough to hold a camera, and in the side toward the lunch counter is a hole big enough for the lens to look through. So far I have no pictures worth while, but there is a long winter to come yet.

Why don't you try a lunch counter? Are not the birds that stay here all the year the ones we should care the most for? Now-a-days when we see a bluejay we stop to look at him, while he would go almost unnoticed in the summer. And the nuthatch with his continual and nasal "thank, thank" after each morsel dug from under the bark; and the rarer downy and hairy woodpecker,—do they not make a bright spot in our winter day?

Chickadee.

This is the time of year to renew acquaintance with the black-capped chickadee, one of the most interesting of our bird citizens. With the crown of his head so black that we can easily imagine it is a cap that the chickadee can doff at pleasure, there is no mistaking him as far as he can be seen. But if you are in doubt his immediate announcement that he is chickadee-dee-dee will settle your doubt. He is so insistent about it that I have wondered if he means it to be written Chickadee, D. D., and wears his black cap as a modified mortar board.

Chickadee has some very marked characteristics. To begin with, he seems to have almost no fear of man. Frank Chapman tells of one alighting on his hat. A photograph was published recently in a bird magazine of a chickadee

perched on a man's bed. Then I am afraid the chickadee is afflicted with a very strong curiosity. And if chickadee stores up in his little brain all that his black, beady eyes investigate, he must become a very wise doctor in truth.

You are moving along a forest road almost oppressed with the winter silence of the woods, when suddenly the air is filled with sound and movement. Down come the flock, one alights on a cat-tail and makes the down fly in his search for seeds next to the stalk; others go over the weed stalks, finding here and there a seed, others are in the trees, and on old stumps, anywhere that is not covered with snow affords a hunting ground for chickadee. Then one notices you, presumably because you are not snow-covered, possibly with the hope that there may be seeds on your surface. Anyway, with the aggressive announcement that he is chickadee-dee-dee he comes to see who you are. He alights about three feet in front of you, and, after a minute investigation, he is joined by a companion and they both go round to see what may be on the other side. You overhear a remark and remember with dismay that there was a three-cornered tear in that old coat, a barb-wire tear, but you thought it wouldn't be noticed out here. Who is going to see you when you are out in the woods? Chickadee-dee-dee. Well, who cares how he looks in the woods? Chickadee-dee-dee. Who ever dressed up for a trip in the woods, anyway? Chickadee-DEE-DEE. You feel rather worsted in the argument and yet you stand your ground hoping for justification, by some means, when with a few final twitters, the flock move on to some new feeding ground.

"He who is not *actively* kind is *cruel*."

Beaver Dam, Wis.

Dear Wayside:—

On November 20th I saw a robin. He sat on a Virginia creeper vine and was eating the berries. He did not seem a bit lonesome, even though he had no friends or companions. If he is here now it must be much harder for him to find enough to eat and a warm place to sleep at night.

Muriel H. Andrews.



Stevens Point, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

This summer a little wren wanted to build in the spout of our cistern pump. She would take in sticks and straws and then when some one pumped some water all the sticks would be washed out in the pail. I told my teacher about it and she gave me a chalk box and told me to cut a hole in it and nail it on the pump. I nailed it on the pump just opposite the spout. Then I tied a piece of thin cloth over the spout and the same day the wren began to carry sticks into the box. The next morning I saw the cat watching the box for the wren to come out. So we gave the cat away. I hope the wren

liked her house so well that she will come back next summer.

Yours truly,
John A. Arendt.

Mauston, Wis., June 9, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Friday, May 29, Harry Watts and I were going out to Mile Bluff. We pass a marsh on the way out. As we got near the marsh we saw a bird with yellow on the back of his neck, white on his wings and the rest of his body was black. I did not know what kind of a bird it was until I looked in the bird book and found out that it was a bobolink.

As we went a little farther we saw a small bird with a white breast, a brown back and a long tail. I looked in the bird book and found out that it was a house wren.

Yours truly,
Leona Leverance.

Mauston, Wis., June 8, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

About three weeks ago I was sitting in the house and I saw a bluejay and a robin fighting. I went out and frightened the bluejay away. I looked up in the tree, and what do you think I saw? I saw four little robins with open mouths, yelling in their way. I suppose they were calling for something to eat. After a while the other old one came with a mouth full of worms and the other one went. I stood and watched for five or ten minutes and the old ones kept coming and going. One always stayed near the nest. The little ones are very near ready to learn to fly.

Yours truly,
Aged 13. George Holden.

Mauston, Wis., June 8, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One day as I was out in the country, my friend and I went out into the woods. We were after flowers. I was picking some violets, when all of a sudden a bird flew from the ground right in front of me. It was a little ground sparrow. I looked around and soon saw a little nest, with six little eggs in it. I did not touch the nest at all. I did not want to make the mother bird feel bad.

Some days after, I went with my father to New Lisbon. I saw many wild flowers. On our way back, I saw a flock of goldfinches. They were all fighting over something.

After we rode a few miles I saw a partridge. It was running first in one direction, then in another. I watched it as long as I could. But soon it ran into a bush and I could not see it any more.

Yours truly,
Aged 13. Ida Lutz.

Mauston, Wisconsin, March 23, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

I have heard the chirp of a gay little robin, but I haven't had the good luck to see one yet. I know that spring is coming because the snow has melted and it is getting warm. Another thing, we have some pussy willows in our grade that some one brought. A girl said that the arbutus was beginning to bud.

This morning some one brought a kangaroo mouse. Miss Bond, our teacher, took it into the seventh grade. Clem Bradley, our boy-naturalist, told her what it was. He said that it has a pouch in which it carries its young—the same as a kangaroo. The mouse was small, and of a grayish color. It had short front legs and the hind legs were longer

than the front ones. Clem said that they hop along like a kangaroo when in the woods or field. Its nose was so long and peaked that it looked like a bird's bill. Clem had a crow-fish to school this morning also.

Yours truly,
Elizabeth Loomis.

Mauston, Wis., March 23, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

This morning as I was coming to school I saw a robin in a tree. It was singing a very sweet song. As I came near, it flew away and lit on the fence. Then another robin came and lit in a tree. When I came near them they flew away. Then I went on a little farther and there was a meadow lark in a tree. It sang so sweetly I stopped and listened. Then it flew away. The pussy willows and maple buds are coming out.

Yours truly,
Lou O'dell.

Mauston, Wisconsin, March 24, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One evening I was up to my aunt's. We were out in the back yard when I heard a noise. I ran to the place where the noise came from, and there on a stick sat a plump little robin. He looked so pretty I would have liked to pick him up and hug him. My little cousin came running out of the house just then and frightened him away. I stood very still and in a minute he came and sat right near me. After a while I went into the house and I saw some pussy willows. I put one up to my cheeks and it felt just like the fur of a kitten.

Yours truly,
Aged 11. Estella Briggs.

Mauston, Wis., June 8, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Sunday we went flower picking and while we were there we saw a rose-breasted grosbeak and its mate. They were building their nest in a small apple tree. We were still watching them when we saw a mud hen. It was in the tall grass near the river. I couldn't see it very well but I thought that it was mostly brown.

After that we saw a scarlet tanager and cedar waxwing. The cedar waxwing was in a large apple tree. It is a brownish-colored bird with a yellow border on its tail and a very pretty spot of red on its wing. The scarlet tanager is all red except its wings and they are black. They are both very pretty birds.

Yours truly,
Aged 12. Marjorie Bennett.

Mauston, Wis., June 8, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

One day as I was up river, I heard some birds sputtering away, so I thought I would see what was going on. I walked in the direction the noise came from, and I saw a red-wing blackbird chasing a bluejay. I looked around to see if I could find a nest, and sure enough I saw a red-wing blackbird sitting on a cute little nest. When she saw me she flew off in a hurry, and lit nearby. I looked into the nest and saw four little eggs. I went a little way off and hid behind a bush and watched them. The redwing blackbird flew back on her nest. The bluejay tried to chase her off; but the male bird would not let him. At last the bluejay got tired and flew away, leaving the red-wing blackbirds in peace again.

Lizzie Price.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

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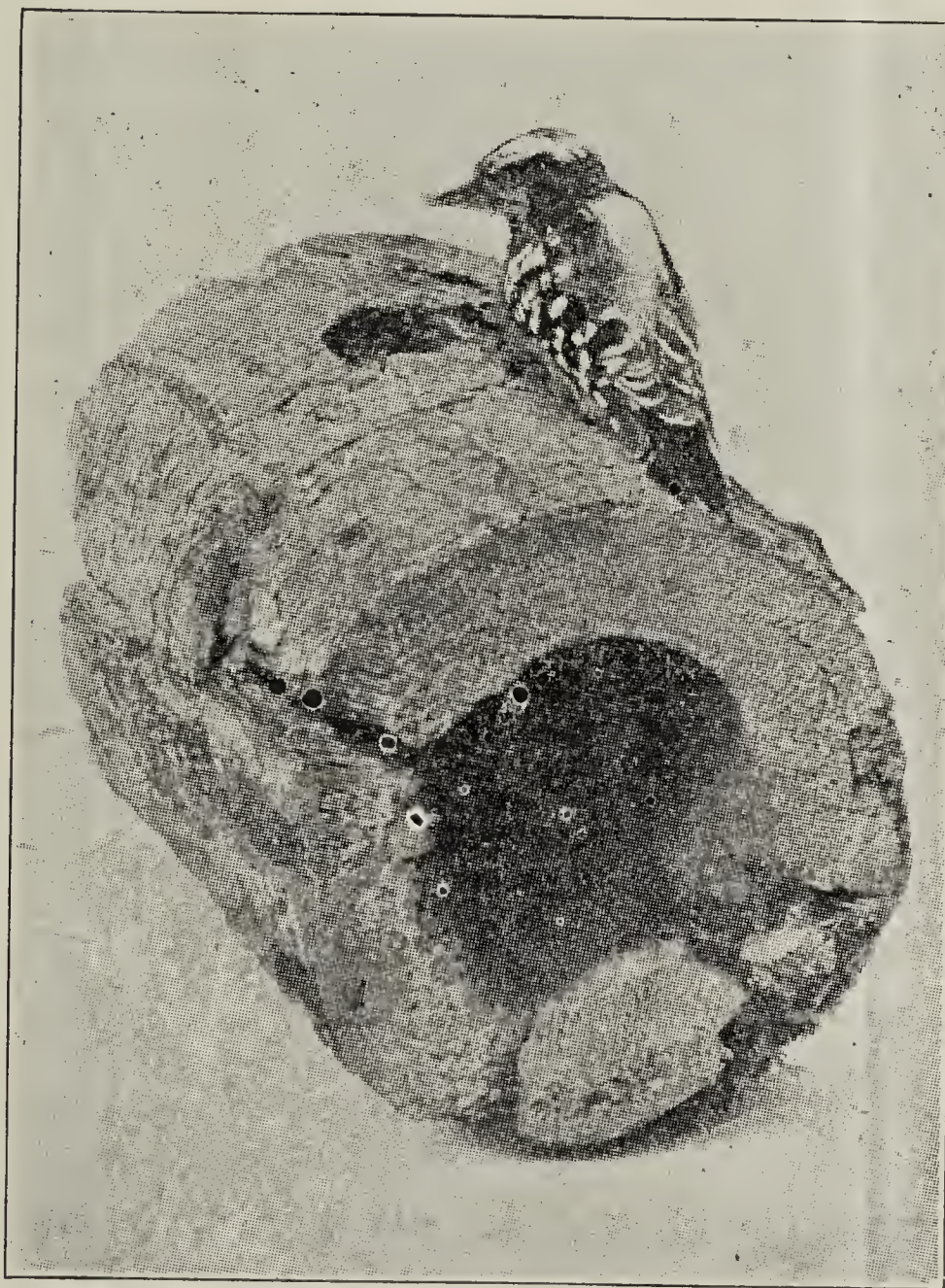
A RED-HEADED FAMILY.

To all beginners in bird study I would recommend the woodpeckers. Their characteristics are so pronounced that they may be told almost as far as one can see them. The bounding flight, their manner of alighting,—as if they had been thrown against the tree trunk and had stuck there—the fact that they are continually *pecking wood* and the red color which is found on the heads of almost all the males and many of the females; all of these marks make the woodpecker family unmistakable.

The number of kinds found in any locality is small, there being only five common to the northeastern states. Of these everyone knows the Red-headed, which is the one we mean when we say woodpecker. His call is loud and the perch he selects

is usually a dead limb or stub. I rather think that the Red-headed likes to attract attention. Perhaps the Flicker is the

next most widely known; the fact that it has some thirty common names indicating its popularity. The Flicker is the only woodpecker that you are apt to find on the ground. Ants are a staple article of diet with him and if you go to the place from which he was flushed you will probably find a much disturbed community of ants. As the Flicker flies the yellow which shows under his wings will furnish a conspicuous mark of iden-



DOWNY WOODPECKER AND PART OF NEST.

tification.

Since there is a black sheep in every family we need not be surprised to find one member of this estimable family very much looked down upon. When you

see rows of holes around a limb or trunk of a tree so close together as to endanger the very life of the tree, be sure to put the blame where it belongs. It is the Sapsucker that did it. In the cases of the other woodpeckers a hole in the bark means a benefit to the tree because it indicates the removal of a wood borer whose work is doing great damage to the tree. But Mr. Sapsucker is after sap. So he digs a row of holes close together where he can watch them conveniently and drinks the sap from each in succession. Some careful observers say he sometimes drinks to excess, which we would naturally expect. He has been seen very much under the influence of mountain ash sap, his feathers bedraggled and disarranged.

The greatest harm which results from the Sapsucker's depredations is that irate fruit tree growers mistake the Downy woodpecker for his unprincipled relative. Orchards may be occasionally injured by the Sapsucker, but they are continually benefitted by the Downy. Downy does not desert us with the coming of winter as do the Red-head and the Flicker. Together with the chickadee and the nut-hatch he forms a mighty, if diminutive triple alliance and they wage a ceaseless war upon the insect world. If there were only some way of estimating the good done by these tiny warriors they might come nearer being appreciated. The yellow under parts of the Sapsucker serves to distinguish him from the Downy. The Hairy Woodpecker is a much shyer bird, and is more commonly found in the depths of the woods.

There are other interesting members of the family. In California is a woodpecker called, by the Mexicans, the Carpenter. This California species has a unique method of keeping his supply of

acorns. When he is not pressed with other duties he spends his time digging holes in trees and fitting acorns in them. Long practice has made him expert. Each acorn fits so exactly that no other creature can remove them and the Carpenter's reserve stock of acorns are as safe as if he had them locked up in his cellar. There is a woodpecker with three toes; a very great peculiarity among birds.

Perhaps not more than a small fraction of the life habits of this interesting family of birds are known. Would n't it be well for some of the WAYSIDE readers to write us concerning the habits of the woodpeckers of their neighborhood?

Bird Protection a Necessity.

The welfare of the birds is a matter of great importance to you, reader, and to every man, woman, and child alive today. Were the birds exterminated it would mean to us, not merely a trifling inconvenience or the loss of dollars and cents, but want and famine, pestilence and death.

You know that many birds are decreasing in numbers and that the recent remarkable increase of destructive insects and other pests is attracting wide attention; but do you know that it is estimated that the birds in Massachusetts eat 21,000 bushels of insects a day, birds in Nebraska destroy 170 carloads daily, that a single species of hawk saves the Western farmers \$57,600 annually by killing grasshoppers, that the tree sparrows of Iowa eat two and one-third tons of weed seeds daily, and that our native sparrows save the farmers of the country \$35,000,000 annually by eating weed seeds, while they also save an immense loss by destroying insects? A vast sum might be saved if we could increase the

number of birds by even one per cent, and this is easily possible.

Pests such as insects, field mice and weeds increase wherever birds are depleted; the cost of raising grains, other food stuffs, and domestic animals increases in consequence and this causes an advance in the prices of the necessities of life. Higher taxes are imposed to sustain state or municipal work for the control of insect pests, and the poor find it hard to exist.

Always and everywhere the forces of animal and vegetable life spring into pernicious activity and swarm with destructive effect wherever their natural checks are removed. The ever-present danger of the increase of insects is shown by the investigations of W. L. McAtee of the United States Biological Survey. He made a careful, systematic, minute examination of the surface of small areas of woodland and meadow soil.

If the number of animal objects found on these areas will hold good on larger tracts, each acre of forest land contains 1,216,880 small forms of animal life, mostly insects or their eggs, and each acre of meadow land contains 13,654,710 such objects. Many of the insects eat others; but people who realize how fast insects increase when unchecked can readily imagine what would happen were such active, voracious insect eaters as the birds exterminated.

Some birds will eat their own weight of insects each day, and the daily food of a full-fledged young robin equals sixteen feet of caterpillars or earthworms. Nevertheless the destruction of birds by men continues. Many species of birds have been exterminated, and many others are nearing extermination. The foreign portion of our population rapidly increasing is a serious menace to bird life.

"No doubt," you will say, "we should protect the birds;" but what are you doing to conserve them? Are you making an effort or spending a cent?

The National Association of Audubon Societies for the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals, organized and endowed by practical business men and women, directed by altruistic, unpaid executive officers, is engaged in securing bird protective legislation and law enforcement. It is protecting the seabirds and wild-fowl on their breeding grounds on hundreds of islands along the coasts of the United States.

It is educating children and the people generally regarding the value of birds. Everyone should consider it a duty to join this association or contribute in some way to its work, for it is the only national association in this country that is organized for the protection of all useful birds; and the urgent needs for its activities are far in excess of its resources. William Dutcher, the President, 141 Broadway, New York City, will always be grateful for an encouraging word from any sympathizer in his work of self-sacrificing endeavor on behalf of the birds and his fellowmen.—EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH in *Forest and Stream*.

Madison, Wis., January 7, 1909.

Editor BY THE WAYSIDE:

I was very much surprised just now to see a robin, large, red and plump, in a tree just in front of our home. When I went outside I was greeted by his merry chirp time after time. He was quite alone but apparently as happy as if he were in the sunny south. Probably he was much happier than he would be in a nice bird pie on the table of some southern home.

After the bitterly cold weather we have had for the past few days I was

Continued on page 56.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

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All communications should be sent to Thos. R. Moyle, Appleton, Wis.

Trail of the Plume Hunter.

Mr. William L. Finley, author of "American Birds," and lecturer for the National Association of Audubon societies, gave an illustrated lecture at the Unitarian church on "The Trail of the Plume Hunter." Mr. Finley was introduced by Professor R. H. Denniston, president of the local Audubon society, under whose auspices the lecture was given.

Mr. Finley told briefly of the organization of the national association, which is the father of the various state Audubon societies, and which has been doing more for the protection of our wild birds than any other organization in the country. Before this movement for their protection was started, many of our most beautiful birds, such as the American egret or white heron, were practically exterminated for millinery purposes. Mr. Finley has spent a large part of the past decade in the field and tells gruesome tales of the plume hunters of the Pacific states who often boasted of making \$400 to \$500 a day in the slaughter of white herons. One man stated that he had made \$1,200 in a day and a half by exterminating a peaceful colony of these birds in southern Oregon. The western grebe is another bird that will soon be a memory of the past unless it is afforded protection. The snowy-white breasts of this fowl are used for coats and capes and are now bringing fabulous prices in

the markets of our large cities. "The worst feature of plume hunting," said Mr. Finley, "is the fact that these birds breed in colonies and hunters kill them at the very time they have eggs or chicks in the nest. This practise leads to sufferings and starvation of the young and the rapid extermination of the species."

It was due to the work of Mr. Finley and his associates that President Roosevelt set aside the large Klamath and Malheur lake regions in southern Oregon and northern California as national wild bird reservations. Each of these comprises nearly 400 square miles and is patrolled by wardens of the national association, so that the birds may have a refuge where they can live and breed in peace. Besides these reservations there are a score of lesser ones scattered throughout the country which bear ample witness to the good services of the Audubon societies. Besides these, nearly every state has passed laws which provide for the protection of non-game birds.

In addition to denouncing the evils of plume hunting and the cold-blooded fads of society women that make the other possible and profitable, Mr. Finley gave an interesting account of his experiences while in the lake regions of Oregon. He described the methods used in photographing the wild fowl and talked freely on bird habits and peculiarities. His lecture was illustrated by an exceptionally interesting series of stereopticon views taken by Mr. Finley himself while in the field. Many of these showed the awkward young birds in laughable postures while others depicted the bloody results of the hunt. The lecture was highly interesting and very instructive to the large audience of university and town people who attended.—*The Democrat, Madison, Wis.*

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Bird of the Month.

Beginning with the February number we will give to the author of each letter published in the WAYSIDE a beautiful colored picture of the "Bird of the Month" and for the best letter each month we will give a year's subscription to the WAYSIDE. Letters upon the bird of the month or, especially during the winter, letters about how you have fed or protected the birds, will be given the preference.

Let us take the bluejay for the bird of the month next time. Now the bluejay has his faults, his voice is not always sweet and still he likes the sound of it. His cry is so harsh and so jeering that you feel that the bluejay knows how unpopular he is and is trying to show that he does n't care. And they say he steals. And they even tell of him taking the

eggs of small defenceless birds and eating them. I think it would be well for us not to believe this until we catch him at it.

But when, on a bright, sunshiny, winter morning, you see him moving about in the branches of some tree, you stop and, forgetting all about his bad habits, you only think what a bright spot he makes on a winter's day. How splendid he is and his plumage is as bright as ever. He is very welcome at this time of the year.

Prize Letter.

Biggsville, Illinois, Dec. 28, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

There are some lively little birds in the hedges as I come to school. They fly up quick and go through the hedge to the other side. I wish they would come near the school house. I have seen them on the trunk of the hickory tree. They look under every piece of bark to find something to eat. They have shiny black eyes and a black cap and are black under the chin. The rest of the body is pretty gray. We have put some crumbs in a box on a tree near a school window, and I hope they will feed near us. He is not slow when he moves about. He hops quickly from one branch to another and says chickadee, chickadee. Sometimes he says "dee" once, and sometimes he says it six times.

Aged 9.

Helen M. Whiteman.

Biggsville, Ill., Dec. 30, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Every night when I go home from

school I see some little gray birds along the road. When I come down the road these little birds fly fast ahead of me and then turn quickly and fly through the hedge. They are dark gray birds with white feathers in their tails. These white feathers do not show only when the birds fly. They are very shy birds, and seem to be afraid for me to go near them. I think they are juncos. I never saw them till the last of November. They were not here in September. They seem very quiet, but one day I heard a twittering and singing like a canary. Afterwhile I saw a little gray bird fly from the place.

Yours truly,
Aged 11. Ruth Milligan.

Biggsville, Ill., Dec. 28, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

There is a large grayish woodpecker in a hickory tree. The under part of its neck is almost dove color. It has a long bill and the back part of its head is a scarlet color. Its wings or back are white and gray in checks. It goes up the trunk or branches with a jerk, it stops to look at a piece of bark then goes on up the tree. It sometimes has a loud rattling call while it is hunting food. I never saw it in the summer, but it always comes every day and is alone. A man said that this woodpecker was the red-breasted woodpecker.

Yours truly,
Aged 13. Lloyd Whiteman.

Gladstone, Ill., Dec. 28, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

Every morning for six weeks we have seen a bright red bird fly out of the hedge and then up on top of the hedge. It says peet, peet, peet, and jerks its tail.

It seems to be restless when the children come out to play "dare-base" and gives a quick call and flies over to a spruce tree. One morning we saw it picking at some old plums on a plum tree. It has a crest and has black feathers around the bill. Its bill is a reddish brown and is thick and stout. The mother-bird has more brown than red in her feathers.

Yours truly,
Aged 11. Viola McClinton.

Biggsville, Ill., Dec. 29, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

As I was going to church yesterday I heard a rustling at the foot of a hill where there were some dry leaves covered over with briars. At first I thought it was the wind, but on looking saw there were about ten quails. The male is black with white above its eyes. The female is a dark brown. When I came back they were still in the same place. I am glad the hunters never got them.

Aged 12. Hazel Weir.

Biggsville, Ill., Dec. 28, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

This morning was a little cool. It was 28° above zero. Before school began I saw in a hickory tree an odd little gray bird. It was saying "yank. yank" while it was going down the trunk. It had a sharp bill and it holds its head out from the trees in a queer way. It has whitish gray under the chin and black near the eye. It was looking under every piece of bark for food. [White-breasted Nuthatch-Ed.] There was another little gray bird with a black cap. It was looking at the ends of the twigs and branches. I think it was a black-capped chick-a-dee.

Yours truly,
Aged 13. Ruth Whiteman.

Dear Miss Drummond:

I will write and tell you how we are getting along with our society. We had our first society May 8th. We elected Orva Benson president, Lester Rand, vice president, Norris Berg, treasurer, and I am the secretary of the society. We were very interested to study about birds, so tomorrow we are going to have a program about birds. We send our bird invitations, which were cut out of paper and painted, to our parents. We would like to have you here, but we know it is impossible.

We have distributed the badges to the children; they were very glad to receive them. It is very interesting when we are out of doors to be able to tell the names of birds. I would like to ask you to tell me what kind of a bird it was I saw. It was all dark red, nearly brown, and about the size of a woodpecker. Another bird I saw—it must have been killed by a hunter—it was lying dead by the side of a fence near a bridge; it was a large bird, nearly a whitish color, but it was very light blue; it had a long bill and long legs. On the top of its head it had a kind of a cap; it was a very dark blue color, and also on its tail and large wings. I will expect a letter from you soon.

Yours truly,

Esmond, Ills.

Mabel Schubert.

This letter was answered by Miss Drummond, to whom it was addressed. Perhaps the red bird spoken of was the pine grosbeak. But it would be hard to tell much about the other bird. Possibly it was a blue heron.—ED.

Adrian, Illinois.

Miss Mary Drummond:

We have a very perplexing problem to solve, it seems to us. We want to know if it is right to kill sparrows or rob their

nests. I don't think it is right, and neither do the others who do not do it. Two of our members have over fifty eggs apiece.

Yours truly,

Leta Jacks, Secretary.

Miss Leta mentions a very perplexing problem, indeed. There is no doubt that the English sparrow is a nuisance. They are noisy and quarrelsome, and they drive away the other more attractive and useful birds. It was a very grave mistake to bring them to this country. But it is doubtful if it would be well for us Audubonites to kill any bird no matter how great a pest. But what about those eggs? Are members of an Audubon Society robbing birds' nests?—ED.

Mauston, Wis., May 15, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

This morning in the court yard I saw a scarlet tanager. It is about the size of a bluebird with a scarlet color all over except the wings and tail which are jet black. The female is a greenish yellow, with olive brown wings. The song is something like that of the robin's, only not so sweet. The tanager builds its nest in the crotches of the trees. It is a very pretty bird. I have seen a great many birds this spring and I think the tanagers and warblers are about the prettiest.

Aged 13.

Nora Tremain.

Appleton, Wis., Columbus School.

Dear Wayside:

One bright sunshiny morning in February as I arose from my bed, I heard a great noise on the roof. I looked out of the window to see what it was. After I had looked a few moments, I saw him fly away. It was the red-headed woodpecker. All of his head was red. The

rest was black with a little white on the rump and a white breast. It has a queer nest. It has its nest in the yard back of our barn. It is a round hole in an old oak tree. It curves a little so that the rain will not get in. I saw him the next day. He was gathering things from the ground. He was gathering strings and old twigs which had fallen on the ground.

The woodpecker is good for one reason. He gets the worms out of the trees that kill the trees. The female lays from four to five eggs. The woodpecker is about the size of a robin. It is very seldom that you see it in February. His regular time is the last of April or first of May. This red-headed woodpecker has made his home here for two years.

Aged 12.

Hazel G. Dean.

Waldo, Wis., January 2, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

One day we were walking along in the country close beside a barb-wire fence. All at once a bird flew from one of the posts and lit in the next one. It sat on the post and scolded us. When we went up to the post it flew from, it came right up close to us and scolded. We climbed up and looked into the top of the post, and down inside was her nest. Then we went away and let her go back to her nest.

Nina King.

Mazomanie, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

I have some rabbits at home. One day I walked up the road a ways to get some sumachs for them. On my walk I heard some birds chattering near by. When I looked up in an evergreen I saw some little birds which looked like ruby-crowned kinglets. The ruby-crowned kinglet is a small bird about three and one-half inches long. It has a gray

breast, and a little streak of yellow on its wing. It has a red spot on its head. Aged 10. Eleanor Parrel.

Waldo, Wis., January 2, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

One day last spring I was out in the woods with a friend of mine looking for arbutus. We were going through a place where there were lots of bushes, and heard a bird scratching in the leaves. We couldn't see it very well so we went up closer. It heard us, I guess, for it flew up into one of the bushes. We kept real still and pretty soon it came back where we could see it. It was about as large as a robin, but its tail was longer. It was black above, and on its throat and light colored underneath. On its side it was a reddish brown. We asked our teacher about it the next day, and she said it was a chewink.

Clare Johnson.

Continued from page 51.

more than ever surprised to see such a visitor. It was just this morning I saw some comparisons in temperature of yesterday's mark, and the coldest weather of the past decade. In Madison yesterday was the coldest snap we have felt in three years. And then the robin!

If one should say, "What do you think I saw to-day?" how many would think of answering, "A Robin"? The incident was so unusual that I thought you might consider it worthy of mention in *BY THE WAYSIDE*. In 1907 I recorded bluebirds by the latter part of February,—the 26th I think—but January 7th is the best date I ever had for a robin.

Undoubtedly the explanation of the robin's appearance here is that he was driven from some sheltered nook farther north by the cold wave. Occasionally a red-winged blackbird is recorded here in the winter and once even a swamp sparrow was shot in Milwaukee county about this time. But these are all freaks of nature—the exceptions that prove the rule.

Sincerely,
Frederick S. Brandenburg.

By The Wayside

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THREE QUEER PETS.

They were found on a sunny, sandy path, nearly trodden into the hardness of stone by the feet of many persons, it being the most direct way from the hotel of a fashionable summer resort to the beautiful and much-frequented lake.

One day an observing eye noticed, in a conspicuous part of the path, a hole about the size of a fifty-cent piece. "What is it?" was asked; and stooping down to examine it, a small moving clod of earth was seen, with a small turtle under it, crawling wearily along in the direction of the lake. The little black shape was picked up as a curiosity, and one inquiring young mind then decided to explore the hole. The earth was scratched away, and a tunnel found and traced, not going directly down; but bending at a sharp angle, it wound along a few inches under the ground, until after a slight descent a pocket was reached, filled with a quantity of milky white eggshells, not thin and brittle as is the shell of a hen's egg, but resembling thick leather or parchment. Among them was found another small turtle with bits of shell clinging to it; and down in the lowest part, under all, was a tiny egg. The turtle was freed from its shell, and with the little egg carried to the house in a parasol, the possessor of the inquiring mind not feeling equal to taking the cold black object in her hand.

Gradually the shell of the egg cracked, and a wee, wee turtle, no larger than one's

thumb-nail, worked its way out, and was placed with the other two members of the family. It was decided to keep them, partly because they were "such dear little things," also as a fine study in natural history for the aforesaid young explorer, who was interested in all the strange workings of God's world.

A peach basket filled with fresh, grassy sod and a small pan of water became the home of Teddy, Willie and Dolphine. For many weeks the three merely existed, no food being taken, the little mouths and eyes as firmly closed as if with glue. The wonderful power of mind we call instinct was, however, strong in the little creatures, who, whenever placed on the ground, after a minute commenced a laborious march, always in the direction of the lake. That it was not chance was made certain one day when the basket was placed on the window-sill, and Teddy, Willie, and Dolphine were left alone, apparently heartily enjoying a sun bath. As their fair owner opened the door on her return, her gown swept something from the threshold that rattled across the floor. It was found to be Teddy, who in some way had escaped from his basket, and made his way to the only door of the three in the room one was obliged to pass through on going to the lake, proving water was necessary to their welfare. When separated, it was a puzzle at first to know how their devoted guardian

could tell Teddy from Willie, or Dolphine from Teddy, until shown that in each the under shell covering, of a shrimp pink color, had distinctly different black markings.

When in due time cold winter sent out his forerunner,—autumn,—the three turtles disappeared under the sod for their long nap. It was feared the light of their young lives would burn out before spring, as not a morsel of food were they known to have touched. They proved to be little barometers, for the approach of a warm wave brought one and all out for a little paddle in the water and a sun bath.

On Good Friday there was great joy in one anxious heart when her three charges appeared and began to search, supposedly for food. A small bit of fresh beef put on a pin and offered the largest was eagerly seized. Then the other two were offered some, and in a short time all were ravenously eating. After that they made rapid progress in growth; and, as is said in early summer one can see the corn grow, so one could almost see these three mites of turtles grow. Instead of "Good-morning!" the salutation became often, "How much have Teddy, Willie and Dolphine grown during the night?" Not knowing how such bits of flesh and blood should be taken care of and fed, their faithful friend visited the Natural History Rooms to learn the proper treatment. Fresh beef and flies was the food given, and it was curious to see their way of eating. The meat held in the mouth would be quickly torn or shredded by fast movements of the little claws, until small enough to be easily swallowed. As our own sweet babies are weighed often to tell how fast they grow, so these baby turtles were measured as they increased in size.

Their young keeper grew very fond of

her pets, and lost all repugnance about handling them. They even exhibited some intelligence, especially Dolphine, who seemed to love to be taken in the hand, allowing head, feet and tail to remain out of her shell, winking and blinking her little black beads of eyes, and, when talked to and petted, would stretch up her long, slender, striped neck, and small snake-shaped head. They were like all of their kind, great travelers, but had a novel way of going, different from turtles generally, being carried in a candy-box, well perforated to insure plenty of air for the three captives. Also they sat in state to have their photographs taken for a devoted admirer in far-off Egypt; and it was thought they puffed themselves up as large as possible, so great was their delight in feeling that not many of the turtle family could boast of sitting for a picture.

—Helen P. Haskell.

Bird Paradise.

There is a place in Germany that one might truly call Bird Paradise. This is Seebach in the Thuringia Forests, the estate of Baron von Berlepsch. This man from the time he was a boy of fifteen, has loved and studied birds. He realized early that in a country where all old trees in forests and orchards are cleared away, the birds have no opportunities for breeding, and that this is one cause why they are diminishing. For many years he faithfully studied nesting places and nests of birds that breed in hollows, such as Woodpeckers, Titmice, Creepers, Nuthatches, Flycatchers, Wrens and other European birds until he was able to make a nest as well as any bird could. He now found that all woodpecker holes for instance, are made on the same principle and that the sizes differ with the

sizes of the species. He imitated the nest inside and out down to the smallest detail, even to the little roughnesses on the inside of the hole, that serve as a foothold for the bird when he feeds his young. The outside of the nest looks like a piece of a tree trunk and when it is fastened to the proper place is the most inviting ready-made bird house possible. The birds must find it so because of 300 boxes that von Berlepsch put up in his forest, all but a few were inhabited the first year. After such a remarkable success he hung up two thousand more that were eagerly settled by birds. The news of this success spread throughout the country, that one man alone was unable to furnish enough bird houses for all demands; four factories are now making them. The Prussian Government then became interested and ordered nine thousand, three hundred boxes that were offered to our feathered friends in the forests of the Grandduchy of Hessen. At this time something happened that taught the people a lesson in what birds can do for the forests if they are only allowed to live and so eat all they want. A most rapacious caterpillar appeared in the Thuringia Forests and simply devoured every green leaf or needle for miles and miles. Our Bird Paradise situated right in the middle of this devastation looked like a beautiful green oasis, and was a sight that must have made the heart of every bird lover happy. Could there have been a better and more direct proof of how birds pay for protection? Just as I was writing this little report I received a magazine from Germany which reports that the Government has gone further and has installed an ornithologist in Seebach for the purpose of giving courses in all practical matters in regard to bird protection.

Three of these courses were given in the Fall of 1908. Foresters, gardeners, wardens and many people interested in birds attended them. I should like to tell also how special shrubs and trees have been grown, that offer most attractive and secure sites for nests of such birds as do not breed in hollows and how the birds are fed in the winter in Seebach. Who would not love to visit this Bird Paradise and see the thousands of birds happy in security and protection, and who would not love to hear a concert there on a spring morning?

AMALIE HANNIG.

A Glimpse of the St. John's River.

Snow, and worse than zero weather in Illinois! To wake in the morning three days later, well on one's way up the St. John's river, looking out upon surroundings so new and strange that they seem charmed, is an experience both novel and delightful.

The St. John's river is one of Florida's unique attractions. On leaving Jacksonville, a fog rolled over from the old Atlantic, so heavy that the lower course of the river could not be seen, save for a little distance around the boat. The white gulls from the sea, and the black crows from the land circled together around the boat, alike interested in the possibility of a meal. Daylight found the atmosphere clear, revealing the banks farther up the river to be like an enchanted scene in a fairy story. In places the river narrows to so small a stream, that the passengers at the breakfast table can look into the tangle of vegetation on the banks only a few feet away, and see distinctly the flowers and birds living there. Banks, can one say, where real estate is advertised for sale by the gallon,

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BY THE WAYSIDE

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The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

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All communications should be sent to Thos. R. Moyle, Appleton, Wis.

ALL who are interested in birds should know of the bill up before the Wisconsin legislature to permit the shooting of water fowl in the spring.

Not only bird-lovers, but far-sighted sportsmen should actively oppose this measure. A spring season cannot help but interfere with the mating and nesting season. No one can advance an argument to support the repeal of the prohibition of spring shooting. The only excuse seems to be that neighboring states, notably Illinois, allow spring shooting, and therefore Wisconsin sportsmen should have their share of the rapidly decreasing ducks. But just because Illinois is wrong is no reason why Wisconsin should be. Then, ducks nest in the north of Wisconsin much more than in Illinois.

The spirit that moves shooters to ask spring shooting is the same as that which has made a barren waste of Wisconsin's forests,—a blind disregard for the future.

It will do no harm, at least, to let your assemblyman know what you think of the matter.

AT Appleton we usually expect a visit each winter from the Evening Grosbeaks. These citizens of far-off Labrador never fail to excite interest. In the leafless trees they are very noticeable with their brilliant plumage of white, yellow and black and heavy bills. This year they came about the 12th of January, rather

earlier than usual. They strip the box elders and maples of their seeds and I have reason to believe that some fruit trees will have fewer buds next spring as a result of their visit. They seem to have no especial fear of man,—not so much as most native birds who know us better; rather an unfavorable commentary on mankind.

They are very welcome visitors to us who find pleasure in birds. We are glad that Appleton is a desirable winter resort to these strangers from the far north. As I hear them chatting in their loud but not unmusical tones, I wish I could understand Labrador and get a few northern views of ourselves.

THIS month we send out to the author of each letter published, a very fine picture of the Blue Jay, the bird for last month. We hope you will like your picture. We wish we could publish all the letters sent to us because there were many more good ones. Next month the bird is the Snowflake and we hope to get as many letters as we did this time.

An Audubon Wing.

Some time ago the editor of this magazine ventured to remonstrate gently with a very well-intentioned lady who was wearing a wing on her hat. He was emphatically informed that it was an "Audubon wing," and further information was furnished to the effect that an Audubon wing was not a real wing (this was apparent when one looked closely) but just a manufactured wing of cloth and wire and feathers, and moreover that it rather a hardship to wear one for the sake of one's conscience and public opinion and, incidentally, the law, because that milliners; not having become

Continued on page 64.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Miss Edith Edwards, Appleton, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent a beautiful colored picture of the bird of the month. For the best letter each month we will send the WAYSIDE free for one year. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond or Mr. Moyle.

Any Wisconsin society, may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordan and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Moyle.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Chas. E. Brown, State Historical Building, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Snowflake.

The Snowflake or Snow Bunting is usually classed as an irregular winter visitor to Northern Illinois, but as a matter of fact it is a regular winter resident in the Mississippi valley as far south as 40° north latitude, and occurs irregularly in winter to about 36°. North of 40° the birds are more numerous, but are locally irregular in their movements at all times. In a general way the country to the southward of about 40° is occupied by the Lapland Longspurs and northward by the Snowflakes.

In the districts near Chicago the winter homes of these two birds overlap—both species being found in winter in Cook county and frequently in the same flock. The Snowflake is a regular winter resident in the northern counties of Illinois arriving about the middle of November and departing about the 20th of March. Last fall (1908) a small flock arrived in Jackson Park, Chicago, November 8th, and a flock of about 100 appeared on the golf grounds in Jackson

Park November 15th, where they were observed almost every day for about two weeks.

These birds were in dark brown plumage, a flash of white showing only when they were on the wing. When feeding on the ground they might easily be mistaken for Longspurs. They were not at all wild and permitted the golfers to approach within a few yards and would then fly but a short distance.

The Snowflake is a bird of the Arctic Zone, nesting in North America on the barren grounds north of the limit of tree growth from the northern shores of Labrador across the continent to Alaska, and along the shores of Baffin's Bay and islands of the Arctic ocean to at least 80° of north latitude. The expeditions sent out by the Biological Survey to Alaska and Hudson Bay 1899 and 1900 found no Snowflakes nesting in the regions visited, although one expedition ascended the west shore of Hudson Bay above Ft. Churchill to about 60° of latitude. If any of these birds nested on these shores they would no doubt have been observed. We must conclude therefore that their summer home is still farther north.

However, a Canadian expedition sent out in 1903 found them in abundance on the Northwestern shores of Hudson Bay near the entrance to Chesterfield Inlet, latitude 63°, and from there northward along the shores of Baffin's Bay to 78° north. This expedition found the Snowflake the most abundant bird of these Arctic shores, outnumbering all other species combined. The birds began to leave Chesterfield Inlet in the fall of 1903 about September 15th, and none were seen after September 26th. In the spring of 1904 they arrived April 7th to April 20th, but did not begin nesting until last of June. The nests were placed on the ground, under projecting rocks or boulders, and contained from three to seven eggs.

In full breeding plumage the colors are pure white and black, quite different

from the dark brown and brownish white plumage of the birds when they arrive here in the Fall.

A favorite locality for these birds near Chicago is southwest of the city on the farms along the Archer road near Summit, where they may be found on wintry days if there is snow on the ground. When the ground is bare the flocks break up and disperse over the surrounding country.

Snowflakes are seed-eaters and weed-destroyers and of great help to the farmer in destroying weed pests. They deserve complete protection on this account. But in addition to destroying millions of seeds of harmful species of weeds and grasses annually, they also claim our protection for the charm their presence lends to our winter landscape. What is more delightful or could give one greater happiness and pleasure than to find a flock of these hardy birds when taking a trip in the country on a cold wintry day. They are happily named. They wheel and circle about and roll along as the snow flies before a gale. One must brave the cold and sometimes take a long walk in the country to find them and thoroughly enjoy the effect of their presence with us. And they would indeed be missed by bird lover and farmer if for any cause they failed to return from their far away homes in the barren north to snow-covered fields and wind-swept ridges where we have been accustomed to find them.

J. L. DEVINE.

Chicago, Illinois.

LETTERS FROM BENTON, ILLINOIS

Prize Letter

Benton, Illinois, Jan. 20, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

I have noticed several little birds around our home. They were very small birds; the color of them was gray, and light brown. These birds were snow birds. We threw some crumbs down, and they ate them. I hope they will accompany us through the winter. They seemed very friendly and active. I don't think they were afraid of me. All birds

shouldn't be afraid of me for I will feed them and shield them.

Yours truly,
Fannie Kelly.

Aged 14.

January 20, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

Yesterday I saw a Bluejay on the top of a tree and he had a big topnot on the top of his head and a gray breast and blue wings. It flew up on the window-pane, and I took some bread crumbs and threw them out to him and he flew down and ate some.

Yours truly,
Herman Kirsch.

Aged 10.

January 20, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

As I was walking down the railroad a few days ago, I saw a bird lying on the track dead. I looked at it awhile; it had red wings, a red tail, a few red feathers on the top of its head, a grayish brown back, and a white breast. I could not tell what kind of a bird it was. Do you know? Please write and tell me if you do.

Yours truly,
Jesse Glover.

Aged 12.

Will some one please tell?—Ed.

January 20, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

During the holidays of Christmas I saw a good many kinds of birds. We were going up a hill in a field and all at once something flew up before us and we did not know what to do. It was a bunch of quails; they fluttered so they scared us. They had a white ring around their necks and white spots all over them. white throat and speckled breast and brown coat. Its call is "Bob-white, Bob-white."

Yours truly,
John Aiken.

Aged 12.

January 13, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

One morning when I was coming to school I saw a little bird up in a tree. It had an orange brown border with

black head, white spotted beneath, no white on wings or tail. Small rings about eyes. It was an Oven Bird. It is called Oven Bird because its nest resembles an old Dutch oven.

Yours truly,
Aged 10. Pearl Moore.

January 20, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

I have been noticing a bird which is of a dark bluish slate color all over except lower breast which is a grayish white which forms a vest. It is about six and one-fourth inches long. It has a sweet simple trill, which has a musical sound when given by a whole flock in unison. It is the Junco, or commonly called the Snowbird.

Yours truly,
Aged 11. Roy M. Cadoo.

January 20, 1908.

Dear Wayside:

I saw a house wren. It was brownish gray above, dusky white breast. About four and one-half inches long. It was in a tree hunting its nest. But it found one in the hen house in an old gourd. I put up a little box and put some food in it.

Yours truly,
Aged 11. Grace Page.

Angelica, Wisconsin, Jan. 28, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

The bluejay is found only in America. It sometimes stays all the year round in New York, but usually goes south in autumn. Its color is purplish blue above and whitish below, with light black bands, and in some places tipped with white. On its head is a beautiful blue crest.

The bluejay is noisy, mischievous and quarrelsome. It is a great scamp and robs the nests of other birds of their eggs and young, and when these fail it steals from the farmer's crib. Its usual note is a harsh scream, but it is a great imitator of voices and sounds. It seems to take great delight in frightening other birds by screaming like a sparrow hawk and

then wailing like a bird in pain. The negroes in the southern states believe that the Bluejay is the agent of the devil, and that it carries to him all sorts of slanderous stories about colored people. They therefore take great delight, whenever they catch one, in wringing its neck.

If taken from the nest when quite young, the jay may be easily tamed. It will become much attached to its owner and will readily learn to talk, but not so well as a parrot. It is very vain of the few words it speaks, and likes to show off before strangers.

The Bluejay belongs to the Crows family. It gets its name from its color.

Yours truly,
Aged 13. Ruth Ainsworth.

Franklin, Wis., January 22, 1909.

DEAR WAYSIDE:

We untrimmed our Christmas tree, some time ago. Then we set the tree outside and tied some bacon and some pieces of bread to the branches for the birds. There are a few Nuthatches around our house. There is also a piece of meat tied to our smoke-houses for the birds. Once as I walked along, there were some Nuthatches picking at the piece of meat. I stopped to watch them. I went nearer and nearer, but they did not fly away. They are very tame birds. The birds have good shelter here. They can go into the barn or under some of the other roofs. They also have good shelter in the Christmas trees and hedges.

The Bluejays are also around here. They have a very beautiful color. There are not very many Bluejays here now, but sometimes we can see them hop around in the pine trees. A short time ago when I came to school one morning I heard a Bluejay chirp. I could not see it, but knew it by its chirping. At last I saw it hop around in some pine trees. When it saw me, it flew farther into the woods.

We have our Audubon meeting, the last Friday of every month. We are a branch of beginners, and not many letters have been written to you.

Yours truly,
Aged 11. Albert Pfeiffer.

Reedsville, Wis., January 20, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

Once I found a cocoon in winter. I took it into a warm place in a room. I watched this cocoon every day but it did not change. One morning as I went to look at it I found that the butterfly had gone out. I then looked all about the room and found it among some plants. The butterfly was large and its color was brown. The weather was cold and I kept it in the house among the plants. At last it became stiff and soon died. It made me feel very sorry. After that I kept it in a box where it still is. Another time a pair of bluebirds built their nests in a post near our house. They lined the nest with feathers. When the nest was done the mother laid six or seven blue eggs. Two weeks afterward some little downy birds crept out of the shells. They opened their mouths as far as possible. The parent birds were kept very busy feeding them. Every morning when I got up they were at their work. These parent birds come back every spring. It would make me feel very glad if they should come this spring.

Yours truly,

Aged 14.

Flora Thurow.

An Audubon Wing.

Continued from page 60.

as expert as Nature. Audubon wings come to pieces.

And so there was nothing more to be said. But there was no way to prevent one wondering what Audubon would think of the creation named after him;—or of the wearer of the creation.

Is there any real difference in spirit between the wearer of imitation plumage and real plumage? Is there any real difference between the lady who demands the plumage and the killer who supplies it, and if so, in whose favor is the difference? There are two other animals who kill through cruelty and not to satisfy hunger. They are the skunk and the wild cat.

Bird Paradise.

Continued from page 59.

and where cows wade knee deep in water hyacinths? The hyacinth is a floating plant, but there is growing from a deeper source a mass of vines and shrubbery, above which stand towering pines, and palmettos arching far out over the stream, as if to gain the best possible reflection of their crowns of magnificent foliage.

The moss which drapes the trees of the Florida peninsula is an interesting feature of every landscape. To the majestic pine it adds grace, while to the live oak and water oak, already thick with green foliage, it gives an airiness very pleasing. When oaks in autumn colors of red and brown are mantled with moss, they look as if they were dressed for a festive occasion, and have a charm almost bewitching. But when this moss covers like a shroud some bare dead tree, which it has killed by a smothering process, the sight is a gloomy one. Along the banks of the St. John's river there are many such veiled skeletons, stretching their branches high and wide, with the long gray moss swinging in the wind.

The scene is one of the most desolate imaginable. It suggests to the mind lamentation and weeping,—mourning which can not be comforted. To make a sad picture wierd, a flock of crows lights on the highest branches and sits in silence.

Other birds on the river banks are more cheerful. A flock of bobolinks rises from a brown rice field, and here and there a crane is seen stretching its neck, wings and legs in flight. A kingfisher sounds its signal and literally makes a "blue streak" through the air.

Like a flavor of spice in something already very good, the bright, little orange groves, richly green and gold, cheer the higher slopes of the river banks where civilization shows a happy face. All too soon the boat lands at Sanford. The tourists reluctantly leave it, many of them with the determination to make the river trig again when the time comes to turn northward.

ELIZA HARPER SHAW.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

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VOL. XI.

MARCH, 1909.

No. 9

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUDUBON MOVEMENT.

The history of bird protection in this country may be divided into two cycles, the first covering the years from 1880-

1896, and the second from 1896 to the present time. About 30 years ago nature lovers began to feel uneasy. Up to that time the birds, by attending strictly to the business of raising their families had managed to hold their own, although boys and men waged ceaseless war upon them. It was when gentle woman joined the ranks of their enemies, slaying tens of thousands where men had been content with thousands, that they saw themselves doomed to destruction. Just then the breasts and wings of Swallows became fashionable, and in 1884

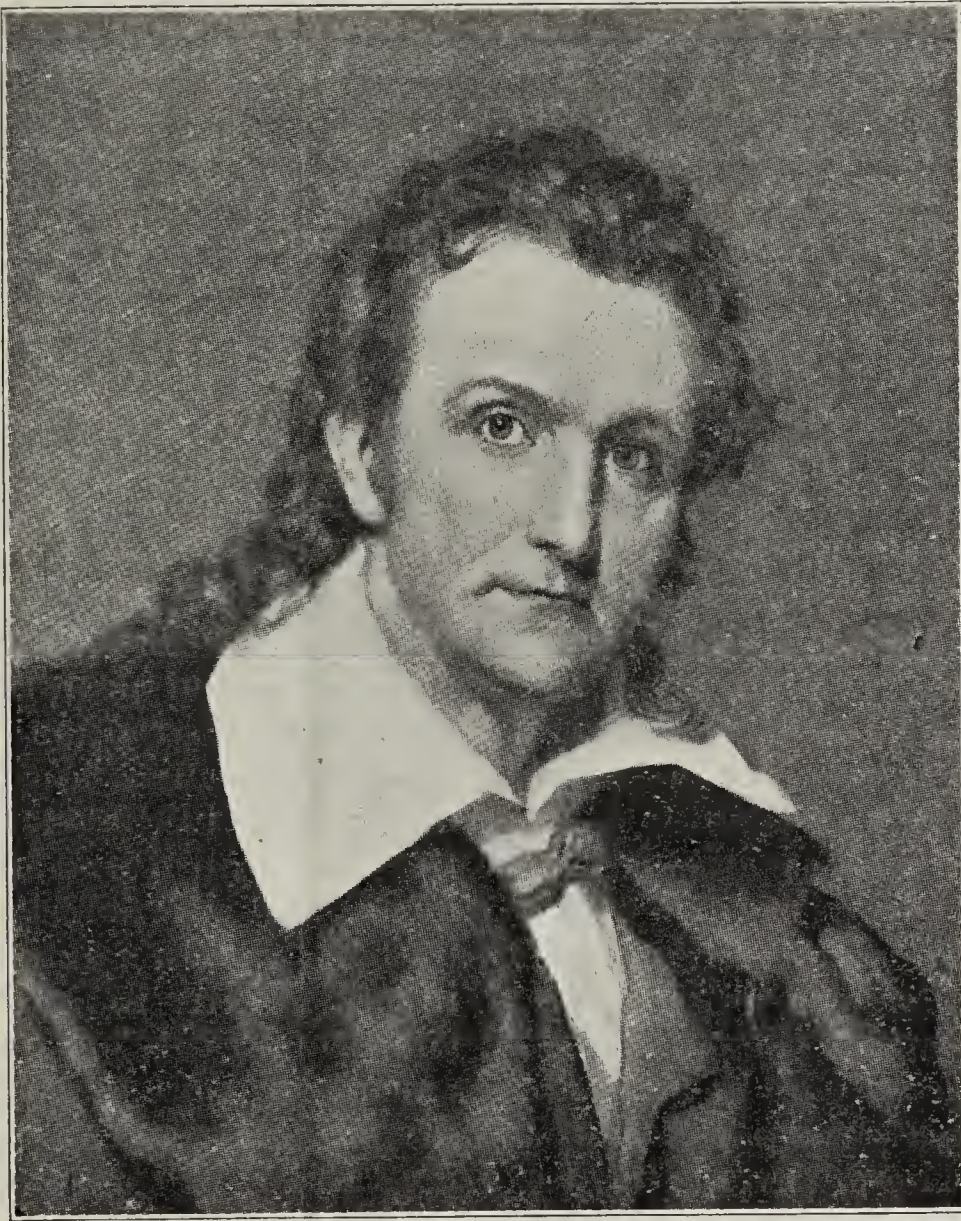
someone had the brilliant idea of going to the nesting colonies of the Terns, on the islands along the Atlantic coast, and

forthwith began the gruesome business of extermination, not in this country only, but all over the world. At this

time one shipment from Archangel, Russia, contained ten tons of wings. Today the small remnant of our once countless throngs of Terns and gulls is being carefully guarded by wardens who are paid from a fund raised by Abbot Thayer, the artist. Poets and artists have always fought on the side of the birds.

In 1884 the American Ornithologists Union bestirred itself, appointing a committee to work for bird protection, and, at the same time, taking a step which has proved far-reaching in its results. This was the presen-

tation of a memorial to Congress, which resulted in the establishment of the Biological Survey, the great practical and



John J. Audubon

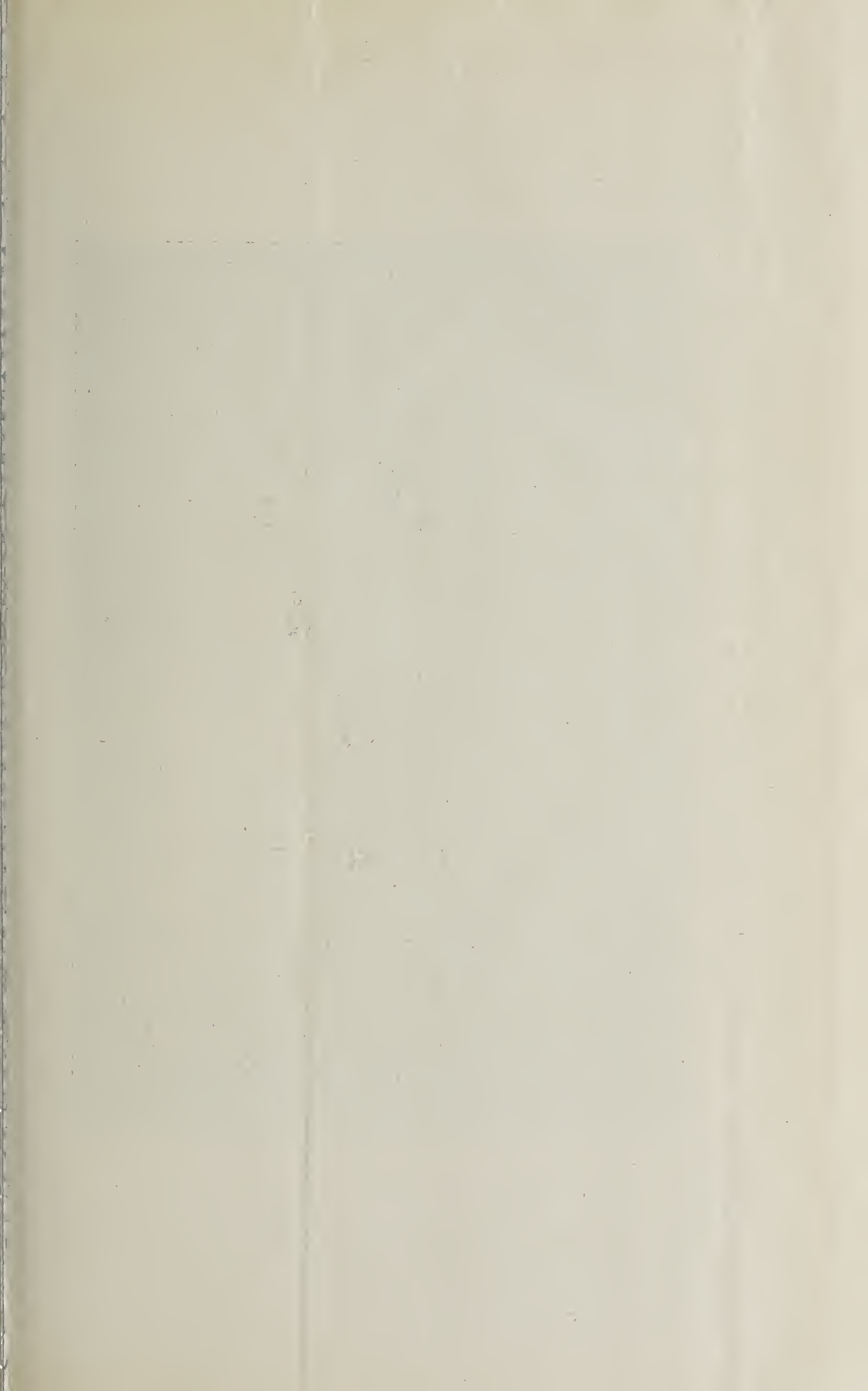
educative value of which becomes more and more evident as time goes on.

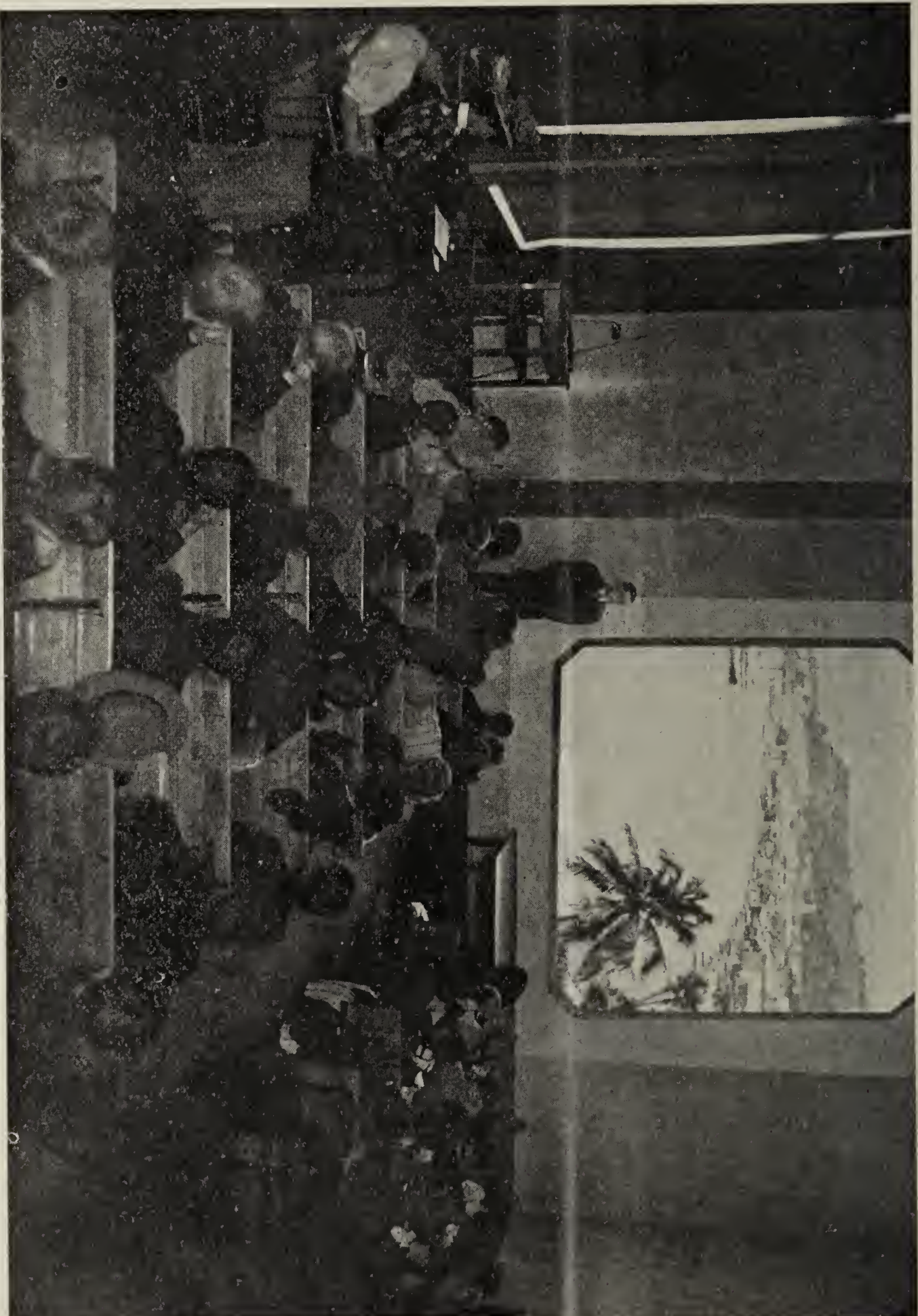
In 1886 two nature papers, *Science* and *Forest and Stream*, began an active educational campaign, flooding the country with leaflets. For the first time we learned how dependent we are upon birds. Not as a matter of sentiment, but from a standpoint of hard cash, government experts announced that the insect-eating birds saved the country hundreds of millions of dollars every year, and that to destroy them meant grave financial peril. It was made known that the rage for plumes had increased until the milliners were sweeping the country bare not only of Swallows, but of Robins, Thrushes, Bluebirds, Orioles, Tanagers, Humming-Birds, and of every creature that had wings, and women were appealed to, for in their hands lay the power to stop the traffic. Now was formed the first Audubon Society, an organization which had no membership dues, which covered the whole country, and which was carried on by *Forest and Stream*. It had the hearty commendation of the best people in the land and its membership reached 38,000 but after two years the magazine could no longer afford to carry on the work. Women, whose superficial interest had been aroused, fell back into barbarism and their last state was worse than their first. Arguments, appeals to reason and appeals to humanity were vain,—fashion decreed feathers and birds were displayed in every conceivable shape, upon hats and bonnets. It was a bitter time. Every gathering showed the same sickening display. Scarcely a hat was to be seen that did not bear some part of a wild bird, and everywhere, even in the churches, waved the exquisite plumes of the white Egret,—plumes that had been torn from the living birds with almost unimaginable cruelty. What were these women made of? For they could no longer plead ignorance, they knew the whole sad story, but they all felt like the pretty girl who said to one with a coquettish laugh, "Oh I cannot allow my conscience to interfere with my *best* hat."

This sorrowful season lasted for seven years. In 1896 Massachusetts formed

the first State Audubon Society. That the time was ripe, at last, was shown by the fact that Pennsylvania, New York, Colorado, New Hampshire and Maine followed the example of Massachusetts before the birthday of the Wisconsin Society on April 19, 1897. Now, too, came the conviction that legal restraint was necessary, and in 1900 a model law was formed and was passed in several states. Note how contagious is an idea. In eight years thirty-seven states have passed the model law, and thirty-nine have Audubon Societies. The law is also in force in the District of Columbia, in Alaska, and in the Northwestern provinces of British America.

The next great step was accomplished in 1903. Up to that time the milliners had been the open enemies of the Audubon Societies, but now the growing feeling that women could not, with self-respect, wear wild bird feathers, had affected their trade to such an extent that the Milliners' Association (which unfortunately, does not include all the milliners) offered to give up, for three years, the use of native birds, if, in return, the National Association of Audubon Societies, which had recently been formed, would promise not to interfere with the destruction of foreign birds. This was yielded, and the result was at once visible in the wide use of the Merle, the Impeyan Pheasant, Parrots, Parakeets, and Birds-of-Paradise. It was hard on foreign lands, but it gave time in this country to get the laws into good condition, while our own birds, with one exception, were comparatively safe. I say with one exception. for the unfortunate Egret had its home in the South, where, at that time, the whole movement was regarded as fanatical. The Southern states had no protective laws. Doves, Meadow-larks, Robins, and even smaller birds were sold by hundreds in their markets under the name of "toastlers." Some wholesale milliners, outside the Association, made a specialty of advertising and selling Egret plumes, and as these had become scarce and high-priced, there was great temptation to the skilful gunner. Florida, in particular, was a





LECTURE WORK AT THE MILWAUKEE MUSEUM.

scene of distraction. Even after that state passed the model law it was difficult for wardens to guard the wilderness of forest and swamp in which were the Heron rookeries. I think that everyone must have heard of what went on in these places. Hundreds of birds form a colony and nest close together. The plume hunter may shoot at ease for the brave birds will not leave their young. The massacre is general; the adults are all killed or wounded and their wings torn away and thousands of young are left to starve in their nests. The wardens of Florida need courage as well as other virtues. In 1905 Guy Bradley, a splendid young fellow who had served the state faithfully for three years, in spite of threats from plume hunters, was murdered by a man whom he was arresting. Must not this crime, too, be laid at the door of the women who still demanded Egret feathers. Our own heronries are now nearly exhausted and the business has moved to Mexico and Central America, *but it is still going on!* A recent decision of the Supreme Court makes it illegal to sell foreign birds that cannot be killed in the United States, so that we may hope that the time is approaching in this country at least, when Egret feathers will disappear from the head-gear of women. We can never protect, by law, the birds that do not visit the United States, such as the brilliant Parrots, the lovely Marabouts, and the Birds-of-Paradise.

The history of the Audubon work in America would be incomplete without some account of the part that has been played in it by President Roosevelt. Fortunate, indeed, it was, that in this time of need the man who had the power to act was so broad in his interests and so vigorous in his interpretation of his rights and his duties. Month after month he has, by executive order, set aside bird reservations, until from Maine to Florida and Texas, and, on the Pacific Coast, from Washington and Oregon stretching southward a chain of islands makes a secure breeding place for the birds of the sea. If the Pilot of the Galilean lake, with his massy keys, is a nature lover, Theo-

dore Roosevelt will need for his passport into heaven nothing more than his executive decrees setting apart forest and bird reservations.

The work of the Audubon Society is well begun, but it will not be finished until the lesson of protection for all forms of harmless and useful animal life has been so well learned as to become a part of the heritage of coming generations,—until no "bright bird or gentle beast" need fear injury at the hands of men.

MRS. G. W. PECKHAM.

Lecture Work at the Milwaukee Museum.

EDITOR OF BY THE WAYSIDE:

Dear Sir:—In answer to your request to write something about our new lecture work at the Public Museum, Milwaukee, where it touches upon bird matters, I may say that we began in September last our first full course of stereopticon lectures to the school children of Milwaukee. The lectures to the Seventh and Eighth grade children, 6,000 in number, make mention of birds to a considerable extent; to the former on "Conservation in the United States" and "The Natural Resources of Wisconsin," and to the latter, "Birds and Insects in Relation to Man," taking up in sufficient detail most of the leading reasons for the agitation of Audubon Society matters and the good to the farmer from the protection of beneficial birds. After the hour's talk the children, who came to us in three groups every school day, totaling about 150 to 200 per day, are taken by our able Guide on a tramp through the Museum to see collections which will still better illustrate the points brought out in the lecture. Several other lectures are given to the Fifth and Sixth grades, but the above constitute the chief emphasis placed upon birds.

At the same time, several examples of wrongly made and rightly made and colored bird houses are exhibited to suggest to the manual training boys or the children with inventive genius what they may do to attract birds about their homes together with some of the simple things they can plant about their homes for food plants, as sumach, mulberry, bayberry,

(Continued on page 68.)

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to Thos. R. Moyle, Appleton, Wis.

Biggsville, Illinois, Jan. 13, 1909.

DEAR MISS DRUMMOND:

The children are glad to see their letters in the *WAYSIDE*. They are watching the hedges and pine trees in order to see new birds. One girl was so interested that her mother bought her a book, "Bird Neighbors." She reports Pine Siskins in their spruces. I must go to see them tomorrow. The children feed the birds wheat and bones, and have bird-houses ready to go up in February. Helen Whiteman received your bird post cards to-day, and liked them.

The children are watching the Bluejays. Six of them are here every day. But they think they will have nothing original to tell about the birds. The older sisters and parents seem interested too, and help the children to study the birds. One boy reports five red birds in a thicket. They seem to be permanent winter residents—for the last six years they have been seen in this county.

The red-headed woodpeckers are in an oak grove near the school house, we never saw them before in January. Children who are interested in birds are the finest kind of companions. We enjoy every trip to the skating pond, where we see birds.

I hope "Tommy-Anne" or "Citizen Bird" is in the library.

Yours truly,

RACHEL P. CROUCH.

Lecture Work at the Milwaukee Museum.

(Continued from page 67.)

wild cherry, mountain ash, etc. The teachers are given copies of *BY THE WAYSIDE*, so that the children may go to their teachers for the address of the periodical whenever they become interested to subscribe. You would be surprised to see the close attention and interest which our city children give to these feathered friends and insect enemies of our country as presented in lantern slide form. The stereopticon slides themselves have been selected with great care from bird slide collections all over the country and colored by our Museum colorist as nearly true to nature as possible, either from actual specimens in the Museum or from descriptions in the best works at our command. Every effort is made to have the views the best obtainable and the material given in the lectures has been first subjected to the severe revision of the entire scientific staff, that the best and most compact information may be given to the pupils.

I may say again, the interest evidenced by the children, no matter from what part of the city they come, is proof enough of the timeliness of this work, just as the nation is considering ways and means for conserving our national resources as embodied in the reports of the Conservation Congresses recently held. We bid "greeting" to all bird lovers throughout the state, and cordially invite you to drop into the free public school lectures when you are in the city; or inquire of the Guide or Floor attendants for groups of any particular birds you care to see.

ALFRED C. BURRILL.

WHEN we read Mrs. Peckham's article in this number of the *WAYSIDE* and see how much has already been accomplished by the Audubon Society, we should feel encouraged to go on with what remains to be done. We have the law; let us create sentiment so that the law will be enforced. The birds are protected, but very few of them seem to know of it, and there are some people who need informing, too.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and, should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Miss Edith Edwards, Appleton, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent a beautiful colored picture of the bird of the month. For the best letter each month we will send the Wayside free for one year. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond or Mr. Moyle.

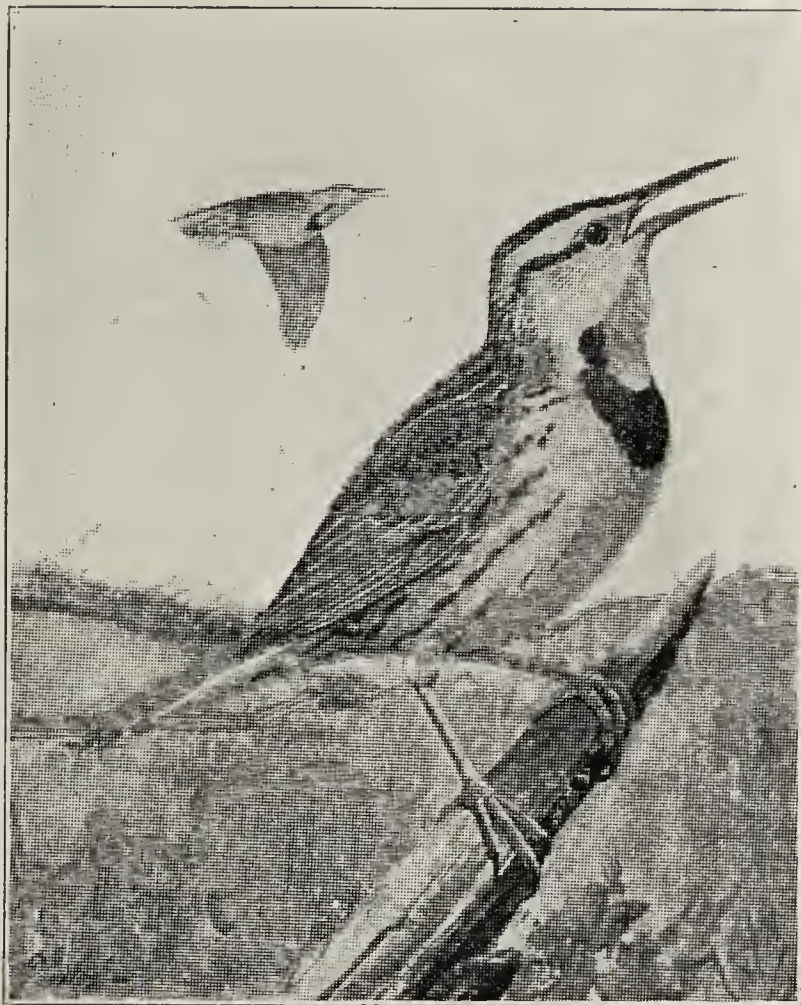
Any Wisconsin society, may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordan and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Moyle.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Chas. E. Brown, State Historical Building, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Meadowlark.

For the coming month I want the WAYSIDERS to look for the meadowlark particularly. There is not much need of describing him for you must all know him; the black crescent on his golden breast, the outer tail feathers that show white when he flies, the brownish back, and his song, the most beautiful sound of early spring. Look for him in Wisconsin between the 15th and the 25th of March; in Illinois perhaps five days earlier.

Soon the great procession of birds, which is already headed north, will begin to pass us; first in the procession are the Bluebird, the Robin, the Meadowlark, the Song Sparrow, and the Phoebe. We ought to be especially grateful to these friends who come so long before



the green, who brave the stormy weather of early spring to cheer us with their prophecy of summer.

Mauston, Wis., Feb. 5, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

I will tell you about our winter birds. January 17th as I was riding across the track, I saw a whole flock of Quails. It was a half mile from the depot. They were eating food from the track, walking the rails and ties. I have also seen the Bluejay on January eighteenth. On January second I saw a Chickadee. I was on the sidewalk and he was on our barn, and hearing his call I looked up and saw him. On January twenty-sixth I saw a Red-headed Woodpecker. He was hammering away on a tree. On February third as I was coming home from school I saw a Nuthatch. I cannot describe him because I did not get a good

glimpse of him. At the same time I saw two Evening Grosbeaks. The male is bright yellow. The female is dull colored. They were swinging away on a twig trying to get seeds.

One day two years ago as I was watching the ice float down the river, I saw, riding on a piece of ice, a white Sea-gull.

My letter is getting long. The next time I write I will tell you more about our birds.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Arthur Cole.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Mauston, Wisconsin, Feb. 5, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

I live out in the country. My house is at the foot of Mile Bluff. There are woods part of the way to Mauston, and meadows on each side of the road the other part of the way.

One morning as I was coming to school I saw a Ruby-crowned Kinglet. It was a little bird and it ran along in front of me. It had a bright red spot on top of its head. I could almost catch it because it was so tame. After a little while, it flew up in a tree on the bluff.

One day our teacher called our attention to a small bird running along on the ground by the side of the school house. There was another one on the trunk of a tree. It had a little black on its head and the back of its neck. It had a white breast, and the white extended up above its eyes until it met the black. Its back was blue and it had quite a long bill. They were picking up seeds. This bird was a Nuthatch. One of my friends said he saw some Evening Grosbeaks in the courtyard. It was that stormy night, January twenty-ninth. They were pick-

ing berries off from the basswood trees.

Your interested friend,

Charlotte Stalker.

Mauston, Wis., Feb. 4, 1907.

Dear Wayside:

I live by the river and our yard has an arbor-vitae hedge around it. There are little blue berries on the hedge and the birds like to eat them. One Sunday a flock of Evening Grosbeaks were in the hedge. They have black on the top of their heads and are quite dark around their necks. I saw them December first. They have black on their tails and wings. The rest of the bird is yellow.

Another day a flock of Cedar Waxwings were in the hedge. They were looking for the berries, but the Evening Grosbeaks had eaten them. The Cedar Waxwing has a topknot on its head and a black stripe through the eyes to the nose. It is brown on the back and head. The wings and tail are gray. There is a little red on the wings and the tip of their tails have a yellow edge. It was melting that day and water was on the ground. When the Cedar Waxwings were drinking, they looked so cute. Then they flew away. I saw them January twenty-fourth.

Yours truly,

Marie Miller.

Franklin, Wis., Feb. 16, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

Snow covered the ground and the little birds could not get any food. I went out and put some meat on the sidewalk for them. Not long after I went out to fetch a pail of water when I saw two or three Snowflakes eating at it.

I never found so much interest in birds as I did this year. The birds are

interesting little creatures if you only watch them. Yours truly,
Aged 14. Lydia Pfeiffer.

Green Bay, Wis., Jan. 15, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

The Bluejay makes his nest of twigs and roots. He makes his nest in an old shaded tree in the center of the woods. He makes the nest near the trunk of the tree. If you would count the eggs you usually find from four to six. In the morning at sunrise you will find him at the top of a young oak tree. Later in the day you will find him in the bushes. In the spring he eats lots of insects and that makes up for stealing fruit and berries. The Bluejay is not fitted for long flights. He is one of the commonest birds in America.

Aged 10. Ruth Guenther.

Mauston, Wis., Feb. 4, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

I have a Mocking Bird at home. It came from Oklahoma. My cousin who was down there sent it to me. One day while she was out in the country she saw the nest. It had three young ones in it. She took the nest home and raised the birds.

The Mocking Birds like flies, spiders, and worms. There was a lady who had had several little ones. She did not know what to feed them. She fed them bread and milk and killed them. She could not tell what killed them until my cousin told her she must not feed them bread and milk.

Our Mocking Bird is about the size of a Bluejay. Its breast is a light color. Its back is a dull slate color. It has a tail about five inches long, and quite a

long bill. Its bill is so soft that it has to have a special food for it. This bird is a female and does not sing much.

Yours truly,
Jay Granger.

Mauston, Wis., February, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

As I was coming to school one morning, I saw a little gray squirrel running along the ground. I watched him to see where he was going and he ran up a tree near by.

As I was watching him I saw a Hairy Woodpecker. He was hopping around on the tree picking. His back is black with a white stripe down the centre, and his wings are black with white spots on them.

One other morning as I was coming past Mr. Power's barnyard I saw a Red-headed Woodpecker. He sat on a fence-post and looked at us a few seconds, and then would nod his head as if he were saying, "How do you do!"

Yours truly,
Janie Minor.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Biggsville, Ill., Feb. 24, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

There was a heavy snow February 15. There was sleet before the snow. We thought it would be hard for the little birds to find any food so we put up a little shelf for a lunch counter just outside of the window at school. We tacked a piece of beef on the shelf. The next day a chickadee lit on a limb of a hickory tree about ten feet away from the window, then it flew on the shelf and ate the bread and meat. Three birds ate that day, but only one ate at a time. The day of the heavy snow a Red-breasted Wood-

pecker came and ate a lot of bread, a Nuthatch came too, and two Juncos, and two English Sparrows. To-day for the first time a Downy Woodpecker came. He came four times and stayed in the air, and the fifth time he sat on the shelf and ate the bread. All of the children were glad to see the birds.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Ruth Milligan.

Gladstone, Ill., January 29, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

There are a good many Bluejays around here. They are very noisy birds. They are blue and white having a loud, shrill call with which they frighten the other birds away. One day a Blackbird lit in the schoolyard and several Bluejays came and scolded it.

Monday a bluejay flew to the ground, picked up something, flew back up in an evergreen tree and ate it. I didn't see nor hear him with his "jay, jay, jay" to-day, because it is so cold and snowy. I have never seen him tear down nests or kill other birds.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Hazel Weir.

Gladstone, Ill., Jan. 29, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

To-day is a snowy, stormy day. I have just seen the Junco in the hedge and one female Downy Woodpecker which came to eat at the bone on our tree. Last Saturday it was 63° at noon, a warm bright day. I saw about fifteen crested birds eating berries in our cedar trees. I hoped they were Cedar Waxwings. I saw some ducks fly over head. About eight o'clock in the morning I looked out of our kitchen window, and saw a Robin on the ground near some

dried flower stalks. I was glad to see a Robin in January. I saw a Goldfinch fly over the garden. Last night I heard a little Screech Owl. It was in a peach tree south of the house. I tried to get up close but it was scared and flew into a pine tree.

Yours respectfully,

Age 11.

Viola McClinton

Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Feb. 25.

Dear Wayside:

This letter comes from a brave little *working* bird-lover and I am sending it to see if some of the Wayside children wont tell her how they work and what they do in their Societies. I think you could all help each other by doing this.

Your friend,

Mary Drummond.

Miss Mary Dummond,

Dear Friend:

I thought I would write you a few lines. Well, we are not having very good success with our C. B. Club. The children do not take enough interest in it. They say, "If I am elected to any office I wont accept it," and that discourages me. I believe I am going to make a failure of it. I try to help them along all I know how. I try to encourage and coax them all I can. Do you know of any remedy or any way that I could make them take interest? I am trudging along all I can to help them. I tell them where to find information about birds but still they wont look after and tell anything. It seems as if I am the only one who takes anything of an interest. I will do all I can to help them, but it seems of no use. We will have supper now and I must bring my letter to a close.

Your loving friend,

By The Wayside

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VOL. XI.

APRIL 1909.

No. 10

THE AMERICAN EGRET.

Tourists who went to Florida thirty years ago have told me of prairies white with Egrets, of bushy islands glistening in the sun like snow banks. Now you may look for miles along a lake shore and perhaps in the distance see a solitary Egret, which, as you approach, with a frightened *squawk* takes wing a rifle-shot away. The rapid extermination of these plume-bearing birds is startling evidence of man's power in the animal world. At his word a species is almost immediately wiped out of existence. I have heard a "plume-hunter" boast of killing three hundred Herons in a "rookery" in one

afternoon. Another proudly stated that he and his companions had killed one hundred and thirty thousand birds—Herons, Egrets and Terns,—during one winter. But the destruction of these

birds is an unpleasant subject. It is a blot on Florida's history. Woman demanded from the bird its wedding plumes and man has supplied the demand. The

Florida Herons have gone, and now he is pursuing the helpless birds to the uttermost parts of the earth. Mercilessly they are shot down at their roosts or nesting grounds, the coveted feathers are stripped from their backs, the carcasses are left to rot, while the young in the nest above are starving. But then, you know, the little bunch of aigrettes in yonder jaunty bonnet is "so pretty," "so becoming!"

—Chapman.

THE WHITE BADGE OF CRUELTY

The Audubon Society of the state of New York is trying to get a bill passed through their legislature which will render the sale of Egrets unlawful. It is doubtful if we have any law in Wiscon-



sin or Illinois that can protect them. But their strongest protection will be in public opinion. And we can help to form that. Tell the story of the egret, it can't be told too often. Tell how the plumes are worn only during the nesting season, how the birds will not leave their young, and so are easily killed; how they live in colonies and so are completely exterminated. How from being one of the most common birds there are just a very few colonies left and these are carefully guarded, even their whereabouts being kept a secret though the law protects them now.

Not long ago a lady called the attention of a negligent policeman to the condition of an over-driven horse tied in front of a saloon on a very cold and stormy day. Above her flashing eyes waved the white plume, the sign of the cruelest deed mankind has ever inflicted on his fellow creatures. Well, that hat must have been due to ignorance, or thoughtlessness or vanity, and those are not so bad as cruelty—not quite.

A Bird of Paradise.

Nothing is more fashionable, just now, than Paradise-plumes, and few realize at what a cost they are obtained. In Alfred Russel Wallace's "Malay Archipelago" I find this passage: "In the mating season these birds indulge in *sack a leli*, or dancing parties, in certain trees which have an immense head of spreading branches, giving a clear space for them to play and exhibit their plumes. On one of these trees a dozen or twenty full-plumaged male birds assemble, raise up their wings, stretch out their necks, and elevate their exquisite plumes, keeping them in constant vibration. Between whiles they fly across from branch to branch, in great excitement, so that the whole tree is

filled with waving plumes in every variety of attitude and motion. The bird is of a rich coffee-brown color. The head and neck are of a pure straw-yellow above, and rich metallic green beneath; the long plumey tufts of golden-orange feathers spring from the sides beneath each wing, and when the bird is in repose are partly concealed by them. At the time of its excitement, however, the wings are raised vertically over the back, the head is bent down and stretched out, and the long plumes are raised up and expanded till they form two magnificent golden fans striped with deep red at the base and fading off into the pale brown tint of the finely divided and softly waving points. The whole bird is overshadowed by them, the crouching body, yellow head and emerald green throat forming but the foundation and setting to the golden glory which waves above. In this attitude the Bird-of-paradise deserves its name and must be ranked as one of the most beautiful and most wonderful of living things. They are easily hunted. A man builds a little shelter of palm leaves among the branches of one of the chosen trees, and hides there before daylight, armed with a bow and with arrows which terminate in a round knob. A boy waits below. At sunrise the birds assemble and begin to dance: the hunter shoots with his blunt arrow so as to stun the bird which falls without alarming the others, and is secured and killed by the boy, without its plumage being injured by a drop of blood." Poor Paradise birds, speaking, on the heads of women only of Paradise lost!

—Mrs. G. W. Peckham.

That is a distant cawing
Growing louder—coming nearer,
Tells of crows returning inland
From their winter on the marshes.

—Frank Bolles.

An Interview.

Mr. R. Redbreast, one of our most prominent and best known citizens, returned from his winter home, March 22. Knowing that his many friends of the WAYSIDE would be glad to hear of his travels we sent a reporter out to interview him.

Mr. Redbreast spent his winter in Florida. He reports a very enjoyable season. Mrs. Redbreast has not arrived yet. She is not expected for four or five days. Mr. Redbreast reports the weather in Florida as of the finest and the berry crop as the best in years. He considers Florida as an ideal winter resort in many ways. "It is too bad that the people do not think more of you," said the reporter. "On the contrary, that is the only objection we have to the South" was the reply. Mr. Redbreast was decidedly ruffled and the reporter hastened to change the subject. "Isn't this a little early? We are apt to have some severe storms before spring opens." "Yes, it is early," said Mr. Redbreast thoughtfully, "and no doubt we will have some more cold weather. But what can one do? If you wait till later all the houses will be taken. Then it is no small job to raise a family of young robins. And later in the year when the ground gets hard and dry it is much more difficult to get worms. Do you know that my young ones last summer ate more than their weight in worms every day? For myself I can get along on berries if I have to. But young ones must have worms. Then many people seem so peevish about their fruit. It almost makes one feel as if he was regarded as a thief. Now I am sure that I earn more than I take in the protection I give the garden from cut worms. Last sum-

mer the only time I could gather berries in comfort was early in the morning before the family were stirring. And that is the time of day I should be after worms."

"Where will you build this year?" "That is a matter that can't be settled till Mrs. Redbreast gets here. We liked the apple tree back of the garden where we were last year fairly well. But it is rather low and I understand that the family have a cat now. Why will people keep cats?" Mr. Redbreast was working toward another pitch of indignation and the reporter intervened. "Shall I tell them you are glad to get back?" "Of course I am glad to get back. This is my home. I was born here and from here our nestlings started out on their promising young lives. Mrs. Redbreast and I were saying just before I left that it would hardly seem possible to raise a family elsewhere." Here Mr. Redbreast changed his branch rather restlessly and the reporter, taking this for a hint, politely took his leave. "Say," called Mr. Redbreast after him, "you aren't going to put all that stuff in the paper, are you?"

The Oven Bird.

In the days of spring migrations,
Days when nesting birds move northward
To the forests, to the leaf beds,
Comes the tiny oven builder.

Daintily the dead leaves lifting,
Underneath them builds his oven,
Arched and framed with last year's oak
leaves,
Roofed and walled against the raindrops.

Hour by hour his voice he raises,
"Teach us! teach us!" is his asking,
"Teach us! teach us!" comes responsive
From the solemn listening forest.

—Frank Bolles.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

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All communications should be sent to Thos. R. Moyle, Appleton, Wis.

ARBOR DAY is approaching. Suppose we think of the birds this year. Plant some shrubbery, some that has winter berries like sumach, or summer fruit like the cherry. Don't plant shrubs singly, but fairly fill a corner of the yard with a mass of shrubbery. That is the way Nature plants. Then, if some plants die there are others to take their place and the shade will keep the grass away from their roots and otherwise encourage and help them.

Train some vine over outhouse or shed or even the school house. Then, when your work is well started watch vigilantly that some member of the school board with an ingrowing sense of neatness does not come along and have all your work torn out.

"What is the remedy?" demands State Forest Commissioner Whipple of New York. "That is the question. We can not take it out in talk. We have to get out, every mother's son of us that has an acre of land that is not good for farming purposes, and plant trees. It will not do to set land aside to the National Government and the States as Forest Reserves alone. We must economize. Above all, we must plant trees. Germany has planted trees for a thousand years. All its forest is a planted forest. We have got to be practical in the same way. What have we to do? Go home and

plant trees. The way to get something done is to do it yourselves. Be practical about it. Plant tree gardens. Put the last dollar you can raise into those gardens. Don't do too much resolving, but do business."—*Outing*.

ONE of our Illinois teachers writes: "This year I am taking up the work once in two weeks for half an hour as nature study. With our last year's club dues we bought Neltje Blanchan's 'Bird Neighbors' and this year we have decided upon a picture of Audubon. The letter in regard to the 'C. B. Club' interested me very much; we limit our office holding to members of the higher class. I sympathize very much with the writer's feelings as I have tried for three years to get teachers interested in the work."

A recent letter from the young President of the "C. B. Club," is more encouraging; her schoolmates are learning to see the good in the Society and have enjoyed having the bird pictures in the school.

This little paper is being sent free for a year by the Illinois Audubon Society, to one hundred teachers in Illinois. Postal cards from these teachers, telling of the receipt of the paper and of the help, if any, it has been in their schools, would be much appreciated. Address, Miss Mary Drummond, Sec'y, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Illinois.

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers!
Wake the cowslips by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodil!

Robins come!

—William W. Caldwell.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and, should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Miss Edith Edwards, Appleton, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent a beautiful colored picture of the bird of the month. For the best letter each month we will send the Wayside free for one year. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond or Mr. Moyle.

Any Wisconsin society, may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordan and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Moyle.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Chas. E. Brown, State Historical Building, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Red-winged Blackbird.

Let's go to the marshes for our next Bird of the Month. In most any marsh we find the Red-winged Blackbird. I think he is a soldier because he is always found in regiments; his black uniform has scarlet epaulets and he calls out "con-quer-ee" in clear ringing tones. High on a tree he sings while his wife, dressed inconspicuously in buff and black, sits on the nest in the reeds below. He is the true herald of spring. The Robin and Bluebird often arrive before winter has truly departed. A warm day or two will tempt those hardy birds far north. But when the Red-wing arrives we know that spring is here. The farmer does not always love him; he is too frequently found in his corn-field. But it is doubtful if he does much harm and he would not be noticed if it were not for

his habit of collecting in great flocks early in the fall. Most of their food is the wild rice of the swamp. Often in these flocks you will find with the Red-wing his cousins, the Yellow-headed Blackbird and the Bobolink.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Gladstone, Illinois, March 26, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

The Meadow Larks have been whistling this morning. I can hear the whistling clear across the fields. It sounds pretty to hear them sing. They like to sing in the morning before seven o'clock. I like to look at the Meadow Lark. It has a pretty breast, yellow with a black mark. It is different from other birds because it has a long bill and a short tail with white feathers. Last summer I saw a nest of a Meadow Lark. It was on the ground near a post on the west side of the pond. The nest has five eggs in it. Maybe there will be another nest there this summer.

Yours truly,
Donzella Furnald.

Aged 8.

La Grange, Ill., Feb. 23., 1909.

Dear Wayside:

Yesterday, which was Washington's Birthday, we (meaning four ladies, two of whom were school teachers here, another boy, and myself) took an 8:20 trolley from here, to a wood about six miles from here. When we got there, we heard a bird singing which we thought was a bluebird, but found out was a cardinal. Then the other boy and I crossed the river, and heard a bird singing. We followed the song, and found it on the very top of a tree, singing for all it was

worth. We could not make up our minds what it was, but we thought it was a bluebird. From the description we gave of it, the ladies thought it was a cardinal, but I am sure it was not. In fact, I think it was a Carolina wren.

We went on, and after a while heard what we thought was a Goldfinch, but found out that it was a Red-poll.

Then we heard a bird singing chee-wink, chee-wink, and followed the sound, and, what is strangest of all to me, found that it was a Cardinal! None of us knew that a Cardinal had that note.

We also saw some flocks of Juncos, or Snow-birds, and two Downy Woodpeckers. One of the ladies and I had to go before the rest, and in our absence they saw a Sparrow-hawk, a Carolina Wren, and two pairs more of Cardinals, making five pair in all.

I forgot to say that we saw Bluejays and Crows. This being the account of the trip, I will close.

Aged 12. Loyd W. Metzel.

Norwood Park, Ill., March 26, 1909.
Dear Wayside:

Some one who has studied birds tells us that the Meadowlark does not belong to the Lark family, but to the Blackbird family. It is called Meadowlark because it builds its nest in a meadow. Its eggs are the size of a pigeon's eggs, with brown dots in. It has a very small nest.

The Meadowlark is a little larger than a Robin. I saw two Meadowlarks this year already. Last year in front of our house, the Meadowlark built its nest. I saw its eggs and young ones too. I belong to the Audubon Society so I take care of the birds and I try not to frighten the birds.

Your interested friend,
Aged 19. Josephine Fritsch.

Reedsville, Wis., March 19, 1909.
Dear Wayside:

I saw a bird sitting on our tree. It had a worm in its mouth. It was a Red-winged Blackbird. I threw some bread out. Afterwards the bird flew away.

The next morning it came again. Then it sat down on a tree. Then I threw some bread out again and it came again and ate it again. Then it flew away to its nest. Two weeks after there were little baby birds in it. Then she was busy feeding her baby birds. When her little baby birds were old enough they flew away. Every morning when I got up the bird was on the barn singing its sweet songs. I was so glad to hear it sing. I threw some hair out and some wool. It would pick it up and fly away to build its nest. I also put some water outside and then it would drink it. I think that little bird was not afraid of me because I never do anything to hurt them.

Yours truly.

Aged 9.

Mata Ziemer.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Mauston, Wis., March 25, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

I live a mile and a half out in the country, and on each side of the road is a meadow. There is a ditch on each side of the road. There is so much water this spring that on each side of the road the ditch is so full that it has flooded about half a mile square. It looks like a lake.

This morning as I was coming to school I saw two flocks of Red-winged Blackbirds in a tree near by, and on the other side of the road I saw two Meadowlarks light on the grass right by the water. It looked as if they had come for a drink. They have a sweet song. Their back is dark brown and black mixture. The upper part of the breast is yellow with a black bib, and when it flies it shows some white feathers.

That same morning as I was coming through the court-yard I saw a Robin singing in a tree. As my friend and I were going home from school one afternoon we heard a Robin singing in one of the trees near by. We looked but could not see him. By and by we saw him in the very top of one of the trees. It was the second one I saw this year.

As I was going home from school I

saw a Red-winged Blackbird on a telephone pole. He was singing and when I got almost up to the pole, he stopped singing and sat looking at me. He sat still for a little while and then turned around so that I got a good look at him. The Red-winged Blackbird is black all over and it has a red spot on its wing and right behind the red spot is a yellow spot.

Yours truly,
Janie Minor.

Franklin, Wis., March 30, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

One stormy evening in February I saw a Horned Lark. It was sitting in the road. It was about the size of a Sparrow and had a horn on each side of his head.

One morning when I was walking along the road I heard some birds singing. I looked around to see where they were, and there on the tree were some Red-winged Blackbirds.

I saw quite a few birds this spring. I saw a Meadowlark, Snipe, Crane, Chipping Sparrow, Robin, Crow. The Crane was a little smaller than a Stork and was of a grayish color. I saw a Bluejay, Bluebird, and a large flock of geese.

I must tell you about two brave little birds who were with us all winter at school. They were two Chickadees. They have a black spot on their heads, and around the spot it is white and they have a white breast. It is a little smaller than a Sparrow. As soon as school closes these two little birds come and eat up the crumbs which I throw out when I have some dinner left.

We had a meeting of our Audubon Society last Friday. One of the most interesting numbers on the program was a debate, Resolved, that the Robin is more useful than the Bluejay. The debate was won by the negative, but I like the Robin better anyway. We can learn a good lesson from his "Cheer Up."

Our teachers are Miss Diehl and Miss Luthterhand. They interested us in birds, and I never took such an interest in birds.

Yours truly,
Hattie Rothe.

Aged 12.

Angelica, Wis., April 3, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

The Meadowlark lives in the meadow, but is not really a lark. It is really a ground bird and makes its nest in a bunch of high grass. The Meadowlark is a very pretty bird. It is black, brown and buff on its back, and its breast is yellow. They are sweet singers and when singing generally seek some high perch. They feed on worms, beetles and grass seed.

Aged 13.

Ruth Ainsworth.

Leeman, Wis., March 2, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

In the winter we see the Chickadees. Even in the most stormy days we see the brave, cheery Chickadees. They sit on the ground near our house in the lilacs, and the cherry tree. One day they were out there looking for something to eat. They could not find much for the snow was so deep. I had watched them a long time. So I went and got some crumbs, and little pieces of meat for them and laid out on the ground. Then I went in the house, and a big flock of Chickadees came.

I love little birds. I like to study about them.

Aged 13.

Yours truly,
Nora Nelson.

Gladstone, Ill., March 26, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

The Robins have been here since February 22nd. One big fellow sings in the maple tree every morning about six o'clock. He sings as if he liked to sing. We can hear him away down the road. This morning I saw two in our yard. One was on a post, another was on the ground. He watched the grass, and then pulled out a long worm and ate it. I like to see them around our yard. Monday evening I saw forty, big plump Robins on the ground. I never saw so many Robins together before.

Yours truly,
Chester Mason.

Two Rivers, Wis., Jan. 10, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

I saw a Bluejay yesterday and soon saw that he was a saucy bird. In the winter if you go far enough in the woods you will see a company of Bluejays busy looking for something to eat. He may find a dried berry still clinging to the bush on which it grew; or a nut that has fallen on the spot where the snow has not covered it. The Bluejay is always dressed in grand style. His crest and back are light purple. His wings are bright blue, with pretty marks black and white. His tail is blue with black bars across it, and the ends of the long feathers are tipped with white. He has a black collar round his neck. His face is white, his bill is black, and his eyes are brown. In April Mr. Bluejay helps his mate build her nest. They carry fine roots, twigs, and stems of dry leaves; and put them together till they have a big nest. In about five or six days the nest is finished. The eggs are of a greenish-gray color with little spots of brown over them.

The Robin dresses in plain colors, and is not as pretty as the Jay: We love the Robin because of his gentle ways and his sweet song. Fine feathers will never gain friends, but pleasant manners and a kind heart will always win esteem.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Carrie Schmidt.

Mauston, Wisconsin, March 25, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

One morning while I was coming to school I saw on the ground by a hickory nut tree, a Robin, and three Blackbirds all together. They were picking up hay seed for their breakfast.

There was a large flock of little birds staying in our hay barn in the cold weather. They have a dark brown back, and a black head, and a little red spot on the throat and the breast and stomach is white, and two spotted stripes of black and white on each side. We do not know whether it is a Ruby-crowned Kinglet or Warbler.

About two weeks ago I saw a Meadowlark and a Robin. The Robin had a beautiful red breast. The Meadowlark stays near our barn and he sings from daylight until dark. There is a flock of Quail that stay with our chickens some of the time.

One morning while I was getting up I thought I heard a Baltimore Oriole, but it was a Bluebird.

Aged 13.

Herbert Allen.

Mauston, Wis., March 27, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

March 23rd I saw a flock of Warblers up in some trees on the street going south from the depot in front of Brunner's house. I only saw the birds breast which was light gray, and the throat was rose-colored. Charlotte Stalker sees these Warblers almost every time she passes the warehouses, and says their backs are slate-colored. March 23rd, I saw a flock of wild geese flying over Heath's house and going southwest. March 26th I saw a flock of wild geese flying over our house and I heard them too. I think they were the same flock that I saw on March 23rd, because these were flying north.

March 24th Hattie Pierce told us that there was a flock of Evening Grosbeaks on Fremont street. So I and some other girls who had not seen the Grosbeaks went down on Fremont street, and in front of Schroeder's house we saw a flock of them. They were yellow except on the head which had a little black on it, and its wings and tail had a little black on the tip. Above the black on its wings it had some white.

Among the grosbeaks we saw a bird about as big as a Warbler. Its breast was a reddish-white and a chestnut color on its sides. Its head was black with a chestnut color on its crown. Its back was slate streaked with black and dark brown with white blotches on its tail. I think it was a Bay-breasted Warbler.

Aged 11.

Irene Hosig.

The earliest Warbler is the Myrtle and he never gets to Wisconsin before April 13th. Most of the Warblers do not get here till after the leaves are on the trees.—Ed.

By The Wayside

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No. 11

MOSQUITO INLET RESERVATION

The writer first came to the east coast of Florida in January 1886, twenty-three years ago. The coast country south of

one or two stores and a very crude hotel,) a Norther was howling on its customary three days' schedule, during

which time the wind never seemed to slacken for an instant.

Mosquito Inlet, five miles to the Southward, possessed three or four houses, and a big, lonely lighthouse 175 feet in height.

The water birds in this vicinity were very numerous, and large numbers of pelicans stood about on the different sandbars in

that locality, sometimes numbering as high as five hundred. Oftentimes with the pelicans were immense numbers of gulls and terns and they always ap-



Completion of Setting the First Sign, Mosquito Inlet, Florida, Dec. 7th, 1908.

St. Augustine was at that time very thinly settled and mostly in a state of wildness. The nearest railway ran from Jacksonville to Tampa on the west and the only method of reaching the east coast country was by wagon, a hard journey through pine woods and more or less swampy localities. The month of January had been cold and at the time of my arrival at Port Orange, (a small hamlet one hundred and fifteen miles from Jacksonville, with



Sign at Little Pelican Island The dark bushes contain nests of the Blue Heron.

peared to be a happy and contented lot. A few years later a railway was constructed down the coast, and with the advent of the railway, came settlers and tourists, and among them the hunter and a class of tourist who appeared to be possessed with the desire to shoot every bird seen. This class of visitors found in the pelicans and gulls an easy mark for their guns, as the birds were very tame, and as a result every succeeding year saw their number diminishing until the year 1907, when but a remnant of the original number of pelicans and gulls were left. With a view of devising some method for protecting and saving the remaining birds from utter extinction, in December 1907 I laid the matter before Mr. Wm. Dutcher, president of National Association of Audubon Societies in New York. Maps were made of the Inlet and locality with descriptions of the adjacent country and the birds inhabiting it, and forwarded to Washington where they were submitted to the Department of Agriculture for approval as a United States Reservation. On February 24, 1908, President Roosevelt affixed his signature to the document which made Mosquito Inlet Reservation a fact. A warden was then appointed in Capt. B. J. Pacetti, who resides close to the Light House and near the center of the Reservation. The territory covered is about thirteen miles in length and extends from Port Orange on the north to Hawks Park on the south, including the Halifax and Hillsborough Rivers, shores and marsh lands, overflowed by tide waters in these rivers. A little over a year has elapsed since the creation of this Reservation and the increase in bird life within its confines is very apparent in the colonies of pelicans, gulls and terns about the Inlet. While the great and little blue heron, gannets and wood ibis

are increasing in number and show less fear than formerly.

The value of these Government Bird Reservations has been clearly demonstrated to thousands of people, and in Mosquito Inlet Reservation, a most picturesque feature of Florida, so much admired by tourists, saved from extinction.

—Geo. N. Chamberlin.

Daytona, Fla., March 22, 1909.

A Bird Battle.

When I was in Berlin last spring a favorite resort with me was the Zoological Garden. It was a delectable home for animals of every kind, if a home can be delectable to them which is first of all a prison. It was in one corner of the magnificent Tiergarten, the finest park by all odds, I know in Europe. It was shaded by grand, old forest trees, which had stood for centuries and grown stout of body, and sturdy of limb, for nobody knows how many hundred years. They were a delight in themselves, but then, everything else was a delight in that splendidly planned and perfectly ordered garden. A broad, paved walk ran entirely around the grounds, and in every direction narrower paths led from it to the separate dwellings of the feathered and furred and scaly creatures abiding there.

These separate dwellings were built with careful reference to the tastes and habits of the species for which they were intended and were left spotlessly trim and clean. There was plenty of room outdoors and in for every tenant; there was shelter from sun and storm, pure water for bathing and drinking, and an abundance of food. They had only to eat and drink and be happy, and as far as I observed they were all in a state of entire content,—all save the birds; nearly every one of these, I feel sure, had a wild longing to be free.

Beside the trees and the walks and the

handsome animal houses, there were clumps of flowering shrubs and beds of luxuriant blossoms in lavish abundance and benches in all the pleasant nooks for visitors to rest upon. It was, indeed, a most enticing place, and I never tired of wandering from one attractive spot to another and watching the behavior of the strange two-footed and four-footed inhabitants brought from various quarters of the earth.

One day I stood before a big compartment prepared for swimming and wading birds. There must have been a hundred or more altogether, of different species, all talking or squawking at once, and such a clamor you never heard. There were Gulls, Terns, Herons, Ducks, Oyster-catchers, Dunlins, and many, many others, swimming, flying, feeding, nesting, doing every sort of thing in short, which birds are wont to do. There was a huge pile of rocks in the background, a big pool in the middle, a sandy shore line and trees and weeds for them to flit about in.

Suddenly a couple of moor hens got into a vicious squabble and came dashing into the pool with a tremendous commotion. They sat up on their tails in the water and struck at each other with their feet in the fiercest manner. Growing more and more enraged, they would rise into the air several feet and claw each other wildly. Then back to the water, battling as hard as ever. It was a curious sight and I gazed in astonishment. I have seen birds fight desperately before, but never in this queer fashion, in the water and out again.

The combat continued a surprising time when down from the rocks swooped four or five other moor hens and fell upon these two with much cackling, which meant, safe to say, "Here you! Stop this fighting. It has gone on long enough. Quit, quit!" And the fighters parted, one landing near me, still in a highly belligerent state; though, apparently, he was getting worsted in the fray, and the other remaining in the water. They were plucky birds; for the one on shore, after an excited spurt at

running, plunged in to claw his opponent with undiminished fury. Their quarrel gradually waned upon this second encounter, and I shall never know what it was all about.

The moor hen, of Europe is a cousin of our mud hen or American coot, and has quite the same habits, but I read in Hudson's ornithology, that the young birds of the first brood will sometimes help the parents build a nest for the second brood and even help rear the little young ones when they are hatched. It is a remarkable case of filial devotion in bird history.

—Mrs. Sara A. Hubbard.

The Herring Gull.

All through the Great Lakes region the Herring Gull is the first of the large water birds to attract attention. Its large size, measuring four and one-half feet between its outstretched black-tipped wings, its pearly-white body covered with a mantle of pale blue, its bright yellow bill, together with its graceful flight, demands attention from bird-lover and foe alike. A number of years ago, before the islands of Lake Superior were pre-empted by summer cottages, I visited the breeding place of a large colony situated on Gull Rocks, which is the last outcropping of the marine ridge which forms Isle Royale to the west. We were dropped over the side of a small steamer into a row boat, and made our landing on the ice-covered rocks of Isle Royale late in May, and the Finnlander fishermen took us in their sail boat to the group of rocks forming the island, where we were left alone with the gulls all day while they hauled and reset their nets miles away.

As we approached the island a few pioneers came out to meet us, while the rocks were covered with little white specks, so small did the birds appear in

the distance. As we drew near a thousand or more birds took flight and circled above us with loud cries, for they had been visited before by the fishermen who depend upon these birds for fresh eggs in the breeding season.

We found the island occupied by about one thousand pair of birds. Most of the eggs were placed in little pockets formed by the rock which lay at an angle forming jagged steps up the slopes. There was no appearance of a nest except the accumulation of refuse, which levelled up the rough surface of the rock. We found however over a hundred nests along a shingle beach where a storm had washed up a drift of debris, on top of which the nests were all well built of the materials from the drift. These were dangerously located, however, for the first storm would wash the drift and destroy the nests.

On the other side towards the open lake great ice domes had been formed by the dash of the winter's storms and some of the birds were foolish enough to erect nests upon these ice masses. The warm May sun had melted the ice all around, leaving the nest of twigs and grass on top of a cone of ice two feet high, some of which were already toppling.

In most instances the nests contained three eggs, the ground color of a pale drab to a brownish color, with markings of a violet-gray, mixed with blotches of sepia brown.

The fishermen never destroy the birds but they occasionally land for a few of the eggs, which form an important addition to their food supplies. One old fellow took off his coat, tied the ends of the sleeves with cord and filled up each sleeve with eggs; and to be sure the eggs were fresh took only from nests that had two eggs in them. He then scrambled down the rocks to the boat, much to my surprise, without scrambling the eggs!

It has been found that when one set of eggs are taken the gulls soon begin to lay another set, and if despoiled again this is repeated a third time, the

(Concluded on page 88.)

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THIS spring there has come to the WAYSIDE so many requests for information in regard to the School Branches that we feel it is space well occupied to outline the plan the WAYSIDE would like to see followed.

We would like to see as many school children as possible enrolled in Audubon work. We feel teachers are spending time to advantage when they encourage the formation of School Branches. There is no membership fee except such as the local society may assess upon its own members.

BY THE WAYSIDE furnishes the wren button, which is a badge of membership, at two cents each. BY THE WAYSIDE is the official organ of the Audubon society and each School Branch should subscribe for at least one copy.

The customary officers should be elected, *i. e.* president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer. Weekly meeting could be held to advantage at which the members could discuss their observations on bird life and perhaps arrange frequent excursions. The membership should be encouraged to write out their observations and send to the WAYSIDE for publication. It is the unvarying experience of all teachers who have tried it that there is no subject upon which it is easier to arouse the interest of the children.

See that your school officers provide some bird books for the school library. Perhaps an assessment of five cents a piece would enable the School Branch to buy a book which they needed to identify birds.

And be sure to have the secretary send to the WAYSIDE an account of your organization and your work.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

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Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and, should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Miss Edith Edwards, Appleton, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent a beautiful colored picture of the bird of the month. For the best letter each month we will send the Wayside free for one year. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond or Mr. Moyle.

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For the month of May let us study the Goldfinch, a most beautiful little bird. In the spring instead of going immediately to home building they collect in flocks and enjoy a sociable time for a week or so. Have you noticed any peculiarity in the Goldfinch's flight? Where does he build his nest? in bush or tree or on the ground? When did you first see him this year? Of course, he is not the most wonderful singer but his song is always cheerful.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Biggsville, Ill., April 28, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

We saw some Blackbirds with red wings one night going home from school. They were very black and had some red and a little yellow on the top of the

wing. The female is brownish. This Blackbird likes to build near a stream. It has a clear whistle and has another call in three parts. They sometimes fly with other Blackbirds. I am glad to see them. Spring is here to stay when these Blackbirds come.

Yours truly,
Aged 9. Elizabeth Whiteman.

Cullom, Ill., April 20, '09.

Dear Wayside:

One Saturday night in February it snowed and sleeted awfully hard and in the morning when we woke up every thing was white and the trees and bushes were covered with ice for it had rained Saturday afternoon. The next day my papa went out walking and he went down the west side of town. As he was walking along he saw a Bluejay trying to fly but it could not for its wings were all covered with ice. He picked it up and brought it home in his hand. I put it in a little box under the stove to let its wings dry. When they were dry I picked it up to give it something to eat but it wouldn't eat anything. It got out of my hand some way and began flying around the room. Papa caught it again and let it outside and it flew in the top of a tree near by.

Yours truly,
Aged 10. May Brady.

Elkhart, Wis., April 17, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

One day in April I saw a large flock of Red-winged Blackbirds. They are of a black color and are like soldiers dressed in their black uniforms. They

are of a red and yellow and creamish color on the part of the wings where the wings are fastened to the body. They always come in flocks. They come in spring and tell us that spring is here. They eat worms, beetles, and many other harmful insects. They are very pretty birds. They are found in swamps, little streams of water, and on moist woodlands. Their song is O-ka-lee, O-ka-lee, and some sing Con-quer-ee in clear, ringing tones. It sounds like a flute.

There are quite a few house Wrens around our house. They are very small birds. They have long beaks and are of a grayish color, and a light brown mixed with it. Their food is flies, beetles, and they are some of the best birds known all over America. None of their food is grain nor fruit, and are good birds to have around the house.

About two years ago they used to build nests under our porch. The Sparrows used to build their nests there too. The Sparrow used to come to the House Wren's nests. The House Wrens used to scold. It was interesting to hear them chattering and scold. This year we put up some little bird houses for the little birds and put some little pieces of fat near the little house.

I like to watch them carry twigs and other things with which they build their nests.

It is interesting to watch them catch flies for they are so quick about it.

Since March I saw a flock of slate-colored Juncos, three Bluebirds, a Meadowlark, Robin, Hawk, and a Phoebe.

Yours truly,
Aged 12. Hattie Rothe.

Shiocton, Wis., May 3, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

One Sunday I saw a Robin. She was looking for something to build herself a

nest, and her mate was with her. When they saw me they flew in the tree where their nest was. Then when I was gone a ways they flew to the ground, and ran about the field. They would fly from tree to tree. Then they would fly on the fence and go to their nest in the tree. The Robin's eggs are blue. The breast of the Robin is red and the rest is black. I saw a Red-winged Blackbird. He flew in the tree, then he would fly to the ground, and he was very pretty when he flew. I could see the red and white spots on his wings. He was flying towards the south.

I saw some Peewees. They built a nest in a tree by the river. And when they were gone I went to look in the nest and there was nothing. The Peewees are brown. When they came back to their nests they had something in their bills.

I would not hurt a bird.
Aged 9. Esther Peeky.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Manitowoc, Wis., April 21, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

Our school is about a quarter of a mile from my home. I look for birds when going to school. A river flows near our school. I sometimes take a walk through the marsh along the river to find new birds. The first Red-wing Blackbird I saw this year was flying among the trees. The Red-wing Blackbird is black and has a spot of red on the wing. This bird is found in swampy places. It lays about four eggs. Their enemies are the snakes and the hawks. They build their nests near the ground. The farmer doesn't like these birds in his fields. The bird does no harm to the grain. They eat the insects that harm the grain. The bird collects lots of the Red-wings to go in the field with him. If he went alone the farmer

wouldn't see him so easily. The mother cleans her house the best of all her neighbors.

The birds that I saw this spring are the Flicker, Downy Woodpecker, Blue-jay, Red-wing Blackbird, Meadowlark, Robin, Junco, Seagull, and the Kingfisher.

The Juncos were hopping around the schoolyard to-day. I think they were hunting for food. One day we put some crumbs on the fence post, and the next morning they were gone.

Aged 11.

Eddie Jockimstal.

Cullom, Ill., April 14, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

I am thirteen years old and I am willing to protect the wild birds as they fly from tree to tree. As I was going up town last night I heard a bird singing. I looked up and saw a Robin in a tree by a nest. I stopped to see what it would do. I do not know if the nest was an old one or not but the Robin soon flew away. I have noticed that if you spread crumbs on the ground for them to eat how glad they are to get them and how happy they seem to be.

Last night I got a can and put water in it for them to drink, and I am going to build houses for them so they will stay around.

Nellie Whitaker.

Mishicot, Wis., April 29, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

One morning when I was in the schoolyard, I saw a White-breasted Nuthatch. I was watching it for awhile, and another one came flying along very swiftly. They were not afraid of me, but were picking on the trees and eating insects for their food. In summer when the insects are plentiful it eats thou-

sands of them. Its claws are almost like hooks. He grasps a tight hold in the little rough places in the bark, and that is why he can creep on the trees with his head downward.

I watched the birds closely, and saw that they had a bill that was long and sharp. They had a dress in light blue and white on the back, with a white breast and throat, a black collar and cap, and black on wings and tail. They made a funny noise when they called, something like "quank, quank."

Aged 11.

Ernest Strouf.

Gladstone, Ill., April 28, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

Last week we saw two birds a little smaller than an English Sparrow. They were on a branch of an oak tree. They would hunt for insects on the limbs, then fly out in the air, catch a bug in its bill, and fly back to the same limb. It moves about very quickly. It gives a sharp, quick call several times when it is feeding in a tree. It is a pretty bird. We think it is a Myrtle Warbler. It is a grayish bird with yellow on the head and by the wings, and where the tail joins the body. There is some white near the throat and when it flies you can see some white in its tail. We have seen it nearly every morning for a week.

Aged 12.

Viola McClinton.

Gladstone, Ill., April 28, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

On Friday, April 15, we saw a little grayish brown bird flying about the branches in the hickory trees. It was very small and moved about all the time. It was never still. It has a little sharp bill, and has two bars of white on each wing. Another day one had a lit-

tle dot of red on his head. I could see it when it bent down to look under a branch. I think it hunts for insects all over the branches. It is called the Ruby Crowned Kinglet. I wish they would stay here all the time.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Helen Swedlund.

Gardner, Ill., April, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:

I will tell you about some of the birds I have studied about. Some of the birds I have studied about are the Robin and Bluebird. The Robins and Bluebirds are coming now. The young birds have their breast spotted. They are peculiarly American birds.

The Thrushes and Bobolinks are some other birds. The Thrushes are soft birds. They are insect eaters. They are most valuable. They also eat fruit just like the Robins and Bluebirds. They are very quiet and their backs are yellowish brown with chestnut breasts. The Swallows are here in the middle of this month. When the Swallows come it is the sure sign of summer. Their backs are dark blue and their throats are white or a chestnut color. Their nests are made in the grass.(?) They remain with us until the close of the summer. The Tree Swallows stay here until the end of October. There are six kinds of Swallows. There are the Barn Swallow, the Tree Swallow, the Cliff Swallow, the Bank Swallow, and the Rough-winged Swallow. All the summer long these birds are destroying our insect pests.

The Bobolink wears a remarkable suit of clothes. His head is jet black. He has a large yellowish patch on his back of his neck. His back is streaked with buff whitish over his tail. His travel-

ing suit is of finely striped buff brown and black. He goes to South America in Winter. He feeds on seeds, fruit and insects. He is now called "Robert of Lincoln" or the seed or the rice bird:

Yours truly,

Sadie Edmunds.

The Herring Gull.

(Continued from page 84.)

last eggs being small in size and irregular in color.

The fishermen are careful to disturb them but once and repay them many times over by dumping barrels of fish offal into the bay near their fishing shanties for the gulls to quarrel over. The young are little balls of grayish-white with irregular black spots on the head. Some of the young which we saw later left the nests near the beach, when no larger than squabs, when approached, and swam away, the parents hovering above and directing them with loud cries. In the more rocky places the young hid in crevices or beside fragments which their color closely resembled.

When they are able to fly instead of the beautiful plumage of the adult before mentioned, they start off with a dull brownish ash color. The bill is bluish-black instead of the bright yellow of the adult. By the time they begin to scatter and reach the harbors of the Lower Lakes in the late fall, a majority of the gulls are in the dark plumage, but in the spring, to all appearances, they are as beautiful as their parents, and prepare to raise broods of their own although a few dark ones still appear.

As late as May 10th, I saw over one hundred on the Government Breakwater near the entrance to the Chicago harbor, but none were seen about the river, which they frequented all winter, afterwards, so they were evidently assembling for the departure to the northern breeding places.

FRANK S. DAGGETT.

Oak Park, Ill., April 20, 1906.

By The Wayside

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VOL. XII.

JUNE, 1909.

No. 2

THE WOMAN'S HAT AND THE BIRD.

When will women learn to keep birds off the hats? That the ostrich feather and the coque are the only ones to be worn humanely? What more beautiful trimmings does one want than gold and silver, silk and satin, in myriad forms,

the graceful ostrich plume, and flowers of every color and ilk? Surely women might ought, *must* content themselves without torturing and destroying flying things whose presence is needed to preserve the natural equilibrium. Birds eat insects,

insects eat crops—ergo. What would a birdless world be like?

“Why not be eclectic, choose the good in a fashion, refuse the bad, have the courage of our convictions? Three years ago fashion decreed the hoop skirt but they did *not* come in. Our vanity will not avail us long, for soon the Egrets and the Terns, and a host of our

singing and flying feathered things will be gone, and then we women will *have* to do without them. Why not be dignified, and stop now! Their life is in our hands, in the hands of women.

The Egret feather is cut, with a sec-

“ISN'T THIS SLAUGHTER PERFECTLY TERRIBLE!”



From the Chicago Tribune.

tion of the back, from the mother bird, who is left to die. These wonders of feathery beauty are her wedding dress. That means the miserable death of her whole nest of fledglings, who left without their protector, hunger and shiver till death re-

leases them. Can any woman wear an Egret with this picture of suffering and cruelty hanging around it?

There is a large wealthy firm down town that handles nothing but Egret feathers. They are so precious as to be sold by the ounce. The men who murder and traffic in these are no worse than the women who make the traffic

possible, and to refuse to look at the picture does not lessen the horrible reality, nor the responsibility.

At the custom house I learned that last year's importation of feathers reached to nearly \$2,000,000 (\$1,705,703 to be exact.) The language of the tariff knows no sub-division of dressed feathers. This includes dressed, colored and manufactured and finished birds and feathers (not including ostrich plumes) which are suitable (?) for millinery purposes.

Can our little brothers, the birds, stand this wanton destruction? The scientists say not.

Out of seven hundred hats counted by Mr. Frank Chapman in an afternoon's walk, but twenty birds were recognized, although five hundred and forty-two hats were, if you will, embellished with feathers of some kind. Of the one hundred and fifty-eight remaining seventy-two were worn by young or middle-aged women and eighty-six by those in mourning or elderly. Of the seven hundred hats counted this makes only about ten per cent. without feathers.

When will women realize that the Bird and the Hat should never go together?

What are you going to do about it? Are you going on wearing birds on your hats until you are forced to stop by the birds' extermination, or will you refuse now when you have the power of choice?

—Mrs. Thompson-Seton in *the Outing*.

The Red Bird.

"The Red Bird is here, the Red Bird is here," was the glad cry I heard one morning in early March and I ran out with the other people to listen to a wild

and happy whistle that seemed to be coming from every direction at once and from no place in particular, the atmosphere was full of it. At last the bird was located on a telephone wire and I received my first introduction to a Carninal in its wild state. There he sat in the heart of a great city, fearlessly whistling forth his glad tidings of spring, he sang "Good cheer! Good cheer!"

I had been hearing about him all winter but he had evidently been living where he found good winter board, but now food was more plentiful every place.

You who have seen the Scarlet Tanager when he first lights among the soft greens of our northern spring has some idea of the flash of color. Gene Stratton Portor describes it well in her Song of the Cardinal, "It was as if a pulsing heart of flame passed by when he came winging through the orchard;" this description can be applied to both birds only one is scarlet and the other cardinal.

To me the Cardinal is very much like a small red Blue-jay with his red crest and black beard and frolicksome ways, but there is no comparison in their voices for the Cardinal's is rich and musical with a different song for every day of the week. They nest in vines and low trees, the female doing most of the work while the male sings and dictates and he is what is called "bossy." They are very friendly if well-treated and one spring a beautiful fellow chose the vine over the living-room window. It was his choice and the little wife went to work under protest and he often had to hunt her up and drive her back. When the home was nearly finished, he also concluded it was too public and

consented to move. Soon a pair of Chippies came along and built their nest inside of the deserted one and raised their brood.

One lady told me how she used to catch and tame them for they made such bright and cheerful companions and how she used to send them to friends who lived where there were none, but she could not do it now as there is a law against it. What a blessed law. They love to haunt the grape arbors but they kill enough insects to more than pay for the few grapes they help themselves to and will remain all winter where dried up fruit is left hanging on the vines or where there is a mountain ash tree.

E. S. E.

Winter Birds.

DEAR WAYSIDE:

I find it is the belief of many people that the English Sparrow is the only bird that remains with us all winter. In some places it may be true, but not here in Appleton. For several winters birds have come to my window and porch for suet and peanuts. The winter just past they came in such numbers I fancied the first comers must have left marks as tramps are said to do. First, and most important were the Blue-jays. One would light on the elm tree that grows against the porch, and investigate the window sill for peanuts. If he found them ready for him he would utter a loud cry, as if to notify his friends. If there weren't any, he would give a different call, and repeat it, until someone heard him and put some out. He would wait awhile to see if we went away then would drop from the tree to the porch railing, run along

the railing till under the window.

Suddenly he would light on the window sill, stretch his long neck to see where we were, sieze a nut and be off with it, in a flash. Then the other would come and go through the same performance. They never noticed the suet that hung on the corner post and the side of the window, while the Downy Woodpeckers ate greedily of the suet, but never attempted the nuts. The Nuthatches ate impartially of both, taking the suet for first course, then the nuts, looking at me with their little bright eyes, as if trying to say, thank you. Both the Downy and Nuthatch, after eating all they could hold, would carry pieces to the tree and tuck them under the bark, as if for future use. But the little Brown Creeper always came and ate them. Then there were the Chickadees, many, many Chickadees, who also ate both. They would light on the window sill with a whirr of wings that always attracted my attention, and often a cheery Chick-a-dee, in return for its breakfast. Can you imagine a Chickadee, flying away with a peanut over an inch long in its tiny bill? Both the Chickadee and Nuthatch when frightened, would hastily brush the nut from the window-sill with one wing, taking care to reach the ground as quickly as the nut did, lest some unscrupulous feathered friend, would reach it first. Small flocks of Evening Grosbeaks are frequent visitors in the ravine during the winter, but seldom come up to the house. Some winters the Bohemian Waxwings also come. The Jays and Downys are always with us. One winter there were no Nuthatches and a year ago, n Chickadees.

E. K. E.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year.

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All communications should be sent to Thos. R. Moyle, Appleton, Wis.

THIS has been a very good year for the WAYSIDE. The number of subscribers has increased greatly. The letters have showed much more intelligent interest. The editor wishes to thank the many teachers for their help in interesting their pupils in the work. We are so sure of its importance to the people of school age: There are such stacks of prejudice and ignorance regarding birds that we can't start too early to overcome it. This is also the editor's valedictory. The WAYSIDE will be published in Madison for the next year. Mr. Frederick Brandenburg will be the editor and Mr. Chas. E. Brown of the State Historical Library will assist him. We are sure that the WAYSIDE will be well taken care of by these gentlemen.

Owing to a mistake the Mauston letters were not received in time for publication last month. The Mauston boys and girls nearly always lead in the number of letters to the WAYSIDE.

The Robin and the Credence.

I

It was the blessed Christmas morn,
When for our Solace Christ was born.
The Church was swept and garnished
well;
The pine-boughs made a wholesome
smell,
Then, ere the great bells, far aloof,

Jangled and hummed above the roof,
In silence came the ancient priest,
To bless the house and set the feast.
He carved the bread of wheat-flour fine,
In chalice poured the fragrant wine.
Soon by his spoken word to be
Instinct with deep Divinity.

Then served the credence point-device
To serve the holy mysteries.

But ere the sacred veil he laid,
He humbly knelt and softly prayed.

II

Meanwhile, across his ordered prayer,
Fell tender flutterings through the air.
Like dainty cherubs sailing by
On some light-hearted ministry
A bird incomparably drest
In downy cape and ruby vest;
He perched, and swooped, and shyly
veered,—

The priest across his fingers peered;—
Upon the credence lit and paced,
And found the banquet to his taste.
The food, he thought, that came at call
Was set and consecrate for all.
Who e'er the precinct duly trode,
For me, or any child of God.

He ate, approved, and ate his fill,
Then piped a grace with right-good will.

III

Then creaked the door; the ringers
came,
Came clatterieg child and feeble dame.
To seek, like Anna, long and late,
Her Lord within the Temple gate.
Sir Redbreast saw them; at the view
The thankful sinner upward flew.
There in the rafters pluming sate,
Aloft, secure, inviolate;—
The old priest rising from his knees,
Repaired the tiny ravages.

It pleased him that the sacred feast
Was thus diminished, thus increased;
Though God, he thought, still waits to
bless
The meat with grace and godliness,
Yet 'twas no harm (perchance he erred)
The benediction of a bird!

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The Catbird.

It will be two months before you see another WAYSIDE, so the bird of the month must be one for all summer.

Suppose we take the Catbird. Now I like the Catbird. Of course the call that has earned him his name and with which we are all so familiar is not very musical. But he is very pretty and he can sing. Did you ever hear him soon after he gets here in the spring? The "northern mocking-bird" he is called, and certainly then his song is varied and pleasing.

The catbird nests in shrubbery often not far from our houses. His call note is so unmistakable that I think we may all be able to locate a nest this summer. The eggs are laid about this time.

Then look for the Catbird this sum-

mer and see what you can learn to write about in September.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Elkhart, Wis., May 24, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

Sunday, May 23, when I went to Sunday School I saw a Baltimore Oriole. It is a very pretty bird. Its breast was an orange red; on the wings it was black, and on the head there was a black dot. Its nest is a hanging nest and is made of hair and thread and many other things. It is known as a very skilful bird in building. He is known as a caterpillar destroyer, and worms, bugs and beetles.

On my way home from Sunday School I saw a Goldfinch. It was all of a bright sulphur yellow, and was black on the wings, and a black circular dot on his head. He is a small bird, and sings a very sweet song.

I watched him a little while. Then he turned around and saw me, and away he flew to another bush near the road. As he was flying I noticed that he always went up, then flew a little ways, then down, and so he flies all the time. He likes to be near thistles, wild sunflower, wild lettuce and ragweed. They are very fond of these. They are known as weed destroyers; this bird has few equals and especially of weed seed.

May 24th I saw two others. They were picking on the grass and dandelions.

On our straw stack there is a nest which is made of hair, little threads, and real thin pieces of grass. In the nest are two light green eggs with black dots on them. The bird is a little

smaller than a meadow lark, and is of a grayish brown. I think it is a lark, but am not sure. It is a sweet singer.

There are some Cliff Swallows around the river. The Cliff Swallows always build their nests on the cliff of our sand pit. They would dig holes in the sand, and lay their eggs in them.

Some other birds I saw was a snipe; (it was wading in the water in the swamp), Red-headed Woodpecker, Cowbirds, Common Oriole, House Wren.

Yours truly,
Hattie Rothe.

Mauston, Wis., April 30, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

Yesterday when it snowed and rained so, there were three or four Hermit Thrushes on the School Ground. There were Robins with them and they were looking for worms. Some of the children saw them pulling worms out of the ground.

One morning as I looked out of the window, I saw a Robin pulling at a caterpillar. He would peck at it and pick it up in his bill and then drop it. He at last picked it up and carried it away.

Last night after school Clem Bradley and Kenneth Grubb found a Hermit Thrush in the fresh air chamber. They brought it up in the sixth grade so we could get a good look at it. Then the boys went up town and bought a loaf of bread and fed it to the birds. The first and second grade teachers bought a loaf of bread and fed it to the birds.

Wednesday night after school as I sat by the window a Hermit Thrush flew up to the window by me and then flew down again in the cellar window. But

there was so much snow in the window it flew back in a tree.

To-day there is another flock of Hermit Thrushes on the ball-ground. Mary Johnson put some suet on the ground for them to eat. The description of the Hermit Thrush is as follows: Back, olive brown; reddish color on the tail, beneath white, gray on sides; pure white throat with brown spots; yellowish spots around the eye, rather short tail. This morning one of the trees on the school ground was filled with Hermit Thrushes, Robins, Purple Grackles and Sparrows. There was another flock on the ground and they seemed to be playing cross-tag.

The Purple Grackles are of a blackish purple and their breast is a changeable color.

Yours truly,
Bertha Pierce.

The Franklin Audubon Society gave an interesting literary and musical entertainment on the evening of Arbor Day.

Plymouth, Wis., May 18, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

I am a great lover of birds and I make a list of the birds every year. My father who used to be a teacher of birds, and who still is a great lover of birds, taught me to know them. Although I cannot remember all of them, I try to remember as many as I can. From the beginning of February to May 17 I saw and heard 67 birds.

We had our entertainment on May 7th. It was held in the name of the Audubon Society. We had a debate,

the question being, Resolved, that the Sparrow should be protected. The affirmative was supported by Paul Greibe and Albert Pfeiffer. The negative was supported by Adolph Buscher and I. We did not have any judges so we did not know which side won. Although I did debate against the Sparrow, it is no sign that I do not like the Sparrow. For my sake the Sparrow may live and eat his food in peace.

Many recitations we had on our entertainment were about birds. My father gave a talk on Audubon and the birds. My father was down at New Orleans, the birthplace of Audubon. He went past Audubon Park and a great surprise took place there. He heard a mocking bird sing for the first time in his life.

The songs of the birds outside made us think of having more music in the school, so the proceeds of the entertainment were used for a piano. I will send you a program of the Franklin Audubon Society entertainment.

Yours respectfully,
Aged 10. Cordelia Grether.

Mauston, Wis., April 30, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

One day last summer as I was going through the woods, I heard a funny noise. I looked up, but I couldn't see anything. I went a little farther in the woods and I heard it again. Then I thought I would look around again and see. Pretty soon I heard a fluttering and a low cry; I looked and saw two birds fighting.

I watched them for a minute just to see what they were going to do, and if they got too bad I would drive them apart. I just had to watch them for a second, then I saw all I wanted to. It

was a Butcher-bird and a little Pewee.

Butcher-birds are one of the meanest birds there are. The Butcher-bird took the bird it was fighting with in its claws and flew away. The Butcher-bird had killed the Pewee and was going to take it away and hang it on a thornbush or a barbwire fence.

I went to see what it was going to do with it, and instead of putting it on a fence or bush it went and took it to its nest. Its nest was a dirty-looking nest and it had five little birds in it.

I will describe the Butcher-bird to you. It has a gray back or slate color, and a part of its wing was gray. Its tail was black, and it had a black stripe running from his bill to the back part of its back. Its breast is a lighter gray than the back. Its claws were sharp and quite large. I think most of you have seen this bird, but I don't want to see it do what it did that day.

Your friend,

Lillian Chadwick.

Franklin, Wis., May 27, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

As I was walking into the fields I heard some birds. I looked and saw some Goldfinches. When they saw me they flew away. They did not fly far away, but sat right down again. They sat on some old weeds and ate the seeds. This shows that the Goldfinch eats very many weed seeds. Another time as I was walking along the road I heard a bird sing. It was a small bird and looked very much like a Oriole, only it was much smaller. I could not find out what kind of a bird it was. It also was eating weed seeds. I have also seen some Orioles this summer. They were sitting on a tree and picking. There is

a bird's nest on our porch. It is in some vines. I did not notice it at first but after I saw the nest. I looked in it and saw two little eggs. It is the nest of a Song Sparrow. I have seen very many birds this year, which I did not know, but now know most of them. I take again as much interest in birds this year, as I did other years.

Aged 12.

Yours truly,
Albert Pfeiffer.

Mauston, Wis., April 30, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

We had an awful storm yesterday and the poor birds could not find anything to eat so they had to come around the houses. On the school ground yesterday there were about a hundred Robins and Thrushes among them. The Thrushes were Hermit Thrushes. They had light brown backs, reddish-brown tails, light gray breasts and black spots on their throats. Two boys in the eighth grade got a loaf of bread and gave it to the birds. Robins, Thrushes, Bluebirds and Blackbirds came to eat there.

Yours truly,
Delsie Allen.

Gladstone, Illinois.

Dear Wayside:

There have been five of six Bluebirds in our orchard. Their heads are blue, a very pretty blue. Their backs are too. I saw two on the fence and two in an old apple tree in the school yard. I believe it was looking for a hole for a nest. The Bluebird has a very pretty song.

Aged 9.

Yours truly,
Bessie Weir.

Cullom, Illinois.

Dear Wayside:

One day when I was going to school I had to stop in the store. I went in the back door and I saw some Bluejays. They were making a fierce noise. I picked one up and it flew out of my hands. It flew in a low tree where a Robin's nest was. The Robin had a few young ones and the Bluejay began to eat the little ones and sucked the eggs. I just got in time when the Bluejay had one in its mouth and then I went on to school.

Ethyl Cohn.

Manitowoc, Wis., May 17th, 1909.

Dear Wayside:

Yesterday I saw a Baltimore Oriole. I saw him when I was going to school. I saw him in a poplar tree. I looked at him for a while. I saw he had an orange colored breast and body, and his head and throat were black, and his back was a kind of a bluish color.

All the birds I have seen this spring are Robin, Song Sparrow, English Sparrow, Cedar-bird, Bobolink, Bluebird, Bluejay, Crow, Blackbird, Baltimore Oriole, Yellow Warbler. One morning when I got up I went outside. I saw a Robin; he was singing in a tree near the house. I went into the house, and got some crumbs and threw them below the tree. Then I went into the house, and watched through the window. The Robin flew down and ate some and some he took away. He came every morning and I threw some crumbs out. Sunday I saw a Bobolink, Goldfinch, Yellow Warbler, Redwing Blackbird, and Scarlet Tanager.

Aged 10.

Yours truly,
Henry Meissner.

By The Wayside

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NO. 3

THE PURPLE MARTIN

By ALFRED C. BURRILL, Milwaukee Public Museum

We are fortunate in Wisconsin to have so economically important a bird as the Purple Martin quite common in many parts of the state. How many readers of *By the Wayside* know that it has changed its mode of life from nesting in hollow trees to bird-houses put up by man, so that if people neglect to give them house room, the bird is almost sure to decrease? The people who have discontinued keeping bird houses for them claim that the English sparrows have driven the martins out, and such people would rather take the houses down than give the English sparrows a chance to multiply. Do such people realize that Purple Martins may be colonized if they will not come back of themselves nor set up house-keeping in a region where no martins have been before?

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has called attention (Biological Survey Circular 56) to more active measures to induce colonization. The fact that the martin loves its birthplace so well that it is very conservative about coming back every spring to any other than the home locality, gives trouble to those who would introduce it in a new neighborhood. The Circular says it is suggested to make "the transfer at night

of one or more martin houses, with both parent birds and nestlings, from their old homes to new ones." This experiment was tried in the zoological gardens of Philadelphia in 1889 by Mr. Robert D. Carson, who, by means of a trap house, secured a colony of nine pairs with 32 young from the grounds of Mr. Josiah Hoopes, of West Chester, transporting them the distance of about 20 miles by train at night. When released next morning the old birds deserted the young and returned to West Chester. The temptation of the old home so close by proved too strong even for parental affection. Most of the young, however, were successfully raised by hand feeding, being fed chiefly cockroaches, grasshoppers, crickets, meal worms, and "prepared food." This is a mixture intended for insectivorous birds, and, according to Mr. Carson, was well liked by the nestlings and agreed well with them. It consists of "dried and ground beef heart, maw meal, ground zweiback, boiled and mashed white potatoes, grated raw carrot and grated hard boiled eggs. Probably any similar mixture would answer equally well."

This points the way to the methods others might follow with success in establishing colonies. Perhaps one can

not exchange with his neighbors for fear of desertion, but he can get martins from people at a distance to rear by hand, or if the parents are taken also and are moved to a district far beyond their ordinary flight for food, it would seem that they might be induced to stay by their young. I imagine the 20 miles noted above hardly removed them from the immediate neighborhood of their foraging grounds, and that while the birds naturally fly long distances, a removal beyond a hundred miles would have taken them out of their usual hunting grounds sufficiently to insure the parents staying by their brood.

The other way to attract martins is to set up your box and hope against hope that some pair will come along house-hunting and look favorably on the apartments provided. This was the method of one of my correspondents, Mr. Frederick Wahl of 591 Frederick Ave., Milwaukee. He says, "It took me a number of years even to get a single pair of martins here. Since then they have increased, until I should judge 50 to 100 pairs have raised broods within a mile circuit. I have watched and had the birds for forty years, ever since I was a small boy, wherever I lived." He speaks of four of his neighbors having respectively 7, 8, 12 and 20-room houses, besides many others, all comfortably filled with the birds, he being the pioneer in this locality. "These houses are all within a few blocks of my place, and there are quite a few large colonies that I know of in various portions of the city, proving their popularity. A person on the South Side has a 36-room house, which seemed comfortably filled with martins when I was there last year. A large colony is at Grove and Walker Streets, the accommodations in all the

houses there being for 35 to 50 pairs. A house on a telegraph pole in Juneau Park had about 4 pairs with families in it this July. I had 14 pairs nesting at one time on a building at rear of 59 Oneida St., where I was for about nine years. One year I had 3 pairs nesting in my attic in little boxes, with peep holes in them, and I have watched them nest building, breeding on the eggs, heard the pleased notes when the eggs hatched, and watched the whole feeding process until the young could fly. This lot raised twelve young. The birds seem to have gone for the year, altho yesterday, August 28, a bunch flew through my yard,—to take a last look at their home before their long flight South."

Mr. Wahl, the Director of the Public Museum, gives the usual date of departure for the South as near August 21, but this season was so late in starting that it is no wonder that the young would be longer in getting strong enough to make their long flight southward. In this connection, the bank swallows were more than a week late in starting their nesting at the great colony at Bay View, Milwaukee.

Mr. Wahl further states that in 1908 the martins held an apparent convention in his vicinity. He estimated them to be from 15 to 20,000 birds. At that time "the telegraph and 'phone wires were covered with them for blocks. Some of the young birds got into chimneys, and were found dead, when furnaces and pipes were cleaned later." In an earlier letter of August 7, he estimates for the city "the number of pairs of purple martins at least 300 pairs. There are so many bird houses up in this locality that there are not enough birds to go around. Years ago, the

Purple Martins nested in buildings or dwellings where a board happened to be broken off under the eaves; but now they only nest in bird houses, as the sparrows occupy the old nesting places. And, of course, the young birds nest again in houses similar to those where they were raised," so they do not go back to their older types of haunts.

This is a cheerful report for the increase of martins about Milwaukee, but I note in Kumlien and Hollister's report for the state "Birds of Wisconsin, 1903," that they are not nearly so common as twenty to thirty years ago, due to the nest-stealing of English sparrows. This report states that many young die in the nest each year for some reason unknown, which has been dwelt upon at length in the report of the state ornithologist for Massachusetts. The latter considers that cold rainy turns in the spring weather cause the decrease of swallows, like the martins, more than any other one cause, for a dearth of insect life for more than a day or two in such weather means sure death to the surviving migrants that arrive about the first of April.

In the photograph Mr. Wahl sent me he shows a 26-room house which had 17 pairs this season, each successfully rearing a brood of young. He says "they return every year, the advance guard being generally one bird, followed within a few days by more. All the available birds were accommodated with

nesting places this year, as I saw none flying about unable to find one, there being 9 unoccupied rooms in my bird house. One year I had blue birds, tree swallows; purple martins, and house wrens in separate houses." Dr. Derrnahl (in the 1900 Bulletin of the Wisconsin Natural History Society, p. 190) called attention to the martins as driving out barn and tree swallows but tolerant of sparrows, robins, wrens, orioles, etc., where the birds had different habits. Now, much to my surprise, I saw martins, sparrows, and tree swallows living together in the caves of the Madison Observatory last year. These notes on tolerance and intolerance evidently conflict, so that I would suggest it is worth the while of those so situated to see why the martins tolerate the sparrow and the tree swallow in one place and not in another. Finally, the Audubon Leaflet on the Martin claims the sparrow a great enemy of the martin, but that the martin's greatest decimation comes through the awful slaughter of these birds in the Carolinas. It makes the appeal that the birds should be cared for, if for no other reason, because they are mosquito destroyers. The malarial mosquito occurs in our state; and the presence of martins about the house, will insure greater difficulty for the malarial mosquito to run the gauntlet to get into our houses in their search for human blood.



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A Plea for the Birds

Their Protection Not Merely a Matter of Sentiment But a Business Proposition

My Dear Friend:—Much has been said and written in favor of improving our inland navigation system, of draining the swamps, of irrigating arid lands, of the propagating of fish, of preserving wild game on government reservations, and of planting billions of trees on our hills and mountains that have been denuded of their forest growth. All this is right and proper, but it seems to me as if someone might have added the suggestion that more care and protection should be given our native birds.

How many of us can remember the countless flocks of wild pigeons floating like clouds through the air, and when the call of "Bob White" might be heard on every farm. Now, no one sees the former, or, except in few localities, hears the latter. We do not give the subject sufficient thought. Instead of being a matter of sentiment, it is simply a business proposition. The birds are a benefit to us, and we are injured if they are ruthlessly destroyed.

One man in Monroe County, Pa., writes Professor Surface, State Zoologist, that the damage done to his trees by worms amounts at present to about \$16,000, and the ravages continue.

The Professor sagely observes that the killing of the birds has had a great

deal to do with the destruction of trees. And he further remarks that "about the best thing that owners of trees, afflicted with worms, can do is to allow the birds to hunt out the worms." Again, "Let the woodpeckers, orioles, cuckoos, cat-birds, thrushes and chickadees come around and they will take care of the worms on the trees." The most of our native birds find homes in the South during the winter, but they receive about the same protection there that the monkey gave the parrot, or the parrot gave the monkey, I am not certain which. In my childhood days I heard some one repeat the following lines:

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,

And what will the robin do then, poor thing?

He will sit in the barn to keep himself warm,

And hide his head under his wing, poor thing.

Now it may seem strange, but it is true, that poor Robin Red Breast cannot find a spot in all the sunny Southland where he can hide his head under his wing and be beyond the reach of danger. One small hamlet in central Tennessee sends to market annually 120,000 robins. In Louisiana the robins are commonly killed for home consumption and for marketing, a conservative estimate of the number killed annually being from a quarter of a million in ordinary years, to a million when they are unusually plenty. Now if this ratio of bird destruction is carried on all over the South it is a matter not pleasant to contemplate. But our own people at the North cannot much blame their Southern brethren, as there is but little public sentiment here in favor of birds.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of **BY THE WAYSIDE**

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. F. S. Brandenburg, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent a beautiful colored picture of the bird of the month. For the best letter each month we will send the Wayside free for one year. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond, or Mr. Brandenburg.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Brandenburg.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Chas. E. Brown, State Historical Building, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences Chicago.

Of course, laws are made ostensibly to protect our feathered songsters, as well as our game birds, but laws only restrain, they do not prevent. And this makes it "as clear as the sun shines" that a new generation should be raised of bird lovers and bird protectors.

This can be accomplished very easily and at moderate cost. In one of my visits to a school, as G. A. R. patriotic instructor, I was surprised to see pasted against the walls of the school room the pictures and photographs of nearly a dozen of our best known native birds.

This teacher, Miss Ruth Lewis, had been impressing upon the minds of her scholars for several years that they should love God and keep His commandments; love father and mother, and love flowers and birds. The birds were last but not the least in her affections. She seemed to be so happy in the reflection that not one of her scholars, little or big, would harm a

bird. Then it occurred to me that if one teacher in one school could accomplish so much, why not let other teachers try the same thing in other schools? My plan would be to have leaflets printed representing as many as twenty of our best known birds, each leaflet having the photograph of a bird, together with a statement of its character and habits and its usefulness to man. These leaflets to be distributed either by patriotic instructors, or otherwise in every school in the state. The effect, no doubt, in many instances, would be the same as in the school to which I have referred. The birds, being better protected, would increase in numbers year by year to the great and lasting benefit of all those engaged in gardening or in the business of agriculture.

My Motto:—*Every insect-eating bird has a money value and is a benefit to the commonwealth.*

B. CORNELL,
Soldiers' Home, Vineland, N. J.

The Bird of the Month

Let us make this a "Purple Martin Number" of By the Wayside, and study as much as we can the habits of this useful and ornamental bird. Although the martins have already departed for their winter homes in the South, many of us can recall incidents that occurred while they were here. Write those to the Wayside, as a sequel to Mr. Burrill's interesting article in this number. It would be well also for us to spend some of the cold, stormy days this winter in building modern apartments to be ready for the birds, as they return next April. The cut on the first page of this number gives a fine idea of the way such houses should be constructed.

The Feast of All Birds' Day

All over Northamptonshire, in England, this winter, people gave and are still giving Christmas parties for the birds. Irene Osgood, an English authoress, was the mother of the idea, the carrying out of which was intrusted to an association of young people interested in birds, called the Uncle Dick Society and numbering between 3,000 and 4,000 members. Certain trees, which the birds soon learned to frequent, had affixed to their branches meat bones and cocoanuts cut in two; underneath was placed a shallow dish of water, and strewn around was an abundance of small seeds. The water and the seeds are now replenished daily.

Hundreds and, in some cases, thousands of birds congregate. Starlings and sparrows are particularly aggressive, but there is enough for all. The sight of these beautiful creatures gathering and conversing over the unexpected largess well repays the Society for its trouble.

Here is an idea for the children of Wisconsin and Illinois, and especially the readers of Wayside. How much more fun it is to feed the birds than to slaughter them! And if we must be practical and commercial in all we do, how much better it is for the farmer and for the country to protect insect destroyers than to kill them off!

The Crime of The Butcher Bird

Ornithologists say that Prospect park in Brooklyn is right on the north and south bird route. the Cincinnati Times-Star's New York correspondent says.

Because of that fact—and because it is protected from every one but the lawless Italians—it ordinarily contains a greater variety of bird life than any other similar park in the country, perhaps. Thirty varieties have often been counted there of a morning. It was only the other day that a tragedy of the feathered world was reported. A hermit thrush—rarest of all song birds—had been murdered by the shrike, or butcher bird, and his soft little body impaled upon a thorn. The guardians of the park were ordered to kill the shrike on sight. “We liked him while he confined himself to a diet of English sparrows,” said the superintendent, “but he’s like the other foreigners against whome we contend here; a very little liberty goes to his head.”

He walked on as he spoke. On a little patch of green sward half a dozen European starlings were bobbing about. They had been brought to this country by a rich New Yorker not long ago and placed on his Staten island estate. They look like blackbirds, except that their tails are short and their bills are brilliantly yellow. On a bench by the walk a man sat, leaning forward, watching them. The superintendent spoke to him. “Do you know what they are?” he asked.

“Mein Gott, yes,” said the man, never changing his pose. “In thirty years I haf not seen them—not since the day I ran from mein fader’s house in Germany to seek mein fortune. That day I heard them sing—”

He put his head in his hands and burst into tears.



A Plea for The Purple Martin

I wonder how many readers of "By the Wayside," have a colony of Purple Martins. For the benefit of the younger readers, some of whom may not be acquainted with the Purple Martin, I would say that they belong to the swallow family and are the largest members of that tribe.

The adult males are a shiny-black (purple) color; the adult female and the young of both sexes are grayish brown glossed with steel-blue on upper parts and whitish on the belly. The fact that these birds build their nests and rear their young in houses built for them and erected near our homes, their cheerful ways and their graceful flight, make them interesting and desirable bird-neighbors. The Purple Martin breeds in nearly all temperate North America east of the Rocky Mountains. In Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio they are quite plentiful; and a bird-box, or bird-house, erected for them in this territory would be likely to be occupied. Martins are not particular about the appearance of their houses. Any old box, or a neatly trimmed and painted bird-house, will be equally acceptable. The only thing that they seem to be particular about is the size of the individual nest rooms. You can have as many rooms in your Martin-house as you desire for these birds like to live in colonies; and, with them, it seems "The more the merrier." I well remember when I was building my first Martin-house. I did not know how large to make the rooms. Finally I concluded to make my rooms large enough to give the parent birds plenty of room allowing some for the young birds. In fact, I made them ten by

twelve inches and eight inches high. Result—Not a single pair of Martins nested in that bird-house that season. The next year I had studied the habits of the birds more and, after examining many bird-houses, with which the birds seemed pleased, I remodeled the house of the year before and made sixteen rooms where there had been eight. The Martins patronized this house better; and twelve of the sixteen rooms were occupied.

Make each room six inches square and seven inches high, or five and one-half inches wide and seven inches from front to rear and seven inches high.

The door-way should be one inch from the floor and two and one-quarter inches square or, if you prefer a round door-way, make it two and one-half inches in diameter. You may put a perch just beneath the door-way; make it of board or shingle and three or four inches wide, or you may make a perch of No. 8 or 9 wire. I use this perch on some of my bird-houses and call it the *twentieth century bird-perch*. The Martin seems to like it. It is interesting to see them alight on this wire perch and then give a little jump to the door. After the young are about two weeks old they are fed from the perch by the parent birds. Erect your bird-house on a pole, from twelve to fifteen feet high, in an open place free from tree branches. Have it up by the middle of April, but do not give up getting a pair, or more, of Martins until after the middle of June. If you are not successful this year, try again, and keep on trying until you are rewarded for your efforts. Last year I built a bird-house for each of my two little nieces. One of four rooms, which

had three occupied; the other a six roomed house, which also had three rooms occupied. Now they are both enthusiastic Martin lovers and are going to try to increase their colonies this year. You must keep the sparrows away from your bird-house. *Never neglect an opportunity to destroy these saucy, impudent little scamps.* I wish that every boy or girl who reads this article would try to attract to his home a pair, or more, of these cheerful, sociable, American birds. Write me the results of your experiments with the Purple Martin.

O. A. RENAHAN,
Wawaka, Ind.

Bird Preservation at Seebach

One of the most notable bird sanctuaries in the world is the estate of Baron von Berlepsch in Thuringia. Seebach comprises about 500 acres, of

which 19 acres are park, 60 acres are thickets of poplar and willow for the birds and 400 acres are woodland. Bushes are specially pruned or tied up to make suitable nesting sites; 2,500 carefully designed nesting boxes are put up; food houses and 'food bells' are placed about the grounds; drinking places are provided in spots that are distant from streams; and trees are sprayed with a specially prepared food mixture. As a result of these and other provisions, the home park of 12 or 13 acres contains annually about 500 pairs of nesting birds, while of the 2,000 nesting boxes placed in the woods 90 per cent are occupied each year. All these and many other details are set forth in an admirable treatise entitled 'How to Attract and Protect Wild Birds,' copies of which may be obtained at small cost from the National Association of Audubon Societies.



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NO. 4

BIRD MIGRATION

By EDITH G. MUNGER, Hart, Michigan.

The fall migration of birds for this locality is nearing its close; and soon we will hear no more the voices of our feathered friends. For many weeks past they have been gathering in great flocks by the roadside, in the fields and orchards feasting on the weed seeds and insects, thus fortifying themselves for their long night flights toward the Southland. For twenty years the Biological Survey has had ornithological experts stationed at various points from northern Alaska to southern South America studying the wonderful problem of bird migration; and, though much valuable data has been secured, there are still many curious phenomena for which no explanation has been found. In fact no one has been able to explain why birds migrate at all and certainly not why they travel such immense distances. It is clearly not a question of food for many species move on when their particular kind of food is most abundant. Some scientists claim that ages and ages ago the periodic changes in the food supply were such as to drive the birds north or south to other feeding grounds and that the habit thus formed has been passed down from generation to generation.

A large portion of the migrants choose the night for their traveling and

cover most incredible distances between sunset and sunrise. The Warblers, some of the tiniest of our birds, fly from five to seven hundred miles across the Gulf of Mexico in a single night.

Most of the travelers coming from the far north at this season follow the Atlantic coast to Florida. From there it would seem the sensible thing, to us humans, to go by easy stages to Haiti, Porto Rico and the Lesser Antilles to South America, but the birds are wiser than we and seem to know that the food supply on these small islands would be inadequate to the needs of the hundreds of thousands of their kind that annually wing their way to the sunny southern clime. Therefore a few species only, save those that winter in Porto Rico, travel that way but take their flight instead to the beautiful Jamaica hills from whence they fly straight across the hundreds of miles of ocean waste to Central America.

The Bob-o-link fresh from the Carolinas, where he has been gorging himself in the rice fields, seems so surcharged with energy that great effort is a joy to him; and he often makes the 700 miles from Cuba to South America without a stop.

Some of the shore birds take the most

wonderful migration journeys. For instance, the American Golden Plover hies him 1,000 miles north of the Arctic circle, arriving there in early June. After breeding among the barren rocks and ice-fields he starts south and is back in Labrador in August feeding on the crow-berry or curlew-berry, of which he is very fond. A few weeks later we find him hastening through Nova Scotia to the sea, from whence he takes a bee line for eastern South America, stopping nowhere, unless it may be in Bermuda or the Lesser Antilles in this most wonderful flight of 2,400 miles. When he left Labrador he was plump and round but when he reaches Brazil he is lank and lean indeed and glad to stop and rest and feast a few weeks when he moves on again to Argentine or Patagonia. There he remains until March, when he starts for his northern breeding grounds. This time he chooses a land rather than a water route and travels by way of Central America, Mexico, Texas, the Mississippi Valley and British Columbia. Just think of one small bird making this journey of 8,000 miles by land and sea each year.

Many thousands of land birds are killed each year during migration by being caught in storms while crossing the larger bodies of water. On a Sunday two years ago in May a violent wind and rain storm raged all day and night, here in western Michigan, and on Monday morning the shore of Lake Michigan, for about five miles from Little Point Sauble Light north beyond Juniper Beach was literally strewn with the battered bodies of thousands of Warblers, chiefly Magnolia, and Flycatchers migrating and evidently caught in the storm while crossing from Indiana or Illinois. Of course shore birds being ac-

customed to long ocean flights do not meet with this kind of catastrophe; but all feathered creatures seem prone to destruction by flying against high towers and monuments. It is said to be no unusual thing, any morning during migration, to pick up 100 or more dead birds at the foot of Washington Monument. Thousands of night migrants are killed each season at the various lighthouses along the coasts; especially is this true of stormy nights, when the birds seem to be bewildered by the dazzling light. One curious fact is that all birds avoid a red light, seeming to regard it as a danger signal.

During the night of Sept. 14, 1909, there was quite a gale of wind along the west Michigan coast; and in the morning Keeper Hunter at Little Point Sauble Light picked up about 100 lifeless birds at the base of the tower. Many were too badly mangled to be identified; but about 60 were quite perfect. There proved to be 20 distinct species among them, chiefly Warblers, Vireos and Thrushes. Most of the birds are common in our locality, but there were a few rare ones, notably a White Rumped Sandpiper and the Cape May, Connecticut, Bay-breasted, Yellow-throated, Black-poll and Orange-crowned Warblers.

Now all our merry summer songsters are gone; and we are left alone in the winter of our discontent save for the cheering presence of the jolly Chickadee, the friendly Woodpecker, the tiny Creeper, the still more tiny Kinglet and a few more brave ones whose new warm feather coats seem to make them forget winters chilling blasts. Let us remember that these little creatures are indeed our neighbors and share with them at least our crumbs.

Our Orioles

Often as I look at our orioles, and often as I hear them singing, the lines of Walt Whitman from, "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," come to my mind and I say them over to myself, while these gay-plumaged songsters swing to and fro in their skyward bower in a rhythmic accompaniment. Here are the lines:

"Two together!

Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from
home,

Singing all time, minding no time,
If we two but keep together."

How do I know that these orioles are the same ones that have built on the white oak near the west side of our house, where we can look out at them from a window close for weeks and weeks, year after year? How do you know that Billy is your own horse? and how do you know that Winken is your own pet hunting-dog? and that that gayly-strutting Chanticleer is your own prized cockerel? "By their *marks* ye shall know them." Even the smallest of the wild creatures have distinguishing features, traits and ways, discernible to those who have the blessed gift to know them.

I have a record of this pair of Baltimore orioles for the past five years,—not that we do not have others of this species of bird on our grounds and in our trees, for the Baltimore oriole delights to fly about and sing in hickories and oaks where he finds them and to make his habitation in the tree-tops. But all the members of our family have united in watching and petting and supplying the needs of this one pair. We

have come to watch for their arrival when the warm days of April are at hand. Pretty soon then there will be a flash among the budding branches of the trees of a gorgeous orange-colored frock coat adorned with silky black, and near it, in softer tones, a satiny gown. These are the vestments of our own two orioles bedecked in the colors of his grace, for whom this bird is named, Lord Baltimore. At once they inspect the top branches of the white oak, near where their nest last was, always taking a limb to swing from that turns towards the southeast, at least a little; and, when later they really begin to work in earnest, they fasten the "guy ropes" in the crotch of a twig at the very end of the limb, behind the downy blossoms of the oak, and so concealed by the tassels and the bursting tiny shell-pink, gray-green leaves which follow, that though you know just where the nest is started, you may have to look carefully to find it.

When the birds begin to tug away at the cords around plants in the garden we know that these skilful craftsmen have begun to ply their art. Then we keep bits of cord tied once round the bars of a grape trellis near, not too long, for the birds get them tangled in the branches of the trees as they fly, and thus lose them. As a rule only this pair takes the cord, though some of the others in building do also. These two seem to have learned the place, and find the cord with astonishing quickness directly it is put out. One season I tried putting out bits of yarn or bright colors. They seemed to know it lacked strength and used the white cord (grocer's cord) in preference, taking the yarns only when the stronger was gone, and often not at all. Last year another pair of orioles used

Continued on page 39

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year Single copies 5 cents

All communications should be sent to Frederick S. Brandenburg, Madison, Wis.

Dear Wayside:—

The Michigan Audubon Society desires to call attention to a series of three prizes it offers for children in the state outside of Wayne County, under the age of 18 years. A first prize of \$20.00 will be given for the best essay on the usefulness of song and insectivorous birds. Writers must confirm their statements by actual study of birds and will be expected to state their observations. The second prize of \$15.00 is for the best essay on the protection of birds; writers must show actual experience in bird protection. A third prize of \$15.00 will be

awarded the person showing most activity in attracting and protecting the birdstins. Each and every one of you sees during the winter of 1910-1911.

All essays must be sent to me on or way of bird activities. Those are the things to write to By the Wayside.

Wayne County, in which Detroit is located, is omitted from these prizes because another series has been offered for that county.

JEFFERSON BUTLER,

*Secretary Michigan Audubon Society,
121 West Philadelphia Ave., Detroit,
Michigan.*

Letters

Evidently many of the Wayside readers have been having too much fun all summer to think of writing letters to this paper. If you want to make Wayside a real help to you and to others, I should advise you to write the things you see and read the stories of what others have observed. And more than either of these, ask all the questions you want answered. We are always glad to help you out with any perplexing problem of bird life, if we can. In this number of Wayside there are two very good letters—one on wild ducklings and one on many things of interest each week in the things to write to By the Wayside.



SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of **BY THE WAYSIDE**

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. F. S. Brandenburg, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent a beautiful colored picture of the bird of the month. For the best letter each month we will send the Wayside free for one year. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond, or Mr. Brandenburg.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Brandenburg.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Chas. E. Brown, State Historical Building, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy, of Sciences Chicago.

The Bob White

It is getting colder now; and the birds we have come to know so well during the summer are beating a hasty retreat southward. But we have some score of faithful ones that stay with us the year round. Added to this number there are a few who leave us in summer but visit us in the winter. Of these the shore lark, snowflake, Lapland, longspur, junco and cedar waxwing are examples. The last two species go a little further south than the home of By the Wayside. But they stay late into the winter and return early in the spring.

Among the birds that stay here in Wisconsin all year are the crow, blue-jay, brown creeper, chickadee, white-breasted nuthatch, golden-crowned king-

let, prairie horned lark, downy woodpecker, hairy woodpecker, tree sparrow, screech owl, bob white, northern shrike and a number of others—mostly hawks and owls. I never count the English sparrow in any bird list. I want the Wayside readers to keep their eyes open all winter and observe all the traits and habits of any and all of the above mentioned birds. It is easier to watch them in the winter, for several reasons. The trees are bare of leaves; and the fewer birds we have, the easier it is to pay heed to each one.

One of the most interesting of these winter birds is the "Bob White." The worst of it is, he is good to eat. And though this bird is protected by law in many states, each year many hundreds of them are killed. Each of you



can help in the cause of bird protection by discouraging this lawless shooting and by feeding the quail when the snow is too deep, making it impossible for them to forage for themselves.

Have you ever walked through the woods in the middle of winter and suddenly come upon a myriad of tiny marks in the snow? The tracks of a bevy of quail makes the snow look almost like a delicate lace curtain. You follow the little foot prints for a short distance—then a “whir-r-r”! And almost from under your feet the chubby bob whites spring into the air. By feeding them and protecting them it is easy to cultivate their friendship. If you have a flock near your home, they will be a constant source of pleasure. Their shrill call, “Bob-White,” resounds from early morning to dusk. Write what you know of this bird. Or, if you are not well acquainted with him, tell us your experiences with any of our winter residents.

My Experience with Martins.

In all the articles on the purple martin, that I have read, I have not run across one article which states that the martins are common in Minnesota. They may not be in all parts but are quite common in my vicinity, nearly every farm house having its martin box. I have worked and have been rewarded for my efforts by establishing a colony of martins. When the first house was built I thought I ought to give them plenty of room. Therefore I made the rooms about one foot square and ten inches high. That year I had no martins, and thought it was on account of the rough way in which the house was constructed.

The second year my father made a house—and I am sure he did his best—all to no account. It was made as the

first in giving them plenty of room but was much more beautiful in structure, having cornices, porches and beautifully shaped windows; but it did not serve the purpose—much to my disappointment. The third year I constructed another, which contained six rooms, the floor rooms measuring about four by five inches; the attic rooms were considerably larger. As a result I had two pairs, both nesting in the attic rooms. So, by watching carefully, I decided that the floor rooms were too small. The fourth year, that being 1910, I built another, making the rooms six by six by eight inches. The house seemed to suit the birds better, as seven out of the ten rooms were occupied. The first bird to arrive was a male, about the fifteenth of April, which seemed to be well satisfied with the house. It returned in a short time with a mate. Nesting began about the middle of May; and the birds were busy in the earlier part of the day carrying material to build their nest, which consisted of straw, rags, paper, and a large quantity of mud. Soon more martins arrived; but the first seemed to drive the newcomers away for some unknown reason. In a short time he became peaceable and was soon but one of the seven lords of the house. One pair (the male being an immature bird) claimed all the rooms on one side of the house, building two nests on the first floor, and one on the second. But finally they decided to take up their abode on the second floor. I may ask the question here about house wrens destroying the eggs of the martins. One day while I was watching the birds I noticed a house wren entering the martin house. It soon began destroying the eggs; but the female martin returned and drove the enemy away. The eggs were replaced for the nest later contained young. When the parent birds returned with a mouthful of in-

sects, they were always met at the door by four hungry youngsters. The food given the young is often composed of dragon flies and mosquitoes. By August first, the young had all flown and could be seen perched on telegraph wires while being fed by the fond parents. I have often noticed a young bird flying to meet the parent bird and taking its food in the air. By August twentieth the martins began to assemble for the flight southward. After September fifth no great number was seen, although, on September twelfth I saw a small flock leisurely flying southward. I expect to have a larger colony next year and would be glad to hear from any readers of "By the Wayside" about their experiences with martins.

From a young martin lover,

HARRY B. LOGAN, JR.,

Royalton, Minn.

Morrison Co.

Continued from page 35

much of our cord to build their nest on adjoining grounds, not too far off to sing for us, and to come and eat my suet. Our female oriole builds most of the nest. First she fastens strong cord, sometimes horsehairs, firmly over the twigs. This she does with her bill, pushing and pulling it over and under and out. Then she weaves the rest of the nest in the same manner, getting down into it and pressing her breast out against its walls to shape it, while the ever-watchful male sits not far off and keeps guard, darting every now and then quickly off to chase away some inquisitive or marauding larger or quarrelsome bird. He keeps up this constant watchfulness during the three long, weary weeks of incubation, singing between whiles, but *always* pouring forth his melody from some other tree, such apparently is his caution.

For some reason, this summer these two looked the white oak over as usual, but decided not to build in it. Instead, they selected a similar location on a Carolina poplar just north of the oak, and standing not more than ten feet from the steps of our rear porch. On account of the snowstorm and hard freezing in April, this year, the blossoms on the oaks did not reappear after they were frozen, so the oak trees were bare for some time after till the nipped leaf buds recovered, while the poplar, having shed its catkins before the storm came, the more readily leaved out; hence the change of place of residence of our pair, perhaps.

Soon after the mother oriole had settled down to her serious duty, one morning about four o'clock I was awakened by the most jubilant matin song, and I heard it every morning afterwards till the birds were hatched, and many times during the day. "Pip, pip, pip-e-e! Co-pip'-ip-e! Co-pip'-ip-e!" he would sing, over and over again. Occasionally, till the end of August, I would hear him, sometimes from a distance, and the young birds taking it up in a twittering sort of way.

The efforts of the young orioles to sing are very interesting, and sometimes very amusing. Their voices are wavering and weak. They get off the key and cannot strike the right note, but they keep on trying just the same,—else how would they ever learn? The summer of 1901, in this region, was the driest and hottest for many years. During the warmest day of that season about a dozen young orioles that had grown up in our neighborhood gathered among the foliage of a large half-trailing red-and-yellow honeysuckle which drooped its protecting vines close to the grass in front of a large east window of our home. They fluttered around, in and

out of it all the long July day, sometimes picking up a stray morsel to eat, and sometimes trying their husky, young voices a little.

Some of the members of the bird department of the Feld Museum, it seems, had for some time held the opinion that, taking a strip of country running north and south from Wisconsin into Illinois, through our region here in Ogle county, the birds were a little different in size and coloring from those in the contiguous territory. So a bright, earnest young man, connected with the department, was sent out to investigate. This enthusiastic young naturalist, having relatives in our region, combined the work with a summer outing. With his friends he made us a visit, and, with much delight I showed him the nest of our orioles, as well as the nests of seven other birds,—the rose-breasted grosbeak, robin, catbird, orchard oriole, bluejay, brown thrush, and a song sparrow still on her nest among a bower of vines by an old stump. After ten days of thorough examination of the strip of country, the young examiner decided there was no difference. This was three summers ago. Last winter this capable young naturalist, in his brave, fine manhood, went prematurely into the Great Beyond. It was Mr. John Farwell Ferry!

REBECCA H. KAUFFMAN,
Oregon, Illinois.

September 26, 1910.

Wisconsin Prize Letter

Mauston, Wis.,
Oct. 1, 1910.

Dear Wayside:—

Last June while some men were burning brush in a clearing near Brown's

Valley, Minnesota, they came across a wild duck's nest and eggs. The nest was in their way and to save the eggs, they took them home and put them under a setting hen. After the eggs hatched several of the ducks disappeared and, in order to save the two that remained, they gave them to my cousin to take to her nieces, who lived on a farm near Mauston, Wisconsin. It was a very hot day when they started for Wisconsin, so my cousin wrapped up a piece of ice in a cloth and put it in their traveling box. When she got to Minneapolis the ducks seemed to be chilled so she and a friend that was with her each took a duck and held and coddled them until they were warm enough to put back in the box. The little travelers interested the passengers in their car; and many asked their history. They were finally landed on the farm where their new owners took possession of them.

When the children thought the ducks were tired of being shut up they let them out and on hot days they put them in the large windmill tank where the stock drink. It was amusing to see the ducks dive and paddle about. They were fond of angle worms and, when the children fed them, they would stretch out their necks and reach for the worm; or, if it was dropped in the water, they would dive after it. The ducks were brown and tan in color and, while small, were very soft and fuzzy. They had long black bills and little black legs. Their feet were webbed. The smallest duck finally died or was killed by the cat or dog and only one is left.

Yours very truly,
GERTRUDE MCNOWN,
Mauston, Wis.

Age 12 years.

By The Wayside

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NOVEMBER, 1910

NO. 5

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

L. C. PARDEF, M. D., Chicago.

While watching a mother robin feeding her spotted-breast youngster on the lawn in front of my house this summer, I noticed the newly fledged one, which was quite as large as its mother, pick something up from the ground and hold it in its bill. The old one was watching too and apparently did not approve of such forwardness in one of her children, for hopping quickly toward her big baby, she took whatever it had in its bill away from it and at the same time gave it a hard peck on the head, as much as to say, "you stop eating things which you know nothing about, or you will be made ill and get a whipping beside." So, I thought, even baby birds put impossible things in their mouths the same as human babies, and their mothers have to teach them better in order to save them from doing themselves harm. I did not hear the mother robin say "naughty, naughty" and hold up her finger, but no doubt she did so in bird language and sign manual. At any rate the young one did not try to help itself again while I was watching. This incident made me think that perhaps birds really did teach their young ones the proper food to eat, not only by bringing it to them but by taking

away from them things that might be hurtful if they should chance, as this one did, to pick them up by themselves. One seldom hears of wild things eating food that does them harm, but that they sometimes do the following account seems to prove.

Throughout the Southern states and especially in the far south and southwest, there grows a handsome shade tree with which those living north of "Mason and Dixon's Line" are for the most part unfamiliar. This tree is known by a number of names but is usually called the "Chinaberry Tree", as it is supposed to have been brought to this country originally from China or the far East, or the "Umbrella Tree", as it grows in the shape of an open umbrella. In the spring it is covered with most fragrant flowers of a purplish hue which resembles lilac blossoms, and in the Autumn there appear in their place large white, or yellowish-white berries that hang in drupes not unlike those of our familiar choke-cherries. These berries are let severely alone by all the birds that live all the year around where they are found. In fact nothing eats them and as they are useless to man, they hang on their stems all winter and are

black and shriveled when spring comes again and they fall to the ground. A year or so ago, one December day when the leaves had all fallen and left the berries on the Chinaberry tress at the army post of San Antonio, Texas, very conspicuous, a flock of northern robins arrived on their migrating tour. They were very hungry after their long flight; and the berries looked very tempting to them. They knew that cherries in the north, even when they are still white and unripe, are good food for robins; and as they had in all probability never seen Chinaberries, they proceeded to make a hearty meal of them. At the first nibble they must have known that they were not eating cherries, but as the taste was not a disagreeable one they kept on eating for some time. When they had had enough however and tried to fly away, they found much to their surprise and consternation, that they were unable to do so, and first one and then another of the poor little fellows fell to the ground helpless. They did not drop as if they had been shot, but came down quite quietly and after struggling about for a few moments turned over on their backs and stuck their little feet straight up in the air. Their eyes were half closed and they looked as if they were drugged or drunk, and this was really what had happened to them. Fortunately for them, all of the birds that come to the government reservation are protected, and more fortunate still, the wife of one of the officers at the Post was a bird lover; and soon as she saw the plight of the silly robins she knew what they had been doing and set about gathering them up out of harm's way. In this task she was ably aided by her little fox terrier which she had

taught to retrieve. This dog's name was Tramp, and Tramp hunted all over the lawn and among the leaves for fallen robins. He found more than twenty of them, all together, and brought them in one by one to his mistress without hurting them in the least. As he brought them in, they were put into a large market basket which had been lined with soft cloth, and taken into the house. There they lay all night, alive but in a sort of a stupor and unable to move. In the morning they began to wake up and show signs of life, but they kept quiet for some time as if they were afraid to trust themselves, and I have no doubt but that they all had bad headaches and were very sorry for what they had done. As soon as they could fly they were taken out of doors once more and allowed to go free. One by one they flew slowly away, and it was noticeable that they kept well away from the Chinaberry trees. After a while they seemed to have completely recovered their usual spirits and were apparently none the worse for their experience. Whether or not they had any bad after effects from their indiscretion, of course I do not know, but I am pretty sure that those particular robins never again ate of the fruit of that forbidden tree.

The botanists call the Chinaberry trees by a very long and unpronounceable name which is very easily forgotten; and the chemists have made of its bark a bad tasting medicine which if taken in large doses by human beings, gives them much the same symptoms as the poor robins seemed to have. It is also known that many berries, if left hanging on the tree for some time after they are ripe, will ferment and form alcohol, so that perhaps the robins

were only drunk and not poisoned. In any event, it is just as well when one is where these trees grow, to sit under their fine shade and enjoy the perfume of their fragrant blossoms, but to let the fruit alone even if one is hungry. And, if I knew bird language, I would trans-

late this story and send a copy to every spotted-breast robin that is at this moment hopping about my lawn, so that they might be warned in time and stick to angleworms and cherries as the best food for them to eat.

OUR BROWN THRUSHES

By REBBECA H. KAUFFMAN, Oregon, Illinois

For the past four years, during the time of summer birds in our part of Northern Illinois, a pair of brown thrushes has made the grounds about our home,—and that part of the grounds which is near to the house—their own abiding place, seeming to feel quite as much at home as if the premises were theirs. Almost unconsciously some fine morning in early spring I hear a familiar sound, and from the top of a tall hickory or the crown of a big oak issues the striking and beautiful song of the brown thrush, announcing the arrival of our own particular pair of summer residents.

The brown thrush loves low bushes and hedges, loves to flit in and out of a leafy screen near the ground, even though the male bird takes so high a station to pour forth the sweet notes that ripple from his musical throat. In an early day, the pioneers in this region edged their fields with rows of osage orange. Frequently these hedges were left untrimmed and grew to a height of eight or ten feet; and all sorts of wild plants, vines and shrubs found a friendly lodging place along these rows. The birds and many other wild creatures loved their shelter. It was while first driving along the highways

roundabout here, now many years ago, that I made the acquaintance of the brown thrushes,—I do not like to call them *thrashers*. The name is too common for these attractive birds.

These thrushes were very numerous then and lived and nested in the osage orange hedges. As we would drive along and disturb them, they would fly ahead of us, keeping close to their pre-empted section, stopping occasionally to rest a bit, then finally dropping behind. These bird coverts are mostly gone now from the farm tracts, and in lieu of them if any bird and nature lover has a hedge and leafy shelter about his or her home, the owners are sure to have the brown thrushes take the premises in fee simple. In return for their unasked consent they will be entertained by song and an intimate knowledge of all the family life of these most attractive members of the thrush kin. To emphasize this, seemingly, as I write, sitting by the north window of our dining room overlooking the hickory tree fifteen feet away, upon which I keep my suet box for feeding birds in winter, and under which I keep a kettle of fresh water for the birds all the year, the mother bird of our pair of brown

Continued to page 46

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The Bird Library

A book that should be included in the collection of every bird lover is one by Gilbert H. Trafton entitled, "Methods of Attracting Birds." It is written from two view-points, that of the birds and that of the human beings—for the protection of the former and the pleasure of the latter. It comprises the experiences of many persons throughout the country and is amply illustrated. There are photographs of artificial nesting places of all kinds—rich and poor, large and small. One cut shows a martin hotel which accommodates five thousand birds; and on the same page another illustration is that of a house wren that has appropriated a punctured tomato can and set up housekeeping in bungalow style. Houses of rough boards, of clay or made from kegs and barrels are described and pictured. No matter what species of birds one has about his home, in this book he will learn how to cater to the tastes of his little friend. Owls, bob whites and even ducks—the most timid of the feathered race—have been found to take up their abodes in nesting places prepared by man.

In schools where bird houses are being made, Mr. Trafton's book may well be used as a text. And to all who are interested in making their homes the centers of thriving bird colonies, it is indispensable. The book may be ob-

tained of the Houghton, Mifflin Company, price, \$1.25 net.

A City Bird Reserve

Mrs. Mary M. Emery of Cincinnati has recently purchased a track of woodland in the residence section of that city, which she has placed in charge of Professor H. M. Benedict of the University of Cincinnati, to be held as a city bird reserve. It is to be surrounded by a cat-proof fence and supplied with food and water. In this way an effort is being made to bring the native birds back to the city. We people who live in cities surely realize at what great disadvantage we are in studying birds. Most of us are unable to purchase a tract for a bird reserve, yet each one of us could easily make his home a perfect bird paradise by building nesting houses for the wrens, martins and swallows and by putting out pans of water and morsels of food. Especially will such kindness be appreciated in the winter months when the birds find food foraging a difficult proposition.

Bird Day In France

France is following in the footsteps of this country now in the matter of establishing an "arbor and bird day." That is one of the semi-holidays that every Wisconsin school child looks forward to with great anticipation. It would be far better for the birds if we had such a day once a month instead of but once a year.

The happy birds that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives
From land to land:

Tennyson.

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The Tree Climbers

Of the many members of the woodpecker family only a few leave us in the winter. The sapsucker goes south, of course, as his chief source of diet is underground in this part of the country now. The flicker and the "red head" are occasionally seen here all winter long—but only on rare occasions. The others—the hairy and downy woodpeckers, the brown creeper and the nut-hatch remain with us the year 'round. Their food is not sap, but insects, which they seek under the tree bark. Any one of these little fellows makes a fit source of study for this month. Feed them nuts or bits of bread. A little change in their menu will be very welcome.

New Bird Law In New York

The Shea Plumage Bill passed by the New York legislature was signed by Governor Hughes on May 7, 1910. The new law does not take effect until July 1, 1911, in order to give dealers a chance to dispose of stock. It prohibits sale or possession of the plumage of all birds of the same family as those found within the state, except game birds and birds not protected. Ostriches and birds of paradise are specifically excepted from the operation of the law. The passage of the bill was strongly opposed by the millinery trade. Under its terms the sale or possession of aigrettes, humming birds, gulls, terns, and numerous other birds that have been extensively used for hat decoration will be illegal. As New York City is the chief distributing point for imported plumage the effect of the bill will be far-reaching if it remains unmodified.

No longer now the wing'd habitants,
That in the woods their sweet lives sing
away,

Flee from the form of man; but gather
round,

And preen their sunny feathers on the
hands

Which little children stretch in friendly
sport,

Towards these dreadless partners of
their play.

* * * * * happiness

And science dawn, though late, upon the
earth.

—Shelley.

Land Birds In Mid-Ocean

A newspaper of recent date published an interesting report from an ocean liner. When many days out from land a flock of more than a dozen birds, including one owl, and several wrens, thrushes and chaffinches, alighted on the steamer, Caledonia, while on her way to Boston from Manchester and Liverpool. The birds were exhausted after their long flight from shore; and all but two chaffinches died in a short time.

Our Brown Thrushes

Continued from page 43

thrushes has come and taken her weekend bath, preparing herself religiously for the Sabbath Day tomorrow.

This season our thrushes had constant bad luck; and it was not till the first of July that they had their nest permanently made close to the ball on the top of a post in our enclosing fence, which is covered high and thick by a dense growth of Virginia creeper. But, alas! ill luck still followed them! Our "kitty cat" (for we love cats as well as birds at our home, but we keep Mistress Pussy strictly, but *humanely*, confined during the summer,—but as Kipling says, that is another story) well, Kitty got out one night about the time the nest was completed, and of course, found and destroyed their work. Nothing daunted, they immediately set to work and built again very quickly, not far from the same spot, but this time screened by a lilac hedge and a wild grapevine. Two brown-speckled eggs were laid, and a cowbird unsuccessfully tried to add a third. Only one fledgeling rewarded the hopes of the parent birds, one of the eggs still remaining undisturbed in the nest.

Two years ago these two brown thrushes built in our currant bushes. Nearby was a tangle of elderberry bushes and a box-elder tree, with its branches low to the ground. One morning early in June I went close to the nest to see how the young were getting along. I found one little bird, just ready to fly, sitting on the rim of the nest, and the startled mother bird on a lower branch of the box-elder tree as I stood quietly there by the currants I heard the parent thrush crooning to it in a soft, sweet way, flitting restlessly the while about on the limb, a warning which, while it was still fresh in my mind I wrote down. Does not Lowell tell us, "He sings to the wide world, and *she* to her nest!"

The following lines are what I seemed to hear, the "tsh-ip" being a sharp, quick call:

Tsh—ip'! keep still, dearie!

Danger's near, danger's near!

Tsh—ip'! keep still, dearie,

Whe—el—l—er—whe—el—er—r!

Tsh—ip'! stir not, bonnie!

Leaves hide you, never fear!

Tsh—ip'! we two are here,

Whe—el—l—er—whe—el—er—r!

Tsh—ip'! fly up, birdie!

Foe's away, far from here!

Tsh—ip'! safe now, birdie,

Whe—el—l—er—whe—el—er—r!

Whe—el—er—r—r—r—l—r!

September 17, 1910.

On two occasions chickadees have flown down and perched upon my hand. During the few seconds they remain there I became rigid with the emotion of this novel experience. It was a mark of confidence which seemed to initiate me into the ranks of woodland dwellers.

—Chapman.

The Snapshot Sportsman

By WILLIAM WILSON

With the year fully ripened to autumn;
 Clothed in beauty not half understood;
 With winter caressing the twilight
 Now tingles the sporting man's blood.
 Alone with Nature—delightful companion—
 For wild Nature is never morose—
 am stalking the forests primeval
 Snapshotting "His Majesty" Moose.
 Ne'er a wave is disturbed on the waters
 As I row to where wild birds abound.
 Alarmed the flock scatters to cover
 With the speed and freedom of
 sound.
 With Camera—my ready companion—
 Now I shoot at the birds in their
 flight,
 and swifter than sounds in the passing
 Have captured the beautiful sight.
 Not a victim shall tarnish my pleasure;
 Not a bird shall repine for its mate.
 The spoils at the banquet shall only
 Be spread on a photograph plate.

As well suppose the trees without
 leaves as the summer air without
 swallows. Ever since of old times
 the Greeks went round from house to
 house in spring singing the swallow
 song, these birds have been looked upon
 as the friends of man, and almost as
 the very givers of the sunshine * * *
 the beautiful swallows, be tender with
 them, for they symbol all that is best in
 nature and all that is best in our hearts.

—Jeffries.

Bird Destruction in the Pacific

In January the revenue cutter *Thetis*
 arrested 23 Japanese plume hunters on
 Laysan and Lisiansky islands, in the
 Hawaiian Bird Reservation, and seized
 259,000 wings, mainly of albatrosses,
 and a large amount of other plumage.
 The prisoners were brought to Hono-
 lulu, where they were tried, convicted,
 and sentenced to a brief imprisonment.
 The mildness of the punishment was
 due to recognition of the fact that the
 Japanese arrested were only subordi-
 nates. Proceedings were at once insti-
 tuted against their employer. The com-
 mander of the *Thetis* estimated the
 total slaughter at 300,000 birds. The
 work had been in steady progress since
 last April. It will be remembered that
 the albatrosses of Laysan were the birds
 whose interesting dance was photo-
 graphed and described by Walter K.
 Fisher.

A light broke in upon my soul—
 It was the carol of a bird—
 It ceased—and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard.
 —Byron.

Many haps fall in the field,
 Seldom seen by wishful eyes;
 But all her shows did Nature yield,
 To please and win this pilgrim wise.
 He saw the partridge drum in the
 woods;
 He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;
 He found the tawny thrushes broods;
 And the shy hawk did wait for him;
 What others did at distance hear,
 And guessed within the thickest's gloom,
 Was shown to this philosopher,
 And at his bidding seemed to come.

—Emerson.

The Mary Dutcher Memorial Fund.

During the absence of Mr. William Dutcher in Europe to attend the Fifth International Ornithological Congress, a committee was organized with Mr. W. W. Grant, of New York, as chairman, to consider some means of showing in a substantial manner esteem and appreciation of Mr. Dutcher's unremitting work for more than a quarter of a century on behalf of bird protection. The testimonial decided on was a fund to be known as the Mary Dutcher Memorial Fund, in honor of Mr. Dutcher's daughter, who, previous to her death, had been deeply interested in his work. On July 14 an informal luncheon was tendered Mr. Dutcher at the City Lunch Club in New York, at which there were present several officers of the National Association of Audubon Societies, the American Museum of Natural History, the Camp-Fire Club of America, the New York Zoological Society, and the members of the committee in charge of the testimonial. The fund, amounting already to nearly \$7,000, was presented to Mr. Dutcher, who was completely surprised and greatly appreciative of both the recognition of his services and the form in which it was expressed.

Imprisonment for Blinding Birds.

A Camberwell (England) man, who according to his own confession had been in the business for twenty years, has been sent to prison for three months for blinding chaffinches to make them sing more sweetly. An ordinary wild chaffinch is worth twopence or threepence, but when it has been blinded its value is increased to two shillings, as the bird, being thus made oblivious to

its surroundings, will devote the whole of its attention to singing. The blinding is done by inserting an ordinary needle—not red hot, as is generally thought—into the eye, paralyzing the optic nerve. The eyes of a bird thus blinded do not lose any of their brightness.

Bird Poaching on Laysan Island.

Word was recently received of the arrival of another Japanese vessel at Laysan Island, which, in ignorance of the arrest of the Japanese left on the island and the seizure of the plumage they had secured, was sent to take a cargo of plumage and leave another set of men on the island. Instructions were at once cabled to the revenue cutter *Thetis*, which did the patrol work last January, and which was lying at Honolulu, ordering immediate departure for Laysan to protect the birds. It is too early yet to receive information of the result of this second visit of the cutter.

Result of Destruction of Rooks in Ireland.

In the county of Aberdeenshire, Ireland, the farmers have killed many rooks, and, as a consequence, the leather-jacket grub, which is eaten by rooks, has ravaged whole fields of oats.

A bird came down the walk,
He didn't know I saw;
He bit an angleworm in halves,
And ate the fellow, raw.
And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

—Emily Dickinson.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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VOL. XII.

DECEMBER, 1910

NO. 6

WAR AND PEACE

L. C. PARDEF, M. D., Chicago.

In one of his most attractive stories of birds, Mr. John Burroughs says of them, "the homing instinct in birds and animals is one of their most remarkable traits; their strong attachments and their skill in finding their way back when removed to a distance. It seems at times as of they possessed some extra sense—the home sense—which operates unerringly."

For five years past a pair of phoebe birds have had their home and reared their young in nests which they have built at the top of one or the other of the pillars on either the front or back porch at the country home of a neighbor of mine. Every Spring they came arriving at nearly the same day of the month each time, and after a very short inspection of the premises to note, no doubt, if things were as they had left them, and to decide whether they preferred a west or an east outlook for their summer home, and a few short flights afield to locate building material, they would settle down to housekeeping cares and duties. Every year they were watched with interest by everyone about the place, and everything was done to make them feel at ease. The son of the house, a little fellow much interested in bird lore, even

went to the trouble of digging a fine lot of angleworms which he placed on the porch rail nearby where they could see them, but of course as the phoebes live on winged prey, they did not notice the well meant effort to help them. As the summer days grew warmer and the time came to screen in the porches against the plague of flies that arrives with the "dog days," orders were given to be sure that all of the fledglings had left the nest before anything was done that might frighten them or their parents.

For two years all went well and the phoebes were looked upon as part of the household, but the third spring there came trouble in the shape of that most "impossible" member of the bird family, the English sparrow. The phoebes had come as usual and had begun the foundations of a new nest on the site of their last year's one on the back porch, that had been taken down after they had left the previous Autumn. Things were progressing in good shape, when suddenly there appeared a pair of newly mated sparrows who decided that that was the very place which they wanted for their own untidy bunch of hay which they call a nest.

Naturally the phoebes objected and

there were some very wordy disputes regarding the matter. Every time the sparrows came they were driven off and the phoebes went on with their building. When they went away however for fresh material, one or the other, and sometimes both of the sparrows would come and tear down as much of the nest as was possible before the larger but more peaceable birds could return and defend their own. For a few days it seemed as if the phoebes would win out, but as soon as the little ragamuffins of sparrows found that they were being worsted, they did as all curs do, they went for their "gang," and one morning one of the servants came running in saying that the birds were having a "terrible fight" on the back porch. Everybody hurried to see what was going on, and sure enough, war was declared in earnest. The sparrows had gathered their forces to the number of five or six, and while some of them held the phoebes at bay, the others attacked the nest and it was soon lying on the floor of the porch in bits. And such a screaming as they kept up! It was a regular common street row such as might take place in the slums of some great city. All day long it kept up, and of course at last the poor phoebes were beaten and everyone thought that that would be the end of their efforts at nesting in that place for the year at any rate. But no, they simply waited until the next day when they began another nest on the front porch. This was hardly started when the sparrows were at them again and drove them off. This time they did not fight so hard but shifted their field of operations back to their former site once more, only to be mobbed a third time by

the horde of little feathered pirates. Surely they would be discouraged this time, it was thought, but again and yet again they persisted in their efforts to maintain their homes against the invaders. On the morning of the fifth day, when they seemed about to give up, human help appeared, and women with brooms and a boy with stones, chased every sparrow as far as they could, even at the risk of frightening the phoebes at the same time.

The latter seemed to understand however that the weapons and missiles were not meant for them, and when the enemy was thoroughly frightened, and had fled shrieking to the bushes across the road they once more took courage and started afresh. This time they succeeded in completing their nest and rearing their young ones in peace and quiet which they had so well earned.

This all happened three years ago, and although there are always plenty of sparrows about the place all the time, never again have they attempted to break up the phoebes home, and this spring for the sixth time the peaceful little couple, or another exactly like them, in their suits of Quaker gray and their plaintive calls in the early morning, are busy feeding a very promising brood, and every one is hoping that they will be ready to leave the nest before "fly-time" arrives and the screen must go up on the back porch.



Feeding Birds in Winter

Why would not this text taken from "The Proverbs of Solomon the Son of David, King of Israel,"—"She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet"—be a good one to keep constantly in our thoughts as winter approaches, and make a practical application of it without delay? My mother used to sing to us children when the first flakes of snow began to fly in the air, that the "old woman was up in the sky picking her geese," a simple little song, commonly known in those days. This was the first stanza of it:

"The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then?
Poor thing! poor thing!
'Twill fly in the barn,
To keep itself warm,
And hide its head under its wing!
Poor thing! poor thing!"

Mothers have such a wonderful opportunity to influence their children, and the influence is radiated and absorbed almost unconsciously. Teachers have a like opportunity, possibly more directly. If all the mothers (though not by any means leaving out the fathers, for they do not all have a mania to shoot a wild creature the instant they set eyes upon it, or procure a hunter's license as soon as the time limit has expired), if all the mothers and those who have young people under their care, would teach them to care for the birds and other wild creatures, how much suffering would be spared! Perhaps the easiest thing to do, and very often that which can be done without so much effort, or without going so far from home, is to feed the birds,

to feed them and give them water; and to shelter them, too, in many cases. Barns and other buildings can be left open, or arranged in some way that will suggest itself to the owners, or a little bird-shed can be built for the purpose of feeding them. The magazine number of the "Outlook" for August, contains the very interesting article about "English Song Birds," by Theodore Roosevelt. There is also a most valuable article, with beautiful and practical illustrations, on "The Conservation of the Birds," by Omar H. Sample. This article tells and shows how to make several different food houses for birds, which any one with just simple tools can build.

My manner of feeding the birds is a very easily-made contrivance, and has proved most successful and entertaining for a number of years. On our grounds north of one of our dining room windows, and in plain sight to us as we sit at our meals daily, stands a large shag-bark hickory tree, about fifteen feet from the house. Upon this tree about eight feet from the ground, we have nailed a stout pine arm, and upon this arm, which has a limb, as it happens, back of it where the birds like to tarry, has been nailed a broad pine board upon which is placed a box which I call my suet-box for feeding birds. This box is about 10x6, and four inches deep, and it is also nailed fast to the arm through the board. The lid is sawed out, leaving only a rim all around its outer edge. It can be made instead, of narrow pieces of wood. The lid is fastened to the box with strips of leather made into hinges, and the front has a leather strip having a slip cut in it which is drawn over a

Continued to page 54

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

To the Subscribers of "By the Wayside"

As you know, this magazine is the official organ of the Wisconsin Audubon Society. It has been thought best to transfer the business end of its publication to the General Secretary and Treasurer and the editing of the paper has been taken up by the new editor, Miss Schnackenberg. Please address *all* communications and *all* subscriptions to Roland E. Kremers, Secretary and Treasurer, Wisconsin Audubon Society, 1720 Vilas Street, Madison, Wis.

Christmas Feast for the Birds

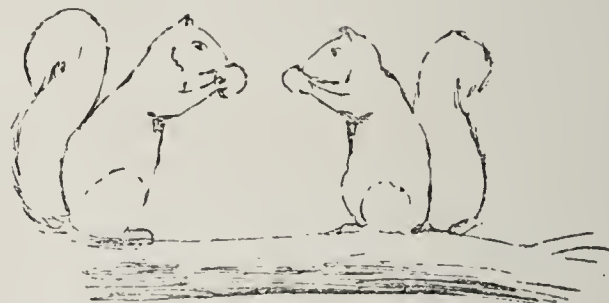
At the suggestion of Irene Osgood, an English novelist, the "Uncle Dick Society" of England, numbering between three or four thousand young people, made a point of seeing that all the birds were fed on Christmas day. The plan was well carried out; and meat bones, lumps of fat, bread crumbs and cocoa-nuts cut in two were hung in prominent places. Water in shallow basins was put out to give drinking and bathing places for the songsters. Why do the young people of this country forget the birds on Christmas day, when each of us ought to be doing something for others. Many people give ribbons to the pet dog or cat and lumps of sugar to the pony and

horse. But, I warrant, few give a single thought to the birds outside in the cold. Let us see if we can't make the little feathered creatures feel that it is a day of rejoicing when the twenty-fifth of this month arrives. They will do their share by adding music to the program of the day.

217 Langdon St.,
Madison., Wis.,
Nov. 30, 1910.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

Every noon when I come home from school there are always four squirrels which are waiting to be fed. One noon there was only one squirrel to greet me. I looked around but could not find the others. I fed this one and he went away. Soon he came again with an eager-looking face. I wondered what was the matter, so I followed him and found his mate lying on the ground as



if it were hurt. I picked it up, brought it home and took it in the house. When my father came home I asked him if he would make a bird house for it and he said, "Yes." When father finished it I put the squirrel in and put in some straw and cracked nuts. The next day I went out to see if it was all right and it was. Ever since then he has been my pet and I think he likes me because he is so affectionate.

Yours truly,
MARY PARKINSON.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent a beautiful colored picture of the bird of the month. For the best letter each month we will send the Wayside free for one year. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond, or Mr. Kremers.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewritten lecture may be rented from Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas Street, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Tree Sparrow

There is probably no bird which is so abundant and so uniformly distributed over Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan as is the tree sparrow. I want each and every one of you to look for it during the next month and then to write me the result of your observations. Look it up first in your bird books and find out what is the color of its crown and the distinguishing mark on the breast. I will give you this hint: Look for it among any and all brush heaps or in dense undergrowth. You may not be able to find it in the northern part of the state.

Wisconsin Prize Letter

Nov. 30, 1910.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

Last summer a robin built a nest in

our poplar tree. It had four eggs in it and soon came four little birds. One night there was a terrible rain storm. In the morning I found that a little robin had fallen from its nest and that it was almost dead. I took it in the house; and, after the storm had passed, I put it back into the nest. Before I did this, I put a piece of red string on the robin's foot. I watched the bird all summer, for I could tell it by the red string. Every time I came outside with some crumbs it would come and eat them. It did not seem to be at all afraid of me.

Yours truly,

CLARA MACHLIS.

538 W. Mifflin St.,

Madison, Wis.,

Nov. 30, 1910.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

Every year after Christmas we put out our tree for the birds. It always has bits of tallow, sweets, tin-foil, and many pieces of brightly colored strings on it. We tie on it crusts and other eatables. Our tree is quickly relieved of its burden by many cheerful little birds. We like them very much, and keep the tree loaded all winter. It always stands near a pigeon-house; and we often see the pigeons, as well as other birds. One cold morning last winter I saw a robin among the other birds. He was very thin and weak. The next day I saw him again but that was the last time. This year we are going to follow the usual custom.

Truly yours,

Age 12.

ANNA GEBHARDT.

Continued from Page 51.

small staple in the front of the box to hold it shut. Around the edges of the lid are driven small brads or tacks about a half inch apart. Across the lid from side to side, both ways, are stretched cords. I save the pieces of string with which the parcels from the grocery are tied on a spool in a handy place in the kitchen. In this box I keep suet, trimmings from the steak, and suet purchased from the meat shop. In winter-time I buy about two pounds of suet in ten days.

My bird family is pretty large, and sometimes pretty hungry. The birds eat the suet between bars made by the crossed cords. Some of them, especially the woodpecker, picked out such a dainty bit at a time. The jays, however, (for all the birds of every sort are welcome to eat at my feast, even the crow and the despised English sparrow, which usually though contents itself with the food on the ground), are greedy feeders, and carry off good-sized pieces of the suet, if the cords become broken, and bury them in the leaves. Every evening, in the winter, just before dark, I put out their supplies for the following day, adding more during the day if needed.

The most uncommon visitor at the suet box was in the early autumn two years ago. We were sitting quietly, in the first twilight, on the steps of our rear porch, when an object dropped suddenly on a hickory tree near us, then made another drop to the suet-box tree, and to our astonishment, alighted on the suet-box and began to eat. At first sight it seemed a bat on the tree above us, but a clearer view showed it too large, and we saw it was a flying squirrel. The next night

at about the same time, and from the same direction, it came again, and got its supper. We did not see it afterwards. All that year the flying squirrels were very numerous in the empty wooden exhibit building on the Fair grounds adjoining our grounds, making themselves perfectly at home among the open beams and rafters. Indeed so much had they the "freedom" of the place that the trusty old bachelor German caretaker complained in a good-natured way that they ran over the roof of his little house in the night, waking him from his sound sleep that he had to get up and rap on the side of the wall to scare them off. Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts has recently in an article about the flying squirrel very happily called these little aeronauts *aeroplanes*.

In addition to the suet in the box, I put all sorts of food on the ground, saving all the crumbs and pieces of bread cake, etc., and all kinds of left-overs for this purpose. I put nuts for the squirrels; corn for the rabbits and birds; grains, breakfast-foods, seeds, berries, other fruits, anything and everything. And I keep suet in the box, and food and water on the ground all the summer. We find all the birds that come to our near neighborhood, winter or summer, visit us. Such a concourse of gay, happy wild beings! And we have only to look out of our windows and see them

REBECCA H. KAUFFMAN,
Oregon, Illinois.

October, 1910.



Illinois Prize Letter

Emerson School,
Maywood, Illinois,
November 30, 1910.

TO THE WAYSIDE:—

I have heard that there is to be a crusade against the sparrows this year. Isn't that a beautiful, humane thing to do?

The little sparrows, after all the other birds have deserted us for warmer countries, remain with us to be a cheerful spot on the lifeless landscape. Their plumage is not particularly gay, nor is their song beautiful; but when there is nothing else for us to see from our windows except gray sky and white ground, what is more cheerful than a dozen or two little sparrows alight on the ground around a few crumbs of food and hear them chatter to one another as they eat? When the Lord created things He did not say to man, "Now, I have created birds and animals. If you think I have not given a certain bird the right kind of plumage or a song that is as beautiful as you would like, you may kill it. If you do not approve of the way I have created things, you may destroy my work."

! He said that we might use what we wanted, and kill, *for food*. When we murder (there is no other name for killing sparrows by the thousands and hundreds of thousands do we use them for food? Our excuse is that there are "too many of them." If God did not want so many sparrows He would change their number *in His own way*.

Suppose that there should be "too many" human babies. Would we murder them in great numbers? God created life in sparrows just as much as He created the life in humans; and it

is wrong for us to take life when there is no *reason* for it; we may have thousands of *excuses* and not one *reason*.

We seem to think that the Creator does not know enough to manage His own affairs. I think that as the Lord has managed the universe for so many thousands of years, we ought to accept the fact that He knows just how many sparrows He wants and how fast He wants them to multiply.

Another excuse of ours is that "the sparrows eat too much." Just think for a moment how much food you throw away. That crust of bread which some one has left, would be a fine meal for a dozen of the poor hungry little fellows.

I think that of all God's creation, humans are the most selfish and begrudging. We have comfortable homes to live in and our larders are full of food, yet we are willing—even anxious—to take thousands of innocent little lives, rather than feed the sparrows with the crumbs from our tables.

The Son said that not one sparrow falls to the ground but the Father takes heed of it.

Life is life, no matter what body it is in—large or small. To take life is murder. Murder is crime. It is murder to kill a sparrow just as much as it is to kill a human.

Shame! Shame on the human race if we have fallen so low that we have no more respect for the Father's creations than to so thoughtlessly destroy them.

Don't! Don't, in the name of the All-Merciful, depart so far from Him and His teachings. Can you conjure up a picture of the Christ preparing a dish of grain mixed with poison, setting it out of doors in the reach of harmless little birds, and then smiling to see their

soft little bodies torn by poison and see them fall lifeless to the ground, killed by His hand. "No," you say, "it is impossible. He would not do such a thing." Yet we are supposed to be following in His steps, and calmly do that which would make the tears start to His eyes, and make His tender, warm heart ache.

We were created by the same hand which created the sparrows, so spare them for His sake.

FAVA M. KLUG.

Age 14 years.

BY THE WAYSIDE FOR CHRISTMAS

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Colored Bird Plate Free
with December Number.
Send it to your friends.

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Among the special features for 1911 (Vol. XIII) will be colored plates of our Sparrows, by Fuertes, with migration tables by Cooke and notes on their identification by Chapman, a series of illustrated papers on "Birds of my Garden," by Mabel Osgood Wright, a new department for teachers and students, edited by Alice Hall Walter, and Teachers' Leaflets with colored plates by Sawyer.

\$1.00 a year; for Christmas, five subscriptions for \$4.00, three subscriptions for \$2.50.

BIRD-LORE, Harrisburg, Pa.

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VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1911

NO. 7

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST

One of the memories of my early excursions is that of the time I learned to know the Ruby-throated Humming bird. I met the bright little fellow perched on the topmost branch of a thicket. There he was, resplendent in the early morning sun, so near that I hardly dared to breathe for fear that I might scare him away. But he scarcely noticed me; he was enraptured by the beautiful spring morning with which he blended so harmoniously. He kept turning his head from side to side as if to drink in the landscape, bathed in the mellow sunshine. But suddenly he seemed to remember that he must be up and doing, for he darted away, I know not whither. And when he was gone, I stood in wonder; it was as if I had dreamt.

I learned to know the Swamp Sparrow and the Fox Sparrow which play hide and seek among the rushes and the brush piles, and about the same time I made the acquaintance of the Towhee, Cheewink, or Ground Robin, whichever you choose to call him. I met him where he is usually found and at his usual occupation; he was busily scratching among the leaves and mold of a thicket. He is a most industrious worker. He makes the "dirt fly" in

a way that would do justice to a full-grown chicken that is many times his size. Sometimes this gives a clue as to his whereabouts; for it the leaves are dry the energetic upheaval to which they are subjected, produces an intermittent rustle which can be heard a hundred feet or more if the locality be quiet.

It was about 9:30 in the morning of a winter day that I was standing at a certain street corner, waiting for two friends who were to accompany me for that day's tramp when I became aware that somebody was near. I turned around: There stood a middle-aged man who had been evidently studying me.

I said nothing until he asked me, "Are you a soldier?" "No". I replied. "But you look like one." he persisted. "Still I am not one," I smiling returned, "I am merely out for a days tramp." That day I came upon a flock of Prairie Horned Larks. A hundred or more had gathered in a bit of prairie like land. A light snow had fallen over the manure that had been dumped there. The Larks were busily engaged in burrowing down to the manure to secure the grain that was scattered through it. If we startled

them, they would take wing only to return immediately. We watched these creatures for a long while with keen interest, but it began to snow so hard that we could not use our glasses, so we went our way. Yet the spirits of the birds seemed not in the least depressed by the sudden change in the weather for we heard them for quite a while after we left them.

But one can pursue the study of birds on water as well as on land. I have paddled close to shore and have watched the Spotted Sandpiper and the Killdeer as they fed on the mudflats. I have watched the Great Blue Heron and the American Bittern as they fished along the shore. I have seen the Loon plow the water like a bomb-shell as he came to rest on the lake. I have paddled around a point of rushes and rudely disturbed the frolics of the Teal that were playing on the mudflat just beyond. But one day I drew my boat up on shore and sat in the stern, awaiting developments. I had not waited long when a few Rails came cautiously to the edge of the water. A long-billed Marsh Wren showed himself among the rushes. Over the marsh there hundreds of swallows and swifts, pursuing their erratic course through the air and gorging themselves on insects. One beetle was winging his ponderous way a few feet over my head. Suddenly a Barn Swallow dashed into view. There was a sharp almost metallic snap, then she glided by. The beetle had disappeared.

A Naturalist learns to appreciate other things than birds on his rambles. Late one afternoon in May, I paddled across Lake Wingra. The surface of the lake, which had been ruffled in the early afternoon, was now a placid

mirror. The sun fast disappearing behind the hills in the west, cast a mellow light over the trees newly leafed out; and the woods on the shore threw their shadows far out over the water. In the distance the city lay in peace, the houses already beginning to be obscured in the fast gathering dusk, while the dome of Main Hall was resplendent in a flood of golden light. Here a fish splashed, there a squadron of ducks was drifting about seeking moorings for the night. Only the sound of the Swamp Sparrow singing his last evening song and the musical gurgling of the water on the bow broke the silence.

Another incident connected with Lake Wingra will always stand out clearly in my mind. Shortly after dinner one Sunday, a friend and I set out to take a tramp around the lake. The wind was blowing from the West and large masses of black clouds were floating ominously across the sky. We had not gone two blocks before the first of a series of snowflurries struck us. And when we were not in the midst of one ourselves we could see others as they swept across the lake. But it would not be long before the sun was shining as brightly as ever. The tramp proved a pretty dull one except as the monotony was partly relieved by the changes in the weather. Towards sundown the snowflurries of the early afternoon changed to rain. And as we neared the Verona road the sky began to show alarming symptoms of a fast brewing storm. We climbed a steep ascent and came abruptly out on the road. There, square in our way stood a Game-warden. As soon as he saw us, he burst into laughter but he soon controlled his

mirth and explained: "The laugh is on me, boys. Some fellows telephoned in that there were men duck-hunting across the lake. So I came out here and when I saw you cutting across the marsh thought I would head you off. Well it's all right boys, so good-bye." So saying he mounted his wheel and rode back to the city. We hurried homeward, but the storm soon overtook us and when I, somewhat, impatiently, urged my friend to go faster he replied good naturedly from behind his umbrella, "Cheer up, it is all for the cause of Science."

A Migration

CLARA BATES, Traverse City Mich.

I count as one of the events of my life having been called as an earwitness of a spring migration. It was a bright starlight night, the second week in May. (Spring comes slowly in northern Michigan.) I was up very late for some reason, and it was well past midnight when I stepped to the door for a lung-bath of sweet spring air before going to my room. Suddenly the strangest feeling came over me, of mystery and awe, for out of the star-strewn dark the spaces were filled with song,—the birds were coming north again.

Yes, it was one of the great spring migrations, and thousands and thousands of birds were passing swiftly overhead. First a long, whistling call came from the north; then a sweet answer sounded from another direction; then a liquid note directly overhead, and a faint, far whistle from a distant flock. It seemed like a rainstorm of sound falling entrancingly from the starlit sky, and I listened for a long,

long time, finally falling to sleep to that strange spring lullaby.

And in the morning spring and the birds were here. There was a flash of fire as the scarlet tanager flitted from bough to bough, and a gleam of gold where the goldfinch swung and sang. The cedar hedge was full of warblers, the blackthroated, blue, orange-throated, the myrtle, the yellow; while the black and white creepers, like tiny woodpeckers, slipped busily among the tall locusts intent on food. The redstart preened himself, careless of whom might see. The towhee scratched like a fussy chicken under the oaks. The beautiful rosebreasted grosbeak surveyed me leisurely from a nearby tree, and the kingbird claimed his rightful supremacy of the sky. A flock of winter residents, the purple finches sang entrancingly their rushing, gurgling, plaintive song. The white throated sparrows called "Sow wheat! Sow wheat!" from every tree on the lawn. The robins, and juncos seemed glad to welcome their little brothers of the air, and a sweet medley of sound announced that spring had really come.

Bird Life in the North

Some of the readers of Wayside would probably like to know if the bird life in the extreme north of the United States is much different than in their locality. In some ways it is. Here on Lake Superior we do not have Bob White, at least I have never seen him, the snow is too deep in the winter. But the ruffed grouse or partridge is abundant, and seems to thrive well in the northern forest, for it is a bird of the

Continued to page 62

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except
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All communications should be sent to Roland E.
Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS:—

It pains me to have to call to your attention a matter of considerable importance to the welfare of "BY THE WAYSIDE." Examination of the catalogue shows that a large number of subscribers have fallen behind in paying their subscriptions. Please attend to this matter promptly if you desire to receive "BY THE WAYSIDE," as all who are in arrears will be dropped from the mailing list next month.

Respectfully,

ROLAND E. KREMERS,

Treasurer.

Memories

Bird's songs have around them thrown
An atmosphere not all their own,
But like the favorite scented flower
Recall anew the by-gone hour.
Awakening memories, O God!
The lonely paths that I have trod.

There is to be made a very determined effort to pass a "spring shooting" bill through our legislature this winter. It will be necessary that everybody help prevent this most abominable step from being a success. Use every honorable means to convince your Assemblyman and Senator that the interests of this commonwealth require the continuation of the present laws, not a reversion to the murderous butchery of former days.

Winter Friends

O winter is a dreary time,
When all is ice and snow;
The robins and the orioles
To summer regions go,
The bluebirds and the bobolinks
Their way to Southland wing,
And all the feather minstrels say,
"Good-bye, good-bye till spring!"
But there remain three faithful friends,
Less musical, I know,
Yet staunch and true—the staring owl,
The bluejay and the crow.

The bluejay is a saucy bird,
But oh, I love to hear,
When skies are bleak with snow and
sleet,

His strident voice so queer;
And when I see him darting down
To snatch the crumbs I throw,
It seems as though a bit of sky
Had dropped upon the snow—
A bit of bright blue summer sky,
A sight that brings good cheer,
When Boreas whistles on the moor,
And frozen is the mere.

The crow is quite unprincipled—
Or so the farmers say—
But he is such a merry chap,
Blithe, debonair, and gay.
In winter's gloom he is, I trow,
The very life of things,—
The soul of mirth set free to roam
On jet-black shining wings;
And when I grieve to hear no more
The robin's roundelay,
In clear staccato comes "Caw, caw!"
From out the woodland way.

Among the pines the staring owl,
In meditation wise
Sits moodily the whole day long
With winking, blinking eyes,

(Continued to page 63)

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent a beautiful colored picture of the bird of the month. For the best letter each month we will send "Winter Picnics" by Ruth Marshall. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond, or Mr. Kremers.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas Street, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Bohemian Waxwing

The other day I saw for the first time this winter the Bohemian waxwing, which suggested to me that they would be a fit subject for study this month. As the Bohemian waxwing does not go much farther south than northern Illinois, I am going to include the Cedar waxwing. On first glance the birds appear very similar. The Bohemian waxwing is the larger; also its *under tail coverts* are *rufous chestnut*, while those of the Cedar waxwing are *white*.

Keep your eyes open for these two especially, but also be on the look out for other winter visitants. The northern shrike, the evening grosbeak, the crossbills, the longspurs and snowflakes and other northern species form for me at least a most interesting field for study.

Michigan Prize Letter

Traverse City, Mich., Dec. 10, 1910.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I heard from a friend that you had not received for several months a letter from Michigan and I sat right down to write one.

I think that I can tell you some interesting facts about birds.

The sparrow is an every-day bird and is with us throughout the year. If you should put out feed for them during the winter weather you would most generally find them there at the same hour the next day waiting for you to give them another meal. They tease the robin a great deal and many times have I seen the two birds quarreling.

The robin is an every-day bird also of which I am quite familiar, but they only stay with us through the summer. I think they have the prettiest eggs of any bird that I know of. They are so little and have such a pretty shade of blue on them. The robin appreciates the thread, cotton, bread and meal thrown out to him and after he is done he resumes his work with a merry chirp.

Today I noticed a nuthatch. It seemed merry and gay. It was chirping away as if it were midsummer. And I wondered as I watched him if he had had enough to eat and I hurried into the house to get a bit for him, but when I returned to the spot the little fellow was gone.

The red-headed woodpecker is another bird which I am real familiar with. I know of a woodpecker and his family that have lived in a tall tree that has been deprived of its limbs for at least

eight or ten years. Every time we would pass the place on our way back and forth from the farm we would always look for our friend the woodpecker, and it was seldom that he was not in sight. I know of another family of woodpeckers that lived in a stump down at my Aunt Julia's. The stump was cut down last spring and you ought to have seen the disappointment of those woodpeckers when they came there and found that their favorite home had been taken away. They stayed around the place for nearly a day. And you could hear them chirping and screaming as if they felt that they could not bear to leave that place where they had made their home for so many years. One day while driving to the farm I noticed a young red-headed woodpecker flying rapidly towards us. It was in a direct line with the telephone wire and a moment later it struck the wire and fluttered feebly to the ground. I jumped out of the rig and picked it up. It screamed and pecked at my hands and I gave it a toss into the air and it flew off.

A kingfisher is a funny bird. One day while out fishing I caught one of the smallest trout I ever saw. I threw it back into the stream and turned around to rebait my hook. When to my surprise I heard a loud splash behind me and glancing around I perceived a kingfisher rise from the water with, I believe, the same fish that I had thrown back into the water a few moments before.

Kingfisher makes me think of kingbird and kingbird makes me think of crows. The kingbird hardly ever sights a crow but what it chases after it. I saw a kingbird chase a crow until it

tired him so that he had to drop and the kingbird just more than gave it to him. He pulled the feathers out in bunches.

Another time I witnessed a fight between a crow and a hawk. I thought that the hawk would get the better of the crow because I always regarded the crow as a lazy fellow.

But to my surprise the crow was quicker than the hawk and it made its thrusts like lightning. My, how the feathers did fly! They looked like a lot of snowflakes. At last the hawk had to retreat and the crow flew off, evidently much satisfied with the outcome of the battle.

I have seen an eagle once. And then it was high in the sky. But you could see quite a good-sized fish in his curved bill. He went over us like a streak of lightning, you might say. There was a whir of the wings and he was gone.

A sea gull is a pretty bird and they have very powerful wings. Many times have I watched them while down at the beach.

I have quite a bit more to tell you but I think that I will leave that for my next letter. I fear I have gotten this letter too long already.

My name is Harold Sherman, age 12, and address is—

426 State St.,
Traverse City, Mich.

Continued from Page 59.

timber exclusively; and do you know what it uses for a house? It is the spruce and balsam with their broad base and rich evergreen boughs laden with snow in winter, the branches droop and form a cavity at the stump and during

severe storms the grouse is as comfortable as if in a barn. In the night time it also hides under the thick branches. There it is not seen by owls.

Chickadee also take shelter in this northern bird-house and stays with us the year round. The slate junco nests here in summer and is the last bird to leave in autumn, or rather it does not leave until winter comes to stay. The tree sparrow makes a short call as it passes from its northern home. But the red poll, pine siskin, snow flake, cross bill, pine grosbeak, hairy woodpecker and the blue jay stay with us through the winter. All these leave in the spring and go farther north except the blue jay and hairy woodpecker, which are local residents. I have never seen any evidence of our local winter birds ever in want of food or ever suffer from the cold. They feed on the seeds of the cedar and white birch and insects which lie under the bark or are concealed in the buds. The snowflake feeds similar to the city sparrow on waste grain dropped in the road or other places.

After severe storms which sometimes last three days, I have expected to find frozen birds and have watched frequently in winter, but I have never found any so I am confident that the evergreen trees, white birch and mountain ash furnish an abundant supply of food. If you love birds, plant trees that feed and protect them.

One morning in summer as I was watching a white throat sparrow singing in a tree, a crow flew along, the sparrow quickly hid in a balsam, but as the crow cawed, the sparrow came out and lit in the same place and sang again. This led me to believe the white throat first took the crow for a hawk and also that

crows here do not molest small birds as they are said to do in some places. But the butcher bird, from what I have seen, is a deadly enemy to all small birds and should never be allowed to nest in any locality, and if possible, shot on every occasion.

I am sorry the Christmas tree custom is denuding some parts of the country of evergreen trees. The spruce, balsam and cedar should be planted in all waste places to take the places of those which are cut for Christmas.

JOHN WATKINS,
Calumet, Mich.

(Continued from page 60)

But when the sun sinks in the west,
Against the big round moon
He spreads his wings the while he sings
His weird and solemn tune.
A strange, mysterious bird is he,
And with him Romance flies
On picturesque and silent wing
Across the winter skies.

So grieve no more for summer friends,
They'll sure come back again;
Three feathered friends, tried, staunch,
and true,

Still loyally remain
To give the landscape life and cheer—
A funny trio they,
Whose strident voices make us smile
This dreary winter's day.

Scorn not their songs unmusical—
In winter's voice they sing,
As through the storms and howling
gales

They roam on valiant wing—
The saucy jay whose roundelay
Is "To-roo! loo-roo! loo!"
And that queer pair who hoarsely cry,
"Caw, caw!" "To-whit! to-who!"

—Louella C. Poole.

The Song Sparrow

CLARA BATES, Traverse City Mich.

To most people the word sparrow means only our little immigrant, the English sparrow. In the United States we have over eighty distinct varieties, and in Michigan alone twenty-five varieties.

In the early spring, when the alders and willows are beginning to turn a misty pink and gold, when the snow has receded from the warm hillsides, and the arbutus buds are just beginning to swell, you will be awakened some morning by an outburst of song. So clear, so sweet, so penetrating, so pulsing with life and joy, that it seems the Hope of Spring incarnate.

Many a time I have had friends come to me and implore me to, "Hurry, for there is a rare new bird, with the most marvelous song!" How disappointed they often were when I called it a sparrow, not realizing that some of the sweetest singers are found among this family.

The earliest-of-all singer is the song sparrow. And rightly is he named. You will know him by his streaked vest, and the big "black diamond" he wears in his shirt front. He has a funny fashion of raising the feathers on his head, so that they appear as a crest, and one of his distinguishing characteristics is the way in which he constantly jerks his tail. He builds his nest in low bushes and vines, and is a fearless, friendly little chap, coming boldly into town. They nest every year in my garden, usually choosing the bittersweet vine on the tool shed, or the wild clematis that clambers over a dividing fence, but last spring they chose the woodbine over a window on the house. Wise Mr. Song Sparrow spent most of his time in a huge snow-

ball bush nearby, flitting constantly about, and singing defiantly at all the cats in the neighborhood, who camped under the spreading, tapering boughs, too slender for them to climb. Meanwhile his little mate brooded her eggs in safety, and slipped unseen to and from the nest, raising a splendid brood of potential singers.

Bird students declare that the song sparrow is the most individual in his singing of any bird, and even a superficial study will convince you that that is so. There are several song sparrows that nest in the block where my home is situated, and I never have the slightest difficulty in telling which one is singing. They all have the same song, but the tonal quality, the shading of expression, the way in which the song is treated, varies with each bird. Summer before last a song sparrow nested in my yard, whose song commenced exactly like that of a towhee. I spoke to another bird student about it, and he reminded me that the young birds are taught to sing, and suggested as an explanation that this bird when young might have been in close proximity with a towhee's nest. The same bird returned last summer, but nested further down the street. I knew it instantly, from its song.

What we might call the theme of the song consists of three long notes and a rich trill. But each bird adds grace notes to suit its individual preference. My mother used to translate the song as "Sweet, sweet, sweet, as ever it may be!" And that indeed seems to be the very spirit of the song sparrow,—hope incarnate,—telling us that life is sweet, sweet, sweet, as ever it may be when we rise on wings of thought into the fresher, purer life above the world of mundane things.

By The Wayside

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THE CONSERVATION OF BIRDS

Professor Eliot Blackwelder

To some persons conservation is a fetich to be set up on an altar and worshipped. To others the very name is anathema, and the idea itself a foolish visionary doctrine subversive of the plain rights of man. To most of us it is and should be a simple matter of economy,—business principles applied to the great establishment of the nation as a whole, as distinct from its individual members. Let us suppose a man is left a fortune. If he preserves the principal, spends only a part of the income, and adds to the principal by the wise use of the remaining part, we say he is an intelligent, successful business man. If, on the other hand, he squanders all the income, and eats into the principal every year, he is a spendthrift and it requires none of the qualities of the prophet to predict that he will soon end in bankruptcy.

Collectively, as a nation, we possess many things; and among them are the birds which inhabit our country. Birds are perhaps not the most important of our resources, but since this paper is devoted to their interests, they will receive special consideration in this article. Birds constitute a valuable asset on the ledger of any nation. The vast majority of wild birds are the allies of men in their battle against injurious insects. To be sure, they take their toll sometimes

in fruit and grain, but we little appreciate how fully the majority of them repay us by their services. In times gone by certain varieties of birds have been an important source of food supply for this and other nations. Through reckless waste we and our predecessors have largely squandered this resource, and yet it still remains a possession of some importance. From the third point of view, which in a commercial age has been generally overlooked, our wild birds are well worth preserving,—they add beauty and interest in large measure to the forests, fields and mountains which we and our descendants must continue to inhabit. To this third item it is our manifest duty to give much closer attention than we have in the past. There can be no justification morally for depriving future generations of those very things which have helped to give us pleasure and interest in life.

There being no doubt that the vast majority of our birds are well worth preserving, the question must be raised: "Are we so managing this part of our national estate that it is not constantly deteriorating in value but, on the other hand, is increasing?" Any one conversant with the facts will be obliged to reply at once in the negative. Within the past decade the once abundant passenger pigeon has become entirely ex-

inct. Gray haired men can still remember having seen them by millions. The golden plover, which was formerly abundant all over our fields in the spring and fall, is now rare. The curlews, familiar to most country lads in the Mississippi valley forty years ago, have almost disappeared, and of one variety, the Eskimo curlew, not a single example has been seen in the United States for several years.. If space were available, examples of this kind might be multiplied to make a long list. In brief, it may be said that the majority of birds in the better populated eastern states, have decreased notably in numbers in the last few decades, and many have quite disappeared. Unless some change supervenes, the ultimate result is a simple calculation.

The constant and rapid decrease of the birds in this country is of course due solely to the work of man and his domesticated animals, such as the cat, the sheep, and the hog. In competition with this group very few birds have an equal chance—only such varieties as the English sparrow. It is clear that if we are to prevent the extermination of some species and the decimation of the rest, we must afford birds some practical protection. For this purpose game laws have been enacted by nearly all the states in the union. The question is, “Are they adequate?” The answer must be, for a few kinds of birds “yes,” for the majority “no.” Closed seasons, established if we are to prevent the coming from five to ten years, for the benefit of prairie chickens, quail, and other birds, have undoubtedly done much to restore the depleted numbers of the birds. But the majority of varieties

have received too little protection. *One of the worst features of most state game laws is the permission to shoot game in the spring as well as in the fall.* Migratory birds—and this includes the vast majority of birds of the United States—come back to us in the spring after two long and difficult journeys, in the course of which they have been at the mercy of their numerous enemies all along the route. Great numbers of them have been destroyed, and only the more fortunate survivors make their way back again to the northern states. Upon the preservation of these depends the rearing of enough young birds during the summer to replenish the ranks of the individual kinds. Many of the birds are already mated when they arrive in our midst; if one of a pair is shot, the other in most cases does not mate, and is of no use in perpetuating the race as far as that season is concerned. Even aside from these considerations, spring shooting should be abolished generally, because it has been shown two open shooting seasons are more than the birds can stand. The single long shooting season in the fall usually permitted is too much, and for many kinds of birds it should be reduced from two or more months to a few weeks at most. This is a matter of bird protection requiring careful study by experts. For some species of birds considerable shooting may perhaps be allowed without disadvantage. For other species a closely limited season and a prescribed bag-limit for each gunner will have to be complete disappearance of the birds from this country.

At all events it should be clear enough that in the United States today birds

receive far less protection than is necessary to prevent their extermination. This being so, it must be obvious that no backward step should be taken in the advance toward the establishment of adequate game laws in all the states.

The First Robin Not Yet Here

The "first robin of the spring" usually is the last one of the year before. From now on various papers will be publishing reports of the return of robin redbreast. In many cases, no doubt, they are true. But even then, these are birds which, through misfortune or indolence, have decided to brave Wisconsin winter rather than make the long, wearisome southward journey.

In 1909, on the seventh of January, just after we had experienced one of the coldest snaps of the winter, a plump old robin that chirped as merrily as though the mercury were not lingering around the zero mark, hovered in the cedars, pines and larches of this city. This bird certainly had not come up from Dixie in the face of bitter north winds.

At other times the over-zealous watchers for this herald of the spring are led to believe they have seen a robin, when, in reality, it was some other redbreast. On the first day of February a number of years ago, a party of young people was tobogganing when some one said,

"O, see the robins."

There in a barberry bush were a dozen or more beautiful pine gros-beaks. They are gray on the back with breasts of pink—not brick red, like the robin's. But to those gay young ornithologists a

redbreast is a robin, even as "pigs is pigs."

We have numerous birds with us the year 'round. In the city the note of the bluejay or the brown creeper is commonly heard by those whose ears are trained to bird music. The sturdy "yank, yank" of the whitebreasted nuthatch and the shrill cries of the downy and hairy woodpeckers are equally familiar. Less commonly seen are the golden-crowned kinglet or the goldfinch, known to many as the wild canary. But they are with us throughout the winter. The goldfinch scarcely is recognizable in its sombre winter dress of olive green.

In the country one may see until others of the feathered tribe,—the prairie horned lark and tree sparrow, the crow, the bobwhite or quail, the grouse or partridge, and hawks and owls of many kinds. These are found all winter in this region.

However, our young naturalists need not watch for the spring birds till the end of February or the first of March. The bluebird, one of the vanguard of the migrating thousands, may be expected from February 25 to March 4. Other birds are due about as follows:

Junco, March 1.

Robin, March 4.

Red-winged blackbird, bronzed grackle, rusty blackbird, March 6.

Song sparrow, meadow lark, fox sparrow, March 12.

Phoebe, March 18.

Flicker, March 22.

This little group is the first division of the great spring migration. Some of these birds may come earlier or later than the above schedule shows; but that all depends on the weather of early March.

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The American Ornithologists' Union has as its members the best students of birds and bird life in the United States. When such a body urges a measure, it is well worth our while to consider whether it is not imperative that we adopt the measure recommended.—EDITOR.

Resolutions in Regard to the Protection of the Smaller Shore Birds passed at the Twenty-fourth Annual Congress of American Ornithologists' Union.

WHEREAS, It is well known that some of the Limicolæ, or Shore-birds, are rapidly decreasing in numbers, on account of spring shooting, and because they may be killed for millinery purposes under the guise of game-birds; and

WHEREAS, Eleven species are too small to be of any value for food but are of great esthetic values as an important feature of the wild life on beaches, marshes, meadows and prairies, and can not well be spared therefrom; and

WHEREAS, These species, particularly the Killdeer, which is known to destroy the boll-weevil, have more or less economic value; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in order to prevent further excessive slaughter of such birds

or their use as millinery ornaments, the American Ornithologists' Union recommends that the following species known as:

Red Phalarope
Northern Phalarope
Wilson's Phalarope
Least Sandpiper
Semipalmated Sandpiper
Western Sandpiper
Spotted Sandpiper
Killdeer
Piping Plover
Snowy Plover

either be transferred from the list of game-birds or given protection similar to that now accorded non-game-birds.

Carman, Ill., Jan. 27, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

It rained one Friday and the rain froze on the wires, trees, and the ground, then it snowed 10 inches. The quails could not get anything to eat in the fields. One evening I went up into the hay mow to gather the eggs. I saw five quails on top of the hay. I got behind the hay to watch them. I am glad that they could get warm and eat corn and oats. They were frightened and went flying out of the door. Next day I threw out some corn and I hope they will come back. This morning I heard them calling in the hedges where there is not much snow.

Yours truly,
GEORGE EDMONDS.

Age 12 years.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent a beautiful colored picture of the bird of the month. For the best letter each month we will send "Winter Picnics" by Ruth Marshall. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond, or Mr. Kremers.

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A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas Street, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Bird of the Month

I am going to ask you to study the redpoll this month. In general appearance it resembles the siskin and the goldfinch in winter plumage. It can always be identified by its reddish brown crown and its little black chin. The call of the redpoll resembles that of the goldfinch, but a distinctly foreign note may be detected which will distinguish it from the call of the latter.

Illinois Prize Letter

Carman, Ill., Jan. 25, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

One night when we were skating we saw six or eight little brownish-gray birds near the pond. They are bright,

active little birds. And I like to see them and to hear them twitter and sing. They seem to like to stay together. They were nearly six inches long and had a cinnamon brownish bunch of feathers on their heads, and each had a little dark spot on the breast, and a few light feathers on the wings. I think they were "Tree Sparrows." They ate many weed seeds. When it got dark they flew into the thick weeds near a stream and slept there all night. We walked home by the bushes and four little birds flew out when they heard us to see what the matter was.

We put a chalk box on a maple tree near the window of our school house, and the "Downy Woodpecker" and "Chickadee" ate the bread crumbs and the meat out of it today.

Yours truly,

FERN DOWELL.

Age 11 years.

Amberg, Wis., Jan. 27, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

There are some queer birds that came here. They have brown backs, and a red tail. It has a green stripe running through its wings. They are a very tame bird. They sit on little pines. They pick the bark off. They do not sing but just cheep. I don't know what kind of bird it is. Will you please tell me what kind of bird this is?

Yours truly,

ARVID JOHNSON.

Age 11.

BIRD PROTECTION IN AMERICA

By G. A. Raeth

"Why all this agitation and state of unrest because of a few birds?" "Why not devote our time to something more practical, whereby we can all be benefited?" "Why protect the ducks in spring when the same can be shot in another state?" These are some of the points of argument coming from the lips of some of our patriotic citizens of this country. Little does this class of people realize, nor do they care to give a willing ear to the truth, that the birds are rapidly decreasing in numbers and that immediate available means must be taken to save from extirpation many species of birds. On every hand we hear of the loyal support now given and the large sums of money spent by societies, associations, publishers of periodicals and game commissioners in adequately protecting and restoring to a normal level the well being of bird life.

Often indeed, have the readers of *The Wayside* been acquainted with the causes of bird diminution and "why all this agitation and state of unrest" has gained as strong a foothold in almost every state of the nation. Let us review some of the conditions and causes of bird extermination. It is natural then that the chief causes of bird destruction should be outlined first. In Wisconsin, as well as in other states, we hear of how the foreigner unhesitatingly kills song birds and in some instances, where the sale of birds is not restricted, barrels of savagely butchered songsters are offered for sale on the market. Then there is the market hunter who kills for profit only and cares nothing about what the future might bring. The plume hunter, the most brutal and heartless man living

among gunners, still manages to evade the law in some localities. He is the fellow, who, in order to satisfactorily fulfill madam's love for bird feathers akin with the habits of the savage, has slaughtered countless hundreds of grebes and egrets and left the young birds without their parental help to starve and to die inch by inch. As a representative of this class we see in the person of Herbert La Priath of Portland, Oregon, who died some time ago and left to his son \$80,000 in cash, a fit example. This money it is said was gained by killing and selling the plumes and skins of grebes, pelicans, white herons and other birds in spite of the fact that Oregon prohibits the killing and selling of the plumage of birds mentioned.

The "so-called sportsman" too, with his automatic gun, trained dog and other hunting devices, and who knows no limit to his bag of game birds may be listed here. To some of us he is known as a "game hog" or "pot hunter." Other causes for which man can directly or indirectly be held responsible, when speaking of the extermination of our birds, are these:

The burning of timber lands; the cutting off of timber and shrubbery; the draining of marshes, etc.; the collection of eggs and specimens of birds; the gun clubs; the hunting contests or "side hunting;" the destruction done to nesting sites by farmers when mowing, plowing or cutting grain or weeds; the growth of civilization; the stretching of telephone, telegraph and other wires; the rapid means of traveling into hunting districts by way of automobiles, steam and electric roads, etc.; and care-

less boys with guns. There are still other minor causes which could be tabulated under this list.

Among the natural enemies of the birds may be tabulated the following: the cat, the dog, the red squirrel, some hawks, the horned owl, the crow, the blue jay, the weasel, the skunk, the English sparrow, the fox, the field mouse, the deer mouse, the shrew and the mink. Then there are the natural elements the birds have to contend with constantly. Such are the heavy snow falls, snow storms, blizzards, the heavy rains and storms in general.

Past experiences have shown us, however, that the birds' natural enemies cannot possibly cause the extinction of bird life. If this were true, we should have seen the last of our smaller birds many years ago, when the natural enemies of the birds existed in large numbers and in great abundance everywhere. Man today makes war upon the hawks, crows, owls, foxes, etc., while the smaller pests and rodents upon which the above creatures feed, escape him.

Herein, lies man's greatest mistake. In a killing thus carried on these said pests and rodents multiply very rapidly and not only will they be destructive to birds, but inconceivable injury will also result to all vegetation pertaining to agricultural pursuits. Naturalists are generally agreed that predacious birds and animals (with a few exceptions) should not be persecuted because of their economic value. Under normal conditions these birds and animals are valuable forces in nature, whose places could never be substituted by man.

When analyzing the causes of the decrease of birds we soon gain from the evidence at hand that man is the chief of exterminators. And were we to follow the tactics of the yellow press, we would

not hesitate to print this caption in large red type.

Aside from the fact that the song and presence of a pretty bird arouses within us a feeling of love and good cheer and that the game birds provide the hunter with a means of recreation, the significance of which only the true sportsman understands—man benefits chiefly by the ever persistent attack of birds upon insects, weeds and pests, which might otherwise do incalculable damage to grains, fruits, trees and other forms of vegetation. Statements of the food and insects eaten by various species of birds have appeared in *The Wayside* from time to time.

At the present time this country experiences an annual loss of \$1,200,000,000 because of the depredations inflicted by injurious insects and rodents. On the other hand, the birds of the United States save to the farmer of every state combined a sum of \$200,000,000 a year because of their incessant prey upon noxious weeds, harmful insects and more injurious rodent pests. The economic importance of birds to mankind as destroyers of noxious seeds and insects cannot be disputed. Hence, we speak of them as our feathered friends.

The writer offers the following suggestions for the better protection of our feathered tribe:

Arouse public sentiment by interesting both children and adults in the lives of birds. Instruct the children, our future citizens, in regard to the usefulness of song and insectivorous birds. Let bird houses be constructed by manual training classes and show the young people how the birds can be encouraged about the home by providing suitable nesting places, food, water, shelter and protection. Observe "A Feast of All Birds' Day" in every nook

and cranny of the United States. Set aside for this purpose the 26th day of December, the time of the year when winter knocks and the birds find difficulty in obtaining food.

It is Christmas time,—the season of the year when all mankind professes brotherly love and good will to all.

Have a national bird law and national protection for all migratory, game, song and insectivorous birds.

Have one game preserve set apart in a forest reserve in each state or territory where the reserves are now or may be hereafter located.

The sale of the plumes (feathers) or skins of native or foreign wild birds should not be permitted in any state. This would eliminate millinery plundering forevermore.

The sale of any wild bird should be strictly forbidden. This act would close the gate on the market hunter and pot hunting. Allow the shooting of no birds in spring and summer. Have an open season for game birds when the young are full grown in the fall and old enough to care for themselves.

“If all spring and summer shooting could be stopped throughout the United States and Canada, we should be nearer the solution of the problem of bird protection than we likely shall be soon to get in any other way.”—Forbush, Mass.

Interest the people in photography. The same will have in store a greater love for bird and animal life and nature in general.

“When a bird or wild animal is killed, that is the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.—Shields, N. Y.

Have the laws of the different states, where conditions are about the same, on game protection more uniform.

Keep the birds' worst enemies, like the English sparrow, crow, red squirrel,

house cats, some species of the hawk and owl and blue jay in check.

The use of automatic guns should be prohibited.

Prohibit the use of live decoys in shooting aquatic fowl. Limit the number of artificial decoys to be used while hunting.

The protection of birds in the south during the winter and early spring should be secured.

Provide food, shelter and protection for the birds in winter.

All hunters should be licensed. Said revenue or license fees should be applied to the enforcement of the game and fish laws.

The age limit for all hunters should not be too young. And said person who desires to hunt should not be granted a license unless he has resided in the state wherein he hunts at least one year.

Limit the number of game birds to be killed in one day. The open seasons for game birds should not be too long.

Give officers of a game commission the right to search suspected persons in the field without procuring a warrant.

Give support to the game wardens' department or game commission or societies and organizations interested in game protection.

Appoint capable, honorable men to a game commission, who are not influenced by political rot, as the case is today. Appoint men who can faithfully look after the bird law violators without infringing upon the said welfare of a political constituent. Appoint such men for longer terms in office. Do not attempt too many changes in a short period of time in regard to the head of a game commission.

Organize bird clubs. Strengthen their membership and relative support. Like the corporations or unions of today, best results can be accomplished by collective co-operation. For “progress means action and action means life.”

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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MARCH, 1911

NO. 9

FACTS ABOUT SPRING SHOOTING

By G. A. Raeth, Milwaukee, Wis.

Although defeated in their endeavors to secure spring shooting before the last legislature, a number of so-called sportsmen and pot-hunters of Wisconsin will make another attempt this year. This is, perhaps, one of the most lamentable forms of ignorance and deplorable exposition of selfish greed the law has had to contend with in recent years.

"The killing of any species of birds while on the migration to the breeding grounds or after they have reached there, is indefensible, and, in these days of increasing intelligence respecting the value of birds, both economic and aesthetic, is becoming more and more repugnant to the self-respecting sportsman. Until spring shooting is absolutely prohibited, both by law and sentiment, the wild fowl of this continent, as well as all other migratory game birds, will decrease."—WM. DUTCHER, Pres. The National Association of Audubon Societies.

"If all spring and summer shooting could be stopped throughout the United States and Canada, we should be nearer the solution of the problem of bird protection than we shall be likely soon to get in any other way."—Edward Howe Forbush, ornithologist, Mass. State Board of Agriculture.

"*Spring shooting*, the market hunter and the cold storage plant are responsi-

ble for the destruction of more game than all other causes combined."—Editor, Outers Book, Dec., 1910.

A writer in Shield's Magazine of January, 1911, says: "The elimination of spring shooting of water fowl accounts for the large number of ducks and geese last season, according to sportsmen who have made a careful study of the situation." State of Washington.

A condition of affairs which might again occur in Wisconsin should spring shooting be allowed may be gained from the following lines:

"To illustrate the methods practiced by these 'gun clubs,' I will repeat a story I heard at Black Hawk Island, Koshkonnong Lake. Some years when spring shooting was allowed, Mr. Kunz, the proprietor of the place at which I stopped, informed me that a few days previous to my arrival, a 'gun club' was obliged to throw away 600 ducks, which spoiled on account of the warm weather."—Albert H. Amann, in the Milwaukee Free Press, 1907.

Sometime in January, 1911, Mr. E. L. Phillip of Milwaukee had this to say about duck shooting under the caption of "Duck Hunting Lore" in a Milwaukee newspaper.

"Every sportsman feels that the birds should have greater protection. We

now have about three months' hunting in the fall of the year, and it is protected the rest of the season; but there are always persons who demand hunting in the spring. I am opposed to that. The birds are in poor condition in the spring, and moreover, that is their mating time. If one of them is shot, it is more than likely that there will be no brood that year."

Further opposition to spring shooting this year comes from the Wisconsin Audubon Society:

"The Wisconsin Audubon society believes that under present conditions the introduction of any open season for game birds, other than as now provided, would be wrong in every respect. On behalf of our citizens who love the beauties of nature and wish them preserved for those who come after us, we hereby solemnly protest against the passing of any law permitting the spring shooting of ducks."

The strongest advocates in favor of the slaughter of our ducks in the spring are to be found in an organization called the Wisconsin Hunters' Association, of which a Milwaukee saloon keeper is secretary.

The writer will attempt, to the best of his ability and according to his point of view, to answer some of the arguments as propounded by the spring shooters.

The spring shooter: "We favor spring shooting for the reason that other states do not care to protect game in the early months of the year."

Answer: In every state of the Union, with but a few exceptions, where ducks are known to breed in the spring time, aquatic game birds are given ample protection from gunners during the spring

and summer months. Every citizen or sportsman is well acquainted with the fact that Illinois beckons admittance to all game hogs, market hunters and their contraband game birds or animals. Were we to visit Illinois during a time when the legislature convened, we would find that the true sportsmen have been making strenuous efforts year after year to strike the spring shooting measure from the statute books. And not unless political favoritism and the force of the almighty dollar become less potent in game legislation can better results be achieved. Furthermore, states keep falling into line against spring shooting year after year. Before making his misleading statement that "all the other states permit spring shooting" the game hog should carefully consult the laws of all states and speak conscientiously about states wherein the ducks breed in the spring time.

The spring shooter: "What will be the difference if a duck should be killed in spring instead of the fall of the year?"

There is a great difference indeed. When one kills a bird in the spring time, whether it breed in Wisconsin or some other state, a possible mating of the bird has been prevented. Had it been allowed to live, this bird would have been responsible for the existence of six or eight ducklings in the fall. Then, too, one live duck in spring can be credited for the living offsprings many years hence. It is simply a matter of allowing the laws of nature to take their right course and compelling man to abide by the same.

The spring shooter: "We wish to shoot ducks in the spring because some other states do not restrict the same."

Our civilized white man of the twentieth

eth century would rob, kill and annihilate because some one else is doing likewise. A good Christian he, who would let his gray matter narrow down to such an immoral and barbaric point of view. Would the spring shooter advocate universal stealing because some men are known to be thieves?

The spring shooter: "We want a short open season in April on deep water ducks. They do not stay here more than two or three weeks, and then they continue their flight northward to their breeding grounds."

Prevent the propagation of probably countless thousands of ducks! Is this the object of a spring hunt on deep water fowl in Wisconsin? If we have a law prohibiting the shooting of one or two species of ducks in the spring and permitting the shooting of another species that might be either in the marshes or open water where marshes adjoin, then we are going to have a condition too complicated to understand, and every game warden would necessarily have to be an ornithologist to distinguish between deep water birds and marsh birds and it would require a game warden to each hunter."—John Fraser, Milwaukee, in a Milwaukee newspaper, Jan., 1911.

Of the 100,000 persons who received hunting licenses this past season, the writer states with positive conviction and authority, that among this army of hunters there are less than three per cent who can correctly distinguish all species of ducks while in flight.

Spring shooter: "The other states are doing nothing towards the protection of wild water fowl."

We find, however, where some states have excelled Wisconsin in this matter, in 1910, for instance, Massachusetts

extended for five years the period of absolute protection to unland plover, and New Jersey closed the wood-duck season for five years. Established bird refuges and reservations can now be traced in all parts of the United States.

The spring shooter. "We wish to shoot deep water ducks only."

The state of Washington two years and more ago allowed the shooting of geese in the spring and how it affected the well-being of other aquatic birds can be obtained from the following lines:

"For the first time in the history of wild fowl shooting sportsmen were barred from their customary goose shooting in the spring of 1909; hence the increased number of ducks. There is really little excuse for the slaughter of ducks or other protected birds while on a goose shoot; but it is estimated that the spring goose shooting east of the Cascade mountains resulted in the killing of more ducks than geese. For every duck killed in spring the hunter is robbed of a flock in the fall, for it is a well known fact that survivors do not remate during a season."—August Wolf, Spokane, Washington, in Shields' Magazine, Jan., 1911.

Should Wisconsin again permit the shooting of ducks in spring, the state would be confronted with a plague of shooters. So-called sportsmen and hunters would be found to roam within the breeding districts of all birds. Some will shoot the wild duck because of its food value, others will kill to satisfy a savage lust for blood and perhaps to relieve a tedium or to "make a record." Of the latter type the fields will abound. Men of all nations will seek the marshes and the fields. The birds will be sought

(Continued to page 78)

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

The official organ of the Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year Single copies 5 cents

All communications should be sent to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

More Membership

The Wisconsin Audubon Society has done much effective work in the state, but we must press on to greater attainments. We must strive to increase the real interest of every citizen in the birds. We must try to make the great majority appreciate more fully the value of the birds, especially their aesthetic value. In order that we can do this, we must have the means to increase our sphere of effective action.

In general, an increase over a small output does not entail an increase in expenditure in the same ratio. If we can increase the membership of our society, we will increase its efficiency. In the first place, the society will be brought in touch with more localities and can in that way exert its influence in places and situations which it does not now reach. By an increase in membership, we hope to find ourselves so situated that we will be able to increase the number of pages in each issue of "By the Wayside" and to improve it by more liberal use of illustrations; we hope to be able to print a series of bulletins and leaflets dealing with specific subjects.

Therefore, we exhort our readers to do their best to secure new members for the society!

The board of directors of the Wisconsin Audubon Society, at their last meeting, adopted the following regulations governing membership in that society:

1. Classes of membership:
 - a. Junior Member; any person in the State of Wisconsin *under* eighteen (18) years of age is eligible; annual dues twenty-five (25) cents.
 - b. Regular Member: Any person in the State of Wisconsin *over* eighteen (18) years of age is eligible; annual dues are one dollar (\$1.00).
 - c. Sustaining member: Any person who will pay five dollars (\$5.00) or more per year will be enrolled as a sustaining member.
 - d. Life Member: Any person who will pay twenty-five (\$25.00) will be enrolled as a life member.
2. "By the Wayside" is to be made strictly an official organ of the society, and after September 1st, 1911, will be sent only to members of the society who are in "good standing": no additional sum is therefore charged.
3. Libraries and parties not in the state of Wisconsin may still subscribe to "By the Wayside" as heretofore. Subscriptions to "By the Wayside" covering a longer period than March to June inclusive can not be accepted from any party in the state of Wisconsin. The subscription price for that period is ten cents.
4. a. All additional members to the Wisconsin Audubon Society will be admitted under the above regulations only.
 - b. After September 1st the above regulations will apply to all parties already members of the society.
5. The fiscal year will begin September first of each year. Membership dues will become payable at that date. Any member who shall not have paid his dues by the first of October next succeeding shall be considered as not in good standing and shall not receive thereafter "By the Wayside" or any other publication of the society.

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The Bird of the Month

The month of March sees the first of the extensive movements of the birds which culminate, or seem to culminate, when the warblers hurl their legions on us and dazzle us by their numbers and by the brilliance of their plumage. The air has still a breath of winter in it and many of the birds characteristic of winter still remain. But the spell of winter seems broken. The sun shines brightly, the robin and bluebird sing from the trees, the song of the meadow-lark is borne upward from the meadow below by the cool morning breeze. The red-winged blackbird and the song sparrow enliven the marshes where but a short time ago only the tree sparrow and redpoll flitted back and forth. The fields begin to show a shade of green in their sombre brown color and the

swelling buds give promise of the fresh young leaves.

One fine morning the roll of the flicker on some dead bough startles you most welcomingly, or perchance the kingfisher, disturbed by your incautious approach, betrays his hasty retreat by grating rattle. Presently the rapturous song of the fox sparrow sounds from a thicket. Then indeed, you feel that spring is really here; your heart beats quicker and your step is light and happy; you feel as though it is a great privilege to live in such a world and you want to do something worth while. I ask of you only that you put yourself in harmony with the great spring migration, and I know that you will never begrudge the time you spend in watching and studying the birds. Write on whatever subject you wish, just so long as it is the expression of your *own* observations *this* spring. I will judge your letter by its accuracy and freshness of style.

Wisconsin Prize Letter

Mazomanie, Wis., February 24, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I have been studying about the redpoll, or linnet, as it is sometimes called.

The redpoll is about $5 \frac{3}{10}$ inches long. His head is brownish red, and his back is blackish brown with some white; his breast is tinged with a rose color; his sides are heavily streaked. The female has no coloring on its breast. Its song is like the American gold-finch.

Yours truly,

Age 11.

MABEL SHOWER.

Michigan Prize Letter

Jackson, Mich., March 1, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

During the winter I have seen several sapsuckers, and doves were very plentiful, but the only robin I saw was on the twentieth of February.

During January a pair of bluejays came to our yard in search of food. I put up a cigar box where I had seen them perch and the next day one of them took away a large piece of bread and flew to the next apple tree to eat it. They would also peck at the suet I had put up.

One morning while going to school I heard a hammering overhead and looking up, saw a little downy woodpecker hopping along a dead branch in search of insects. I got very close to him before he flew away. I saw him in the same tree while coming home from school.

About five o'clock in the afternoon great flocks of crows would go over to the cemetery to roost in the evergreen trees. They would wake us up about six o'clock in the morning with their cawing.

Yours truly,

CORDEN KNOWLES.

Age 13 years.

Continued from Page 75.

out and slaughtered in the cowardly, cold-blooded manner by a lot of human swine who seem to look for an opportunity to take a life. Birds of all kinds will be shot from their nests and the eggs left to their own fate, probably to decay and the young to die from starvation. Birds will be roused from their breeding places and a rearing of the young birds prevented. The ultimate result will be, that the birds are forced to seek the breeding grounds of other states

where the feathered tribe is allowed to propagate in peace.

We can not afford to lose the birds. We want them because of their beauty, their song and economic value to man. Naturalists are generally agreed that the birds of this country save the United States annually a sum of \$200,000,000 because of their incessant prey upon noxious weeds, injurious insects and mammals. Therefore, it be wise that we spare the living and those that are to be.

"It is due the barbarous recreation of the sportsman and the hunter's greed for gain, more than to any other causes, that our forests and plains are being steadily robbed of their most interesting and valuable forms of wild life, the birds; and that the few which still survive have learned to fear all mankind." —Hattie Washburn, Shields' Magazine, Dec., 1909.

And how should we interpret these great words of the Good Book?

"Let Us make man in Our Image, after Our Likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the heavens, and over the cattle, and over all the earth."

Surely this passage does not mean that man should "hold dominion" with a power that will bring chaos and dearth to the living creatures upon the earth. Man should see in these living objects sources for the maintenance of life, should regard them as emblems of the beautiful, of good cheer and of friendship. And be it known, forevermore, that "we have no right, either legal or moral, to destroy the wild life now on this earth or to permit it to be destroyed. We are its guardians and trustees; and the men of the future will hold us accountable for the manner in which we guard their inheritance, and transmit it to them."

Our Feeding Tree

The giant trunk of an old Norway spruce about ten feet west of our library window appealed to us as ideal for a feeding-tree for our little brothers of the air. Accordingly we nailed up a good fat beef-bone on it, high enough so that the dogs could not reach it even by jumping, and awaited results.

As day after day passed with no signs of birds we began to get discouraged and wonder if after all it was just some one's mistaken notion that Woodpeckers and others of the feathered tribe may be attracted by bones.

On the morning of Nov. 30, after a most impatient wait of ten days, we were rejoiced on looking out, thro a blinding snow storm, to see a pretty gray-blue bird on the old Norway. He was clinging head downward just above the bone and seemed to be inspecting it most minutely. After a moment he pecked a good morsel of suet and looked around in a surprised sort of way as if to exclaim "Well, what luck! Can this really be for me?"

Seeing that no one appeared to dispute his claim he seemed to realize that it was an opportunity not to be wasted and proceeded to gorge himself, picking very rapidly and evidently with a good deal of force and casting quick glances from side to side as if to make sure that no enemy was in sight. When he had eaten his fill he flew away and after a few minutes returned with another bird of the same kind, probably his wife, as we found on looking up Nuthatches that Madam looks much like her husband except that she is larger and has a gray rather than a white breast.

Our next visitor was a beautiful little black and white Woodpecker with a scarlet cap set most jauntily on the very back of his head. We noticed that he was about the size of the English sparrow. Judging from this fact, his pecu-

liar markings and his red cap we knew him to be a Downy. Our hospitality seemed to appeal to him sufficiently to make him advertise it to many of his friends and they came frequently and showed their appreciation and more than paid for their meals by seeking insects most industriously among our many trees. Mr. Downy wears all the bright apparel in their family as his wife has not a tinge of color.

One morning early before any of the family had gone down stairs we heard a cheerful voice singing "Chick—chickadee—dee—dee" and hurrying to a window commanding a view of the feeding tree saw, to our great delight a jolly black capped chickadee energetically getting his breakfast and singing between courses.

We hailed this new-comer with special joy as there probably is no bird so friendly and sociable and withal so happy and gay as the fluffy care-free gray little Chickadee. He is not simply a fair-weather friend either but may greet you in the woods any stormy day, when you have the courage to venture there, something as Emerson describes in his *Winter Walks*.

"Chick-chickadee-dee! A merry note
From sound heart and happy throat,
As if he said: "Good day, good sir,
Fine afternoon old passenger,
Glad to see you in these places
Where January brings few faces." "

Way along in January after all these birds had become constant visitors we saw a tiny little brown speckled bird, which looked like an animated knot, wending its spiral way up the old Norway. We watched with much curiosity expecting to see it stop and get a good meal at the bone counter, as all the other visitors had done, but to our great surprise it took one little peck and passed on upward to the branches from whence it dropped in its own peculiar way to

the foot and zig-zagged its way up again, this time not even stopping at the bone.

We felt a little chagrined at this apparent lack of appreciation on the part of Mr. Brown Creeper, especially as on looking up his characteristics we found that he is a great insect eater and so should be fond of meat. Resolved to find an explanation for this mystery we watched him very carefully as he traveled the the tree-trunk way and decided that because his bill is so tiny and sharp and so peculiarly adapted to getting his food in small particles from most minute crevices that perhaps he preferred to have it in small quantities. Acting upon this that we warmed some suet until it was very soft and rubbed it over about a square foot of the tree surface thus filling many of its seams and little fissures. Curious to know how this experiment would work we kept an eye out for the Creeper's return. It proved a success for the next time he came he pecked and pecked his way up the suet path to the end, flew down and tried it over again several times until he had satisfied his appetite. We felt that this was a famous victory to have learned how to feed the shy timid little Creeper.

The Nuthatch has ever been a mystery to us for while he seems to fly right side up as other birds do he has a curious habit of lighting with his head down. We have decided that he must be such an expert gymnast that he is able to turn a somersault, at the instant of lighting, so quickly that you cannot catch him in the act. From his curious habit of traveling head foremost down a tree he receives the suggestive name of Devil-down-head.

The Chickadee is the most practical of all for he seems to make as straight for the lunch counter as possible and proceeds to business the moment he arrives. Sometimes he stops to carol between courses but seldom spends any time running around until he has finished his meal. He too is fond of acrobatic stunts

and might often be seen clinging to the under side of the bunch of suet that dangled from a low branch of the arbor vitae tree. It surely may as truly be said of him as of the Nuthatch that

"The Woodpecker well may despair of this feat,

Only the fly with him can compete."

for he would stick to the suet like a fly to the ceiling while he swung around and around like a true trapeze performer, and seemed to enjoy his meal quite as much as we would ours most comfortably seated at our dining room table.

Noticing how the birds enjoyed the protection of the tree trunk on stormy days we fastened a deep cigar box on edge up against the tree thus forming a sort of double shelf. Inside this we spread chopped raw meat and cracked nuts.

If you are a bird lover you should certainly have a feeding tree or shelf, or both, because in no other way can you know birds so intimately. We have come to feel that our little brothers of the tree trunk are quite like members of the family. If you don't know birds very well you will surely enjoy becoming acquainted for after you have let them know that they are welcome they will come rain or shine to accept your hospitality and thank you for it by the charm of their beautiful presence and the music of their sweet joyous voices.

Then most important of all have your children feed the birds. Teach them to appreciate the beauty of these lovely creatures and their value to mankind. A boy who has fed a squirrel, a rabbit, a bird or any other living creature will have no desire to kill them. A girl who has studied the fascinating mystery of bird life would scorn to wear a dead bird on her hat.

EDITH C. MUNGER, 2nd Vice Pres.,

Mich. State Audubon Soc.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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VOL. XII.

APRIL, 1911

NO. 10

BIRDS SEEN FROM MY STUDY WINDOW

I was awakened this morning, (March 9) by the loud calls of a robin in the elm trees, a block to the south of me on my street. Mingled with his vigorous protest, were the rapidly flowing "crisp call notes" and "simple trills" of the juncos.

There was no more sleep for me. I began at once to plan my "hikes" and drives to the haunts of the little creatures who furnish me with the only pastime I seem to find time to take. Now that they have come, for this morning visit is sure to be the announcement of the procession, I am ready with note-book and pencil to vie with my bird-loving neighbors, in the list of visitors during the spring migration. I am not a strong advocate of the book and pencil idea. I am willing to suggest it, however, to get the beginner interested in the study.

I live in a closely built portion of a Wisconsin city of 40,000 population. Fortunately, the streets are well-lined with trees. My home, however, is on a lot where there are no trees to speak of, with the exception of a few apple trees on an adjoining lot.

I wish to give the readers of *By The Wayside* the benefit of the experience I had a year ago, in the observation of the birds during the spring migration.

I notice that my first date is Dec. 21, '09, when in a small tree in front of my door I saw a fine Bohemian Waxwing. A nuthatch is recorded Jan. 10, a screech owl the evening of the 15th, a flock of gold-finch in winter dress, the 18th, and then nothing follows until on the 15th of March, when I recorded a meadow-lark followed by a robin the 17th, a blue-bird the 18th, a grackle and a junco the 19th. I remember the very beautiful weather of last March and the constant enjoyment of the very beautiful days of sunshine that succeeded each other, but I find no further record until on the 1st of April, when, as I now recall, I walked into the country upon a pastoral visit and took with me my glass, a constant companion. It is the surest shot of any double-barreled weapon I can use, securing for me that day, a pair of blue-birds, who seemed disposed to jump the claim of a downy in the dead branch of a cottonwood, a ruby and a golden-crown kinglet, a yellow bellied sapsucker, a shrike, a killdeer, a tree-sparrow, a song-sparrow, a phoebe, many meadowlarks and grackles, yes, and robins.

From the 9th of May to the 24th I find the little book is filled, on each page dated between those dates. At that time a veritable stream of war-

blers, sparrows and thrushes flowed across my path. The glass was in constant use, and bagged its full quota of fine specimens daily.

I find that for the season (including five or six new ones bagged from the car window, and in Central Park, N. Y., and in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, I have a list of 118 different varieties of birds. A very small percentage of these were gleaned from the hedge rows of the country side. A few water birds on the shore of Lake Michigan only two blocks away), while the great majority of the little beauties looked in upon me at my manuscript, where I sat there day after day as I sit this minute, in my north study window.

My glass lay at my side and came to my face in a flash and I got a view of an animated patch of gold, in the little black cap, a flash of fire as the red-start came and went among the leaves; a very busy little fellow indeed, or the mingled lights of the red and yellow of the black burman; this interruption only seeming to add to the pleasure of my work, and never decreasing the days' output of work done. I would rather conclude, that the days recording such frequent intrusions of my little neighbors, were the days when I did my best work.

The most thorough student of birds personally known to me, makes most of his observations within the limits of a city, and very largely from his study window and about his own lawn.

I do not advocate the confinement of the study to these narrow limits. The chief good to be gained by the study of birds is the out-of-doors contact with life, the hand to hand

acquaintance with this very beautiful world of ours. We are apt to forget that there is an out-of-doors. Life is doubled in its capacity for the one who lives with God out in the field and woods. I write this to show the opportunity of the one who is shut in, if only the habit of observation is formed.

Start a list this season, start it to-day. After you have made your second list, and the list is a stimulant to the beginner, you will have become so well acquainted with the common birds of your path, that you will see and know them all. Their notes, their changes of feathering, their methods of housekeeping, all these things so full of interest and pleasure to the student, will take their places, in your mind and a new door to a bigger world will have opened to you—a world in which God lives and moves and speaks.

B. GRACKLE.

Mazomanie, Wis., March 31, 1911.
DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I have seen a great many robins this spring. Over at our neighbor's house there is a large hill and I have seen more robins than I ever saw since I belonged to the Audubon society.

I have also seen the blue bird, the downy woodpecker and redwinged blackbird.

We are going to have vacation for two weeks. My friend and I are then going for a walk in the woods.

In the winter many doves, bluejays and sparrows were looking around for food. I am very fond of the dear little songsters.

Yours truly,

GENEVIEVE HOTTMANN.

NATURE STUDY

Once more we urge our readers to interest themselves in the great migration which has now set in earnest. It is not that we desire that everybody shall become an ornithologist, far from it. We do desire that everybody shall appreciate the world 'round about us. How many people are there today who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not! How many people are there in this materialistic age who have no interests outside of the city limits! How much such people miss, only those of us who do appreciate nature in some degree at least, can understand. What a thrill of vital pleasure does the first robin or bluebird send through us! How light and happy is our step! how quickly is all gloom and doubt dispelled at their cheering call! Yet how many people are there who neither hear nor see these heralds of the return of spring and life.

Turn where we may there is always something pleasing which confronts us. In the woods the Downy, the Flicker, the Nuthatches, the Brown Creeper, the Chickadee and the Kinglets greet us. In the fields the robins Meadowlarks and Bluebirds call cheerfully to each other. The Killdeer graces the beaches with his trim presence and shrill note. In the marshes we find the Redwinged Blackbird, the "bird of society." The Junco, Tree Sparrow, Fox Sparrow and the Song Sparrow play hide and seek in the bushes. On the lakes and rivers we find the ducks and geese, and at twilight the weird laugh of the Loon is wafted through the damp air.

An appreciation of the birds does not mean that one can mechanically identify thirty, forty, fifty, or even a hundred birds. It does not mean that we can recite without a hitch table after table of food items of various species of birds. It does mean that one shall take pleasure in seeing and hearing the birds, even if one knows but five or ten species and even if, as some put it, all sparrows look alike. The song of a robin in some tree-top is sufficient to cheer and encourage for the rest of the day a care-worn business man, if only he has the power of appreciating the beauty of color and song of the bird as it sits singing in the morning sunlight. We all have that power if we will but give it a chance to influence us. And the way to give it this chance is to go out some morning or late afternoon, whenever we have time, and try to identify a common bird or two, learn its song and note its coloration so that we may know it the next time we may meet it. It is not necessary to have a pair of field glasses, though they are a great aid, nor is it necessary to keep an elaborate system of records; a little note-book wherein one can jot down interesting incidents or details is desirable. For the real object is to cultivate an appreciation of birds. We do not mean to disparage attempts to become able to identify a large number of birds. The identification of birds is an important way by which we can attain the desired end. Furthermore, if undertaken earnestly, it is intensely interesting and adds a

(Continued to page 87)

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

The secretary has on hand about one hundred copies of Bulletin No. 1, of the Wisconsin Audubon Society, entitled "Some Bird Problems for the Farmer." It is fourteen pages long, in an attractive cover, and has ten illustrations. This bulletin will be sent to any address on receipt of five cents. Address your request to Secretary Wisconsin Audubon Society, 1720 Vilas St., Madison Wis.

Migration Dates

Believing that it is of interest to know something about the migration of birds in other localities than our own, we ask our friends to send us the dates of the first arrival of the following birds at their own locality:

Robin
Bluebird
Meadowlark
Redwinged Blackbird
Junco
Songsparrow
Killdeer Plover
Canada Goose
Lesser Scaup Duck or "Bluebill."

The reports must give the exact day of the arrival, i. e., March 3, not about March 1" or "first week in March." Be sure that your identifications are correct. If possible, we will print the results in next month's issue. Send all reports to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

To my Friends at Mazomanie, Wis.:
I have read your letters with a great deal of interest. They show me that you have kept your eyes and ears open and that you have observed the wild life about you with pleasure. I sincerely hope that you will continue to study your feathered friends and I shall always be glad to hear from you, even if I may not print all of your letters.

Your friend,
EDITOR OF WAYSIDE.

Wisconsin Prize Letter

Mazomanie, Wis., March 31, 1911.
DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I have seen a good many robins. I only saw one flock and there was about fifty or sixty in that one. I have seen one blue bird, I saw that one on top of the barn. I have also seen a red-winged black bird.

I noticed one robin which I felt sorry for. It was out in one of our trees. It was sitting by an old robin's nest singing as though it felt lonely. I am going to keep watch because it might get a mate and build in the same tree. I saw him stay there a long while. I have seen the following birds this spring:

Blackbird	March 1
Robins	March 3
Bluebird	March 4
Song Sparrow	March 4
Redwinged Blackbird	March 7
Flicker	March 18

Yours truly,
WINFRED JOHNSON.

Age ten years.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of **BY THE WAYSIDE**

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent a beautiful colored picture of the bird of the month. For the best letter each month we will send "Winter Picnics" by Ruth Marshall. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond, or Mr. Kremers.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas Street, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Bird of the Month

There are a number of birds which everyone should know absolutely. Aside from the robin, perhaps the most prominent of these is the meadowlark. It is found in almost every part of the state, on the open fields and prairies. Here at Madison it comes back in the spring about the second week in March but does not become common until a little later.

The crown is brown with a buffish stripe through the center. The back looks irregularly marked with brown, black and buff. Its breast and upper belly are colored a clear yellow, broken by a very distinct black crescent. The tail has considerable white at the tips of the feathers, which is most plainly seen when the bird alights. The sexes are similar.

In its economic relations, the meadowlark is of particular importance. During the entire year it takes nearly 75 per cent of all its food from the animal kingdom. Grasshoppers and crickets form over one-fourth of all its food. These, together with the beetles, form one-half of its food. With regard to its vegetable diet the meadowlark is of considerable importance. Weed seeds form annually 12 per cent of its food and grain 15 per cent. This would at first seem somewhat unfavorable, but grain is largely eaten during the months of December, January and February, when the scarcity of animal food drives it into the stubble to glean up the fallen kernels of grain. In July



The Meadow Lark

and August the meadowlark eats no grain at all and in September and October grain forms less than one per cent of its food. But best of all is the fact that it attacks some of our worst weeds. These are the following weeds, on whose seeds it partly lives: pigeon grass, panic grass, smartweed, rag-weed, gromwell seed, black mustard and bayberry.

Aside from all these considerations, the meadowlark deserves protection at our hands. Its song is characteristic and not easily forgotten, because of its sweetness and individuality. To hear a flock of them call to one another from different parts of a field is a truly inspiring thing. And, as if not content with charming us with their wild sweet song, they come more than half way to us, as it seems to me, and, alighting in a nearby tree, they greet us early in the morning with their cheering call. Priceless is such a bird to us! Shame rests heavily on the head of the thoughtless boy who robs a meadowlark's nest, and more heavily still does it hang over that of the man who will shoot one or who will permit another person to do it!

Illinois Prize Letter

Emerson School, Maywood, Ill.,
March 31, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I wish to send you this story about two bluebirds. It is true. One day this Spring I saw two bluebirds perched on a wire. It was quite windy and they seemed to enjoy rocking back and forth on it. Suddenly a strong blast of wind made one of them lose his balance and he had to lift his wings to keep from falling.

Then they began to play. They left

the wire and one tried to fly away from the other. The pursuer soon overtook the pursued and then each became the opposite of what it had been before. They did not fly far so I was able to watch them.

After a while they tired of play and began to sing. Their song was beautiful and I enjoyed it greatly. I was sorry when I had to leave them and when I returned they were gone.

Yours truly,

EDITH SKEMP.

13 years old.

So. Chicago, Ill., March 21, 1911.
DEAR WAYSIDE:—

One day while I was spending my vacation at my aunts, I happened to see a robin fly right underneath the window. I was sitting in the swing and I saw my aunt open the window and throw some crumbs out to him. Then the dog, whose name was Glen, came along. The robin flew on his back and he walked off with the bird on his back.

Afterwards I asked my aunt about it. She said that one morning in early spring she saw a robin flying around. It was pretty cold and she threw some crumbs out to him. After this he came every day. She called him Jimmy and every time she wants him she just calls him by his name and he comes. Afterwards he made friends with the dog and he now comes every year. I was out there one Sunday looking for him, but my aunt says that he doesn't come till about May.

Yours truly,

AGNES LUEDTKE,
9229 Marquette Ave.,
South Chicago, Ill.

Age 13.

NOTICE

Letters and articles for BY THE WAYSIDE must be at the secretary's office before the first of the month. Hereafter no letters arriving after said date will be printed no matter how good their contents may be.

Continued from Page 83.

charming zest to life. The whole field of bird-lore is fascinating and well worth while looking into and a large acquaintance with it will only deepen our appreciation for nature. Let us, then, in this glad spring-time renew our own acquaintance with the birds and help others to do likewise; so that when we have become better acquainted with them, someone can say to us:

"But above all, I have been gratified to note that the study of these lowly creatures has made you better and broader men. You have not only grown more observing, but have cultivated a willingness to receive the ideas and thoughts which the contemplation of these wonderful bits of creation has suggested to your minds.

"In a new sense, has the great world become to you a storehouse of animate forms. Very many species of life have been revealed to you, with all their complex being, their wonderful adaptation to their environment, their endless and astonishing variety, and the marvelous stories of their life histories.

"You seem almost to have visited the 'secret places of the Most High,' and to have wrested the hidden things from their hiding places. Never again can the earth appear to you commonplace and unattractive. Rather will you long for ages to penetrate farther

into the mysteries of created things, of which as yet you seem only to have looked through an open door to the wealth of knowledge beyond."

"Allow me, as my parting word, to recall to your mind the guiding sentiment, so wisely chosen:

"'The more things thou learnest to know and to enjoy the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living.'"

Manitowoc, Wis., R. F. D. No. 7,
March 21, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I have been studying about the blue jay. The blue jay is about seven inches long. It is purplish blue above and whitish below, with lighter blue wings and tail marked with black bands, and in some places tipped with white. On its head is a beautiful blue crest.

The jay is noisy, mischievous and quarrelsome. It is only found in America. It sometimes stays here all the year round, but I did not see any this winter. The jay robs and eats the bird's eggs and their young. Its note is a harsh scream. It likes to frighten birds by screaming like a hawk or like a bird in pain.

The jay feeds on green peas, young birds, seeds, berries, corn, chestnuts, and acorns. The jays sometimes gather more food than they can eat, so they bury it. The jay's nest is a clumsy affair built in the tops of the trees, but sometimes they move into a crow's nest. The jay lays from three to four eggs.

Yours truly,

EDWARD JACHIMSTAL.

Age 13.

Carman, Ill., March 13, 1911.

DEAR MISS DRUMMOND:

Thank you for the pictures and Bird Literature you sent us. We put two tin cans up for bird nests, hoping the wrens will find them. You should see the birds that have visited us lately. There are three ponds and a swampy field about four miles from the Mississippi river, and near them we have seen these birds:

March 3. Blackbirds

March 6. Bluebirds

March 7. Robins

March 7. Flicker

March 8. Killdeer

March 8. Red-winged Blackbirds

March 9. Song Sparrow

March 9. Shrike

The gentle twitter of the Bluebird is welcome music, and the lordly Robin is hop, hop, hopping over the lawns, and also singing matin and vesper chimes in the top of the maple tree. "Cheer-up cheer-up" he seems to say.

The Red-winged Blackbird's "Kon-ge-ree" is vigorous, rippling music. It seems to me it resembles somewhat the liquid melody of Bobolink. One was alone on a telephone wire, later on a young elm tree near a pond, and only ten rods away the Song Sparrow was giving his spirited song, then diving from the willow branches to a more sheltered retreat.

The Tree Sparrows are giving concerts every morning about 30 in four hedge clumps. I never heard them give such outbursts of song. They are trying to say "goodbye," possibly, before they leave for their northern homes.

A neighbor, an ex-soldier, has put

up a very commodious bird-house, with two doors, 4 windows and little porches. Blue birds are rare but we are hoping that they, (or Martins) will build in it. Of course, the English Sparrows have been filling the little house with trash. Ought we shoot the English Sparrows in the winter before the Blue Birds come back? I hope you will have enjoyable trips a-field.

Yours truly,

R. P. CROUCH.

Emerson School, Maywood, Ill.,

March 31, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I have not seen many birds this spring, only the robins, blackbirds, and bluebirds. I have seen several robins, but only two bluebirds.

I think the bluebird is very pretty. The upper part of his body is blue, and the throat and breast are a brownish red. It is frequently called blue robin, as its breast and throat resemble that of the robins. It is also called blue redbreast. The bluebird is about seven inches long.

The bluebird is very common in the United States. The nest is built in the hollows of trees, and there are usually four or five eggs.

This noon as I was going home I heard a bird singing. I wondered what bird it could be, and soon found out it was a bluebird. Its song is a continued warble, and is heard in the serene days of spring, continuing from March to October. It is often called the little harbinger of spring.

MABEL PETERSON.

Grade 8. Class A. Age 14.

By The Wayside

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VOL. XII.

MAY, 1911

NO. 11

BIRDS OF HILLCROFT

Among the earliest arrivals at Hillcroft last spring were a pair of flickers who decided, after due deliberation, to build in one branch of the old double black cherry tree that stands a few rods west of the gateway. They seemed very well pleased with their location and dug and worked away with hearty good-will, covering the ground at the foot of the tree with chips. They worked until the hole was so deep that we could not see the birds when they were inside. Then came the terrible late snow-storm that caused so much suffering among the birds. While the snow remained nothing was seen of the flickers but when it was gone and pleasant days returned they came back and worked again but not so enthusiastically as before. Then came the second snow-storm, during which they again disappeared. On the next pleasant morning they again returned and examined the hole they had made for a nest. They lingered for a few minutes in the branches of the tree, apparently discussing the situation, then flew away and have not been seen here since.

Soon an industrious pair of bluebirds occupied the deserted home and took possession. Here they reared two broods. Once while watching the bluebirds feed their young I noticed a nuthatch which was continually creeping around the entrance to the nest. Once it entered the

hole and remained out of sight for a few minutes. It then returned to the edge of the hole where it sat for some time, looking around. During this time the bluebirds flew around among the branches close to the hole, uttering chirps of distress. We never discovered what damage, if any, it did as the hole is ten or fifteen feet above the ground. This is the only time that I have seen a nuthatch disturb other birds.

Another couple that visited us early in the spring was Mr. and Mrs. Peter, as we familiarly call the Baltimore orioles. They built one of their queer hanging cradles in the topmost bough of a lovely little elm. How they flashed about the yard gathering bits of cotton and thread and string that the children hung in the apple-tree limbs for them! And how Mr. Peter sang to his more soberly clad little mate as he swung on the slender branches of the elm. But one day a strong wind blew for an hour or so and shook the little nest fearfully. The little builders seemed to know that tiny eggs and tender nestlings would never be able to endure such rough treatment, so they left the little home unfinished.

Down in one of the clumps of lilacs by the gate a pair of catbirds built a nest and reared their young. They were rather careless builders and mixed a great deal of song and merry-making with their work. Their nest was made

of small twigs, bits of soft birch bark, cotton and grass. Many beautiful songs did they sing for us while they rested from their work. The catbird is often called the northern mocking bird, a name which it shares with the brown thrush, and it certainly is a fine mimic. Its imitation of the robin's call was so clever as to deceive many listeners.

In a tall oak near the house a pair of robins built their nest and reared their young. They were very bold in their search for food, hopping about the lawn and pulling up angleworms while we were watching them. Another pair of robins built on a rail in the old rail fence back of the barn but something pierced the eggs, eating their contents.

Just across the road in the meadow the bob-o-link and meadowlark both nested and each seemed to try to sing more sweetly than the other. The lark would sit on a fence-post and warble its sweet song that every farmer-boy loves, while the music-mad bob-o-link made the air rattle and tinkle as he gurgled and bubbled out the notes of his song as he flew from one tuft of grass to another. And though he seemed a plump bird he scarcely bent the grass as he alighted.

Many goldfinches visited us and left their autographs in the beet and cabbage leaves in the garden. A pair of indigo birds made us a short call one day, stopping for a few minutes in one of the burroaks near the house. In an apple tree a chipping sparrow made a nest and laid two tiny eggs, but a hard wind blew the frail structure to the ground and it was never rebuilt. The swallows have built in the shed and a phoebe in the hay loft. From the hazel thicket across the valley comes the mellow "bobwhite" of the quail and the cheerful note of the

whippoorwill. Often in the evening we hear the full mellow "ooah" of the hoot-owl and one evening a screechowl screamed in a large apple tree whose branches almost brush the house. The jays, crows, sparrows, hawks, juncos, brown thrushes and the dear little black-capped chickadees are all abundant in their different seasons. Also the sweet songsparrow and from the meadow we often hear the call of the killdeer.

The vesper sparrow makes evening cheerful. In the granary a swift has a nest and early in the summer several martins were seen flying around the buildings. The tiny housewren and the birds' policeman, the kingbird, as well as the red-winged blackbird and cow-blackbird were here in plenty; but owing to the dry summer and consequent lack of flowers but one tiny ruby-throat humming bird was seen. During the last snow storm last spring a strange bird that I have not been able to identify was seen eating the buds on an apple tree by the house.

From the woods or orchard we frequently hear the hoarse croak of the rain crow, and occasionally the plaintive note of the mourning dove.

IVY C. FISHER.

A Plea for Wild Flowers

Circular of the Seal Harbor Village Improvement Society, reprinted by permission.

It is to the interest of every one that beautiful and characteristic plants be guarded from extermination. It is believed that every one will be ready to aid in this work if once he or she fully realizes the danger with which these plants are now threatened.

It is not our wish to discourage unnecessarily the gathering of wild flowers and

ferns for decorative purposes. We ask only that they be picked with care and discrimination. Such a flower, for example, as the blue-bell should always be cut with the scissors or a knife, rather than picked, to prevent its being uprooted; and even when cut, care should be taken to gather it only where it grows most abundantly, that no picturesque tuft be so completely done away with as to set no seeds for another year. Where there is an especially fine plant or colony, or where there is a single plant or a small colony, why not leave at least half the flowers for seed, in the one case giving nature a chance to perpetuate and develop the best, and in the other helping nature to extend her work of beautifying our surroundings?

The pink lady's-slipper, or moccasin-flower, the purple fringed orchid, the calopogon, pogonia, and indeed all the orchids, should be cut (not picked) fairly high up the stem, leaving, whenever possible, the lower leaves intact.

If these flowers are not to be exterminated, they should not be gathered at all unless found growing very abundantly, and then only in moderation. Such fragile blossoms are more effective if not heavily massed, but arranged a few prays by themselves.

From the purchase of the rarer flowers, especially of the purple fringed orchid, sabbatia, fringed gentians, or mayflower, we urge every one to abstain. Children sometimes offer them for sale, innocently enough, but those who buy, and so induce the gathering and selling, are the most dangerous enemies of all rare salable flowers.

The bunch-berry is another plant which less abundant now than it was a few years ago, owing, we fear, to careless uprooting, and stands in need of protection.

Ferns, also, should be picked with care,

and not too freely, unless in spots, where they are unusually abundant. The same caution should be used against breaking branches from shrubs and trees in so rude a fashion as not only to cause a temporary disfigurement, but perhaps a permanent injury. The hobble-bush, whose effective leaves and brilliant berries decorate gaily the woods of late summer, is frequently a victim to careless picking.

The flowers growing in the immediate neighborhood of the roadside are a joy to the many. Is it too much to ask that these be left to delight the eyes of the passer-by, and that the flowers desired for decorative purposes be sought a few feet from the highway or even from the trail? These roadside plants are constantly enjoyed by those who by reason of age or some infirmity could otherwise never see them. Were this once realized, few would hesitate to take the trouble entailed by half a dozen extra steps.

Many of the most effective flowers may be gathered, away from the wayside, without fear of doing any permanent injury. Daisies, buttercups, clover, wild roses, meadow-sweet, steeple-bush, asters, golden-rod, and other vigorous and abundantly growing plants will yield ample material for decoration, and may be gathered almost with impunity.

To sum up we urge:

1st. Moderation. (Not gathering too many flowers of the same kind in one locality.)

2d. Care. (The use of scissors or knife.)

3d. Judgment. (Guarding the roadside and conspicuous locations.)

4th. Occasional total abstinence. (In case of especially rare flowers.)

For more leaflets apply to

MISS M. E. CARTER,

Boston Society of Natural History.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

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Twenty-five cents per year Single copies 5 cents

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IMPORTANT

The National Association of Audubon Societies is trying to preserve the few remaining small colonies of the Snowy Herons and American Egrets. To do this, they are trying to raise a fund of \$1,000 with which to pay wardens to guard these birds. Without this protection, the birds stand in great danger of extermination. All contributions and correspondence should be addressed to

Mr. T. GILBERT PEARSON, Secy.,
1974 Broadway,
New York City.

Let Wisconsin respond nobly!

If you want to do a *real* service to the birds, keep your cat indoors from now on until August 1st, unless it is under your personal watch every moment that it is out of doors!

Spring Shooting

Just what grounds, other than a desire to hunt and kill at all times, the advocates of spring-shooting have, we do not clearly see. It ought to be apparent to all hunters as it is to many that the available supply of game-birds has been greatly reduced, reduced even to a danger point. In his comprehensive work, "The Distribution and Migration of North American Ducks, Geese and Swans," Mr. Wells W. Cooke, assistant, U. S. biological survey, says: "Protection during the breed-

ing season is the least that any friend of the ducks would advise." He further states that, "The present rapid diminution in the number of water-fowl cannot be stayed, however, by any such partial measures. Nothing short of *absolute prohibition of spring shooting*, in every part of the country, should be advocated by those who believe that duck-shooting should be enjoyed by future generations."

Nor can they argue that it is of no avail to try to protect the birds. We select this example from the numerous ones at our command. At Palm Beach, Fla., a certain hotel forbids any shooting on that portion of the river adjoining its land. Here the Lesser Scaup Duck, so abundant in our own waters, spends the winter. Under the protection accorded them, here, they become so tame as to feed from the hand, while out in the river, where they are shot at, these same ducks are as wild as any. We could mention still other instances showing the beneficent results of protection.

From the above, we see that the advocate of spring-shooting is blocking his own ends! Can it be that he does so because of a mistaken conception of a private right? But what citizen has a right to insist on a practice which is destructive both to his own and to the general welfare? Or is his opposition due to ignorance of the true state of affairs? But when was an action based on ignorance justifiable? Let us take courage and maintain our ground! Much good has been done, more remains to be done. For, in the words of Mr. Wells W. Cooke, "Should the lessons of the past be unheeded and protection be withheld for a few years, then measures of the most radical kind will be necessary."

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

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Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent a beautiful colored picture of the bird of the month. For the best letter each month we will send "Winter Picnics" by Ruth Marshall. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond, or Mr. Kremers.

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A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas Street, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Chimney Swift

Have you ever noticed those little birds that are usually flying over the house-tops towards sun-down? Perhaps you have called them swallows. But swallows they are not. They are the little chimney-swifts and are related to the night hawk and the ruby-throated humming bird.

The chimney-swift is rather a queer little bird. As it flies along one would think that it had no tail, but when it turns quickly, it spreads its tail and then one can sometimes see the points on the ends of the feathers, spines they are called. All day long it flies through the air, hunting little flies and other insects. At night, it does not go to roost like the other little birds. Years ago, before the white man lived here, it used to sleep in

hollow trees, but now, if you should watch these little creatures a little after sunset, you would see one hover over a chimney, then lift its wings nearly straight up over its back and fall with a little twitter into a chimney. Here it stays all night, clinging to the side of the chimney, with its weak little feet and bracing itself securely with its tail.

Illinois Prize Letter

Shumway, Ill., April 21, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

This is the first year that our class has made a special study of birds.

We certainly find it very interesting in watching the little birds as they come back, and to see how happy they are as they begin to build their nest. Last spring as the birds were coming back again two birds, called barn swallows, flew around the barn. On the east side there was a door which was open and the birds saw it and finally they took courage enough to go into it. I watched them and every day they went to and fro, picking sticks and straw, then going to the pond which was close by and somehow carrying mud to the nest and then fixing it to the rafter. After it was almost finished I saw the birds carrying feathers to the nest, which they put in the middle.

A few weeks after there were six eggs in it. They were white with grayish specks on them. Two weeks later I saw that the nest was full of little birds. They were of a gray color but after a while they became large enough to fly and their color changed. Their backs and heads became a kind of a bluish

color and their breasts became yellow and their feathers were tipped with white and brown. They are very tame. It is very nice to have them around because of their songs and of their beautiful color.

Yours truly,
MINNIE FULTE.

Wisconsin Prize Letter

Mazomanie, Wis., April 27, 1911.
MY DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I think that the meadow lark is one of the prettiest birds there are. Their song sounds to me, "I see you, you can't see me." They usually build their nests in brush or high grass.

Last summer I had an experience with a meadow lark. While I was fishing I heard a noise. I wondered what it could be. After I had looked quite a while I found a little meadow lark. I watched it for a long while. Then pretty soon the mother came along. She flew over to a near-by telephone post. There she sat and scolded me. In the afternoon I found another one. It was about the same size as the other. All that afternoon I looked for its nest but didn't find it. I still think that its nest was there some place.

I am going to keep a watchout because maybe they might build there again.

Yours truly,
WINFRED JOHNSON,
Age ten years.

Olney, Ill., April 25, 1911.
DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I will write a letter about a pair of phoebes that has a nest on our porch. When we moved here last fall I saw a nest upon the porch. As it was built so nicely I took it down and put it with some other nests upstairs. This spring I saw the phoebes

looking around the porch and I knew it was their nest. I took it and put it back where it was. The phoebe, after chirping around awhile began repairing the nest. Now there are five little white eggs (about the size of a catbird's) in the nest. The phoebe is very tame and will not fly off the nest when we are on the porch. Its nest is made of grass and mud lined with finer grasses.

Its song is a whistling repetition of its name. They arrived here March the tenth.

Yours truly,
VIOLET MONTS,
Olney, Ill.

A March Ramble

I stood on the bridge at noonday,
A beautiful March day noon.
A breeze blew soft from the southland
And nature seemed all in tune.

The snow sank slow 'neath the sunshine
And trickled in tiny rills
Adown the sloping creek bank
And down our coasting hills.

How the sunshine flashed in the ripples
And glinted the waterweeds o'er
As they waved their feathery branches
Just out of reach from the shore.

Then I looked for my friends, the song-
sters.

There surely must be some birds
Telling their joy in the sunshine
In songs too sweet for words.

"Sweetheart, sweetheartie," sang chicka-
dee,

And an old crow cawed, 'tis true,
And I saw the jay and the nuthatch,
But not my favorite blue.

But I tho't, "he is surely with us
Safe hid where my eyes cannot see;"
But it never seems just like spring-time
Till the blue bird sings to me.

—IVY C. FISHER

Mazomanie, Wis., April 27, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I know the meadow-lark very well. Last night I saw one. It was on the top-most twig of an old oak tree. It was singing. One day last spring as I was walking through a piece of land where the grass was very high I saw a meadow-lark. I thought that maybe she had a nest around there so I looked around. I looked for a long time but finally I found it. The nest was made very nicely. In it were three eggs. I did not go there for quite a while. When I did go the nest was empty.

Your friend,

ANNIE MORRILL.

Age 12 years.

Mazomanie, Wis., April 27, 1911.

MY DEAR WAYSIDE:—

We have a little creek below our school house. One day my friend and I went down to the creek to look for frogs' eggs. I found a little bunch of them on a limb in the water; I picked them up with a stick and put them in a can. I took them home, and I am going to watch them. Every morning when I look at them they are bigger.

When two or three of them hatch I will take them to the creek again.

We have a pail full of frogs' eggs in our school-room window now.

Yours truly,

MABLE SHOWER,

Age 12.

Mazomanie, Wis.

"A nobler want of man is served by nature, namely, the love of Beauty. * * To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney comes

out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm, he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough. * * Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The bird realm has already taken on many of its summer characteristics. Once more the red-headed wood-pecker is busily hunting grubs in the dead limbs. The flicker has prepared for his household duties. The robin and bluebird have already begun the rearing of the nestlings.

In the meadow the meadowlark and bobolink are brightly singing. The king-bird once more is perching on some branch from which he can see any insect or intruding hawk, ever ready to inflict the penalty on both.

Once more the catbird and thrasher haunt the thickets and delight us with their varied songs. Soon the chippy and the song sparrow will have laid their eggs in their cozy nests. In the morning, the oriole flashes through the trees, resplendent in his garb of black and golden orange.

Again the swallows throng over the lakes and marshes in their ceaseless quest of insects. Again the bitterns and herons are fishing along the shores and the rails, more often heard than seen, go skulking through the shady tangle of the swamp.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last
steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and
sink

On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless
coast—

The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmos-
phere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome
land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and
rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds
shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on
my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast
given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy
certain flight,

In the long way, that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—William Cullen Bryant.

Shumway, Ill., April 21, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

Our class is greatly interested in the study of birds, and we are trying to get the pupils of the sixth grade to join the "Junior Branch of the Audubon Society," so that we can work together to protect the birds.

We cannot realize how many tragedies take place among the birds. And many of them are victims of death. Many of the boys enjoy robbing them of their eggs or killing them or their young because they know nothing of the birds grieving over their loss. Last evening I set a pan of water out of doors for them to drink from. In the morning I saw a robin fly down and drink from it, then it flew away.

I also saw robins come from the South, and some flew into our cherry tree and built a nest there.

The other day I saw a great many birds around our home, including the bluebird, red bird, robin, ruby, crowned knight, and mocking bird. I was looking about to see if I could see any other of the birds returning from the south. A gray bird was sitting on one of our maple trees and singing very sweetly, the suddenly flew away. Can one of the readers of THE WAYSIDE tell me what its name is? To my delight I found a nest in one of the trees, with three eggs in it.

I have noticed that a few thrushes have also returned from the south. I am going to have a bird-house built, and see if any birds build nests near or in it. I hope I will succeed. I am,

Yours respectfully,

ANNA LAUTENSLAGER.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

One Year 25 Cents

Single Copy 5 Cents

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VOL. XII.

JUNE, 1911

NO. 12

HUMMING BIRDS IN CALIFORNIA

By Rebecca H. Kauffman,

Hood River, Oregon.

Some friends of mine who had gone from Illinois to California to make their home had told me that the humming birds were more numerous there, and of more varieties, and likewise more tame. It did not take long for me to verify this during my first visit to the Golden State in the autumn of 1909. I had stopped to wait under the shade of a bergola in a small park near the Hotel Green in Pasadena, one October day. A dense covering of vines concealed me partly,—the brilliant-blooming bongai-cillea, the solanum, and the plumbago, and all bearing the sweet food which is the delight of the humming bird. During the hour I spent there I saw more of these little creatures than I should see in weeks at home in Illinois, even though there I had set a great red-and-yellow honeysuckle to attract them. At home, by dint of keeping very still, and listening very closely, I could hear the whirr of their restless wings, and sometimes, though rarely, a faint, delighted *tachi-ik* of the voice,—thinking even then it was but my imagining. But, as I had been told, in California, one is sure that it is the humming bird's voice, it is so clearly distinct.

It is a long time since I read in one of the books of John Burroughs of his

desire to see the nest of a humming bird. He tells how he had traced the bird to a certain tree, and how he lay quietly under the tree for three or four hours awaiting the return of the bird, and that the nest which the little thing alighted upon, appeared like a small wart on the limb. Ever since I have hoped to find a nest, and have patiently watched, too. But our humming birds at our home in Illinois, after helping themselves to the meal I had provided for them, invariably flew over the trees on the river bank and disappeared across the water in an island beyond, whither I could not follow them.

In June of the last year Professor A. G. Newcome, who is at the head of the English department of Leland Stanford Junior University, which is located at Palo Alto, California, while visiting at our home on Rock River, told me they had two humming birds' nests that spring at their home in Palo Alto. Think of it! *Two* nests of these tiny creatures! and where is there a nature lover who would not be satisfied with *one*? One pair of birds had built in a tree near the house at the rear—an almond tree, I think. The other—and can you realize the bliss of it, you who would be happy to see one for but a few minutes!—built on a stout, laterally

curving branch of a climbing rosebush at the front porch, just beside the door and in plain view from the large plate glass window of the parlor. During the January just past we spent a few days in this home of our friends in Palo Alto. There was the nest still, though you would not have observed it, if your attention had not been directed towards it. It looked like the mossy green knots which grow on the sweetbrier rose, only it was brown. It had been constructed out of brown fibre which sheathes the naked stems of the palm trees and cut off from the ends of the fronds. Some fine date-palms were growing not far from where the nest was located, so the building materials were most convenient. The nest was about two inches wide at the top, and tapering in a mound-shaped manner outside to the same depths perhaps, the inside hollow for the eggs being daintily lined with soft bits of the palm fibre. It was so woven on and around the branch of the rosebush as to appear a part of its growth.

A monastery containing an exquisite pipe-organ has recently been added to the charming Glenwood Mission Inn at Riverside, California. In February this was dedicated, the occasion being made by the gifted Master of the Inn, a Peace Meeting to which all the notables wintering in the region were invited. Among them were John Muir and John Burroughs—"the two Johns," a friend in Pasadena, who knows them both well, calls them. It was a disappointment to those present that Mr. Muir was called north just at the time of the meeting, but Mr. Burroughs was there for the day and night exercises. It was indeed a pleasure to me to clasp the hand that has written so much

and so divinely about the great world of nature, and to see the sparkle in his bright, keen eyes as he asked if I had seen the bird on the nest on the rosebush at Palo Alto. He had, I said, been much interested in observing the humming birds in California, and he, too, had noticed that their number was greater here than in the east.

Our travels took us back to Palo Alto at the end of March, and behold! there was a humming bird on the self-same nest! and in the nest were two eggs, the size of small peas! Surely it was the same birds. They had built the nest up from the top about an inch higher with the fibre and small gray lichen gathered from the mossy trunks of the liveoaks near the nest. The birds seemed to sit on the top of the nest, having its head always toward the window, and always on the watch, darting instantly from the nest if one approached the window inside or started to go to the door. The hearing, as well as the sight, of the humming bird must be very acute. There were fewer lichen near the nest this year than last, and the bird was more exposed, and because the porch and entrance were in constant use, the bird had to leave its duties many times. Once it remained off its nest two hours while a bevy of fair maidens held a merry party on the veranda. It worried us all to see it so distressed and restless, but it had chosen this site so close to human habitation and had to make the best of it.

Report of Secretary of Wisconsin Audubon Society.

On the evening of Friday, June 9, the annual meeting of the Wisconsin Audubon Society was held at Madison in the Public Library. According to the C

tion of the society, the secretary is required to report. In making his report, Mr. Roland E. Kremers, the secretary-treasurer, said.

President, Directors and Members of the Society:

We have gathered together today to hold our annual meeting in accordance with our constitution and it is a fit section of that constitution which requires the secretary to make a report.

I will first mention the legislative end of our work. Among the large number of bills relating to Fish and Game introduced at this session of the legislature, there were a number relating to the birds. Of these some were good, others were bad. Just what the effect of our work before the committees has been is difficult to determine. While we have suffered no defeat still we have made no advance and yet the earnest discussions and the temper manifested by the committees and both houses, must have had some effect. The fate of the various bills need not be taken up here, but there are one or two things which may well be considered. Until the time when the principles of the Audubon Movement will have become much more firmly established than at the present time, it

will be necessary to have a lobby, disgraceful as that may seem. This season's work has shown a weakness at this point. When the time came to appear before committees the majority of the best representatives of the society were tied down. When the hearings on the most important bills were held the Madison people were almost without a representative. We cannot complain or criticise individuals, for under existing conditions this state of affairs is unavoidable. We must endeavor to change the situation to such

an extent as to render of less importance those checks which exist now and will continue to exist. At this point, it is well to compare the situation here with the splendid support which Milwaukeeans gave the cause.

The largest undertaking of the society has been the publication of "By the Wayside." This little magazine has been issued with more or less regularity once each month. The Illinois Society contributes fifteen dollars to the magazine's support and sends numerous letters and articles for publication. The Michigan Society, practically the entire income of the society, was spent for the maintenance of "By the Wayside." Total Deposit—\$48.70; Total Withdrawal—\$48.67; \$36.10 paid for Wayside; \$11.57 paid in Anti-spring Shooting Campaign. The April, May and June issues must still be paid, a total of twenty-four dollars. To offset this we have but a cash balance of \$4.70 not yet deposited. What will be the effect of the changed classes of membership upon By the Wayside is not yet evident. We must, however, endeavor to raise a hundred dollars. This, I believe, would enable us to meet current expenses and to pay off our debts.

This brings me to a point which I believe needs special attention. In the course of the year I have noticed what I consider a serious defect in our society. There seems to be an incomprehension of the fact that ours is a state organization. This is shown by the fact that I have not infrequently received letters which spoke as if the society were a purely local one. Then again, it is shown in the fact that there are but two centers of activity, Milwaukee and Madison. There may be many

Continued to page 103

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IMPORTANT

The Readers of "By the Wayside" have been notified of the change of policy. Nevertheless we again call their attention to the following changes. After September first next succeeding this issue, "By the Wayside" will be sent only to members of the Wisconsin Audubon Society; this ruling applies to Wisconsin parties only; libraries and the like may still subscribe as heretofore. From now on, no subscriptions will be accepted. Such subscribers as wish to continue to receive "By the Wayside" will become a member according to the following classes:

Life Member, \$25.00.

Sustaining Member (Annual dues—\$5.00 or more).

Regular Member (Annual dues—\$1.00).

Junior Member (only for persons under 18 years. Annual dues, \$0.25).

("By the Wayside" is sent gratis to members.)

New members will send in to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, on or near September 1, a statement of their desire to become a member of the society together with their annual dues for the year 1911-12. It will be for the best interests of the society that a large number of citizens of the state of Wisconsin become earnest Regular Members!

In Memoriam

Before me there lies the dead body of a robin; some cat has just chewed its head off. No more will my robin eat the angle-worms as I spade in my garden! No more will he run over my lawn, catching insects and worms! No more will he sing to his mate and to me in those beautiful hours of dawn. His once graceful form is now a repulsive bleeding mass of flesh and feathers. But where is the cat? Its cruel appetite satisfied it has run back home, for it is someone's pet! In its mistress' lap it lies purring gently as it is stroked. Contented by its mistress' stroking? No! by the meal of the warm flesh and blood of the robin!

When Charles Darwin was visiting the country house of a friend the two boys of the family thought they would play a joke on the scientist. So they caught a grasshopper, a beetle, a butterfly and a centipede, and out of these they made a strange, composite insect. They took the centipede's body, the butterfly's wings, the grasshopper's legs and the beetle's head, and they glued them carefully together. Then, with their new bug in a box, they knocked at Darwin's door.

"We caught this bug in a field," they said. Can you tell us what kind of a bug it is, Mr. Darwin?"

Darwin looked at the bug and then he looked at the boys. He smiled slightly.

"Did you notice whether it hummed when you caught it, boys?" he asked.

"Yes," they answered, nudging one another.

"Then," said Darwin, "it is a humbug."

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Wisconsin Prize Letter

Mazomanie, Wisconsin.

May 26, 1911.

MY DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I have seen the chimney swift quite often, but I have wondered why it was not on the ground. I looked it up one day, and found that its legs were so weak, that it could not get up if it got on the ground. Its color is kind of a sooty brown, changing to a gray at the throat. Several pairs of swifts live together in a colony. When the swift is in the air he is shaped like a bobbin, bluntly pointed at both ends. They make their nests of twigs, and as they can't fly to the ground to pick up sticks, they just fly right at the branch of an old dead limb and grab at the twig. Some times they fail, but they keep it up, for their motto is, "try, try again."

It is lots of fun to watch them going to roost. First they gather in a flock of about a hundred or more, then fly around in wide circles, keeping the chimney for the center, until the circle becomes narrower, then one by one they all drop in. The chimney swifts' food is mostly insects. If there is a fire in the chimney and there are young ones in the nest, the mother bird, if she can't get the young out she stays in too.

Yours truly,

BUENA TALBOT.

Mazomanie, Wis., May 26, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

One morning last week when I was getting ready for school a chimney swift flew in through the window. It did not know the way out again, so I caught it and took a good look at it. The back is a sooty brown, and the throat is gray. The swift's body is shaped like a bobbin. It has a stiff tail that it uses as a rudder when it turns a sharp corner.

The chimney swifts feed on insects which they catch while flying through the air. They have wide mouths which make it easier for them to get their food.

At night they sleep in chimneys or if they are in an unsettled region they stay in hollow trees.

The swift builds its nest of twigs which are stuck together with their own saliva. They come in early spring and raise two broods a year.

Yours truly,

HELEN LAWS.

Age 12.

Illinois Prize Letter

Chicago, Ill., May 1, 1911.

MY DEAR MISS DRUMMOND:—

I've had nothing to write about so far. I thought of a plan to help the birds. The house next door, which we own, has an attic and above the window in the fancy part of the house are a few birds' nests. I put some water in an unbreakable cup, and soaked some white bread in it. I put these and some lettuce on a board, opened the window a little, put the board out and shut the window as tight as I could, so the board wouldn't fall. I left the attic and came up the day after. Many of the birds had eaten from it because it was almost gone except a few crumbs of bread and some water.

My father owns the house so I could do this.

Many times my friend and I would go into the attic and watch the birds eat.

I had another experience when my brother and I were in the school yard on Saturday afternoon. We found a small bird without feathers. We wished to let its mother find it, so we put it back and then we hid. But it was left there so long that we took it home and I got some crumbs of white bread and fed it with that and some water, a teaspoonful at a time. It ate quite a bit and when I fed it, I had to poke it way back in his mouth with a thin stick, otherwise he couldn't eat it. My friend came over that night and we named it Dickie. Then we put it in a small Easter egg basket with some white cotton. In the morning it was dead. We did not think it would be, for it chirped so much the day before.

Yours truly,

LAURA SCHOLPP,
3258 Seminary Ave.,

Shumway, Ill., May 20, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

A few weeks ago I saw a dickcissel which was about six inches long. It was a reddish brown bird with streaks of black. The upper part of its breast was yellow with a black spot near the bill. It also had a yellow stripe near and below the eye and had a yellowish gray head.

This morning I saw a nest made of mud on a rafter of a barn, which a friend told me was a barn-swallow's nest. The nest was lined with chicken feathers which my friend told me were pulled out by the swallow when making its nest. There were six eggs in the nest, white with specks of reddish brown.

Yours truly,

WALTER LAUE.

Age 9.

Mazomanie, Wis., May 26, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I think the chimney swift is a very comical bird. Its wings are so long and its tail so strong. Its legs are weak and short. Its home is in the chimney. A little after sunset they can be seen flying around the chimneys. When they fly they use their tail for a rudder. Its eggs are white.

Sometimes when a pair of swifts have their nest in a chimney with some little ones in it, and the chimney should catch on fire the mother bird would try to get her young ones out. If she couldn't she would stay in the chimney with her babes and be burnt.

It has two broods a year. If it should try to go down to the ground it couldn't get up again on account of its wings. Some people make a mistake by calling the chimney swift the chimney swallow.

If one of the little swifts should fall out of the nest it would probably be killed.

Their feed is flies mostly. It has a very big mouth in proportion to its size. They are very common in Mazomanie. Around the school-house chimney in summer there are a lot of them. They fly around the chimney from about half past six to half past eight.

Yours truly,
WINFRED JOHNSON.

Age 11.

• (Continued from page 99)

other local movements, but they are independent if not ignorant of the state society. I do not deprecate local societies, far from it, but I believe that far greater efficiency may be obtained from a united effort. Then, too, many of the members do not have the right attitude. They may themselves thoroughly believe in our work, they may even pay their dues regularly, but they look upon us as a group interested in the right direction, but not as live fighting organization. Yet when was there ever a greater need for earnest fighting than now? Clearly the solution lies in getting more and better members. But as to the getting them I have no further suggestion than that we all pitch in and help.

These in the main are the points which seemed fit subjects for presentation here tonight. The work before us is vast, our number few. But let us not be discouraged. Archimedes once said, "Give me a lever and a place to stand and I will move the world." The issue of the Audubon Movement is such a lever and our end of it is the end on which to stand.

THE CHICKADEE.

"Were it not for me,"

Said a chickadee,

"Not a single flower on earth would be;

For under the ground they soundly sleep,

And never venture an upward peep,

Till they hear from me,

Chickadee—dee—dee!

"I tell Jack Frost when 'tis time to go

And carry away the ice and snow;

And then I hint to the jolly old sun,

'A little spring work, sir, should be done.'

And he smiles around

On the frozen ground,

And I keep up my cherry, cherry sound,

Till echo declares in glee, in glee;

'Tis he! 'tis he!

The Chickadee—dee!"

"And I awaken the birds of Spring—

'Ho ho! 'Tis time to be on the wing.'

They trill and twitter and soar aloft,

And I send the winds to whisper soft,

Down by the little flower beds,

Saying, 'Come show your pretty heads!

The spring is coming, you see, you see!

For so sings he,

The Chickadee—dee!"

—*Sidney Dayre.*

The little birds sits at his door in the sun,

As it like a blossom among the leaves,

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings

And the heart of her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,

In the wise ear of Nature, which song in the best?

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Mazomanie, Wis., May 26, 1911.

MY DEAR WAYSIDE:—

It is very interesting to watch the chimney swifts. They do not go on the ground because their legs are too weak.

They build their nests in chimneys. Their nests are built of leaves and twigs. They get the twigs off of dead limbs. The twigs and leaves are fastened with saliva. They raise two broods in a year. If a chimney should get on fire the mother bird would try to get the young birds out. If she did

not succeed she would go in the chimney and die with them.

When I was coming home from the Marsh Creek I saw two chimney swifts. Their songs seemed to bubble out of their throats.

They eat insects. They get their food when they are flying. Their tails are like rudders. Their color is a sooty brown turning to a gray at the throat. When they are flying in the air they look like bobbins. They are about the size of a sparrow.

Yours truly,
MARION LARSON.

Age 10 years.

FILL OUT AND MAIL

Mr. Roland E. Kremers,
1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

Dear Sir:

I wish to become a _____ member of the Wisconsin Audubon Society, and am enclosing \$_____ to cover my dues for the coming year, 1911-1912. It is understood that By the Wayside will be sent me gratis.

Name _____

Address _____

City or town _____

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

One Year 25 Cents

Single Copy 5 Cents

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SEPTEMBER, 1911

NO. 1

OUR VANISHING SHOREBIRDS

By W. L. McAtee, Assistant, Biological Survey

(From Biological Survey Circular, 79.)

The term shorebird is applied to a group of long-legged, slender-billed, and usually plainly colored birds belonging to the order Limicolæ. More than 60 species of them occur in North America. True to their name they frequent the shores of all bodies of water, large and small, but many of them are equally at home on plains and prairies.

Throughout the eastern United States shorebirds are fast vanishing. While formerly numerous species swarmed along the Atlantic coast and in the prairie regions, many of them have been so reduced that extermination seems imminent. The black-bellied plover or beetlehead, which occurred along the Atlantic seaboard in great numbers years ago, is now seen only as a straggler. The golden plover, once exceedingly abundant east of the Great Plains, is now rare. Vast hordes of long-billed dowitchers formerly wintered in Louisiana; now they occur only in infrequent flocks of a half dozen or less. The Eskimo curlew within the last decade has probably been exterminated and the other curlews greatly reduced. In fact, all the larger species of shorebirds have suffered severely.

So adverse to shorebirds are present conditions that the wonder is that any

escape. In both fall and spring they are shot along the whole route of their migration north and south. Their habit of decoying readily and persistently, coming back in flocks to the decoys again and again, in spite of murderous volleys, greatly lessens their chances of escape.

The breeding grounds of some of the species in the United States and Canada have become greatly restricted by the extension of agriculture, and their winter ranges in South America have probably been restricted in the same way.

Unfortunately, shorebirds lay fewer eggs than any of the other species generally termed game birds. They deposit only three or four eggs, and hatch only one brood yearly. Nor are they in any wise immune from the great mortality known to prevail among the smaller birds. Their eggs and young are constantly preyed upon during the breeding season by crows, gulls, and jaegers, and the far northern country to which so many of them resort to nest is subject to sudden cold storms, which kill many of the young. In the more temperate climate of the United States small birds, in general, do not bring up more than one young bird for every two eggs laid. Sometimes the proportion of loss is much greater, actual count revealing a de-

struction of 70 to 80 per cent of nests and eggs. Shorebirds, with sets of three or four eggs, probably do not on the average rear more than two young for each breeding pair.

It is not surprising, therefore, that birds of this family, with their limited powers of reproduction, melt away under the relentless warfare waged upon them. Until recent years shorebirds have had almost no protection. Thus, the species most in need of stringent protection have really had the least. No useful birds which lay only three or four eggs should be retained on the list of game birds. The shorebirds should be relieved from persecution, and if we desire to save from extermination a majority of the species, action must be prompt.

The protection of shorebirds need not be based solely on esthetic or sentimental grounds, for few groups of birds more thoroughly deserve protection from an economic standpoint. Shorebirds perform an important service by their inroads upon mosquitoes, some of which play so conspicuous a part in the dissemination of diseases. Thus, nine species are known to feed upon mosquitoes, and hundreds of the larvae or "wigglers" were found in several stomachs. Fifty-three per cent of the food of 28 northern phalaropes from one locality consisted of mosquito larvae. The insects eaten include the salt-marsh mosquito (*Aedes sollicitans*), for the suppression of which the state of New Jersey has gone to great expense. The nine species of shorebirds known to eat mosquitoes are: Northern phalarope (*Lobipes lobatus*). Wilson phalarope (*Steganopus tricolor*). Stilt sandpiper (*Micropalama himantopus*).

Pectoral sandpiper (*Pisobia maculata*).
Baird sandpiper (*Pisobia bairdi*).
Least sandpiper (*Pisobia minutilla*).
Semipalmated sandpiper (*Ereunetes pusillus*).
Killdeer (*Oryechus vociferus*).
Semipalmated plover (*Aegialitis semipalmata*).

Cattle and other live stock also are seriously molested by mosquitoes as well as by another set of pests, the horse-flies. Adults and larvae of these flies have been found in the stomachs of the dowitcher, the pectoral sandpiper, the hudsonian godwit, and the killdeer. Two species of shorebirds, the killdeer and upland plover, still further befriend cattle by devouring the North American fever tick.

Among other fly larvae consumed are those of the crane flies (leatherjackets) devoured by the following species:

Northern phalarope (*Lobipes lobatus*).
Wilson phalarope (*Steganopus tricolor*).
Woodcock (*Philohela minor*).
Jacksnipe (*Gallinago delicata*).
Pectoral sandpiper (*Pisobia maculata*).
Baird sandpiper (*Pisobia bairdi*).
Upland plover (*Bartramia longicauda*).
Killdeer (*Oryechus vociferus*).

Crane-fly larvae are frequently seriously destructive locally in grass lands and wheat fields. Among their numerous bird enemies, shorebirds rank high.

Another group of insects which the shorebirds are very fond of is grasshoppers. Severe local infestations of grasshoppers, frequently involving the destruction of many acres of corn, cotton, and other crops, are by no means exceptional. Aughey found 23 species of shorebirds feeding on Rocky Mountain locusts in

Nebraska, some of them consuming large numbers, as shown below.

9 killdeer stomachs contained an average of 28 locusts each.

11 semipalmated plover stomachs contained an average of 38 locusts each.

16 mountain plover stomachs contained an average of 45 locusts each.

11 jacksnipe stomachs contained an average of 37 locusts each.

22 upland plover stomachs contained an average of 36 locusts each.

10 long-billed curlew stomachs contained an average of 48 locusts each.

Even under ordinary conditions grasshoppers are a staple food of many members of the shorebird family, and the following species are known to feed on them:

Northern phalarope (*Lobipes lobatus*).

Avocet (*Recurvirostra americana*).

Black-necked stilt (*Himantopus mexicanus*).

Woodcock (*Philohela minor*).

Jacksnipe (*Gallinago delicata*).

Dowitcher (*Macrorhamphus griseus*).

Robin snipe (*Tringa canutus*).

White-rumped sandpiper (*Pisobia fuscicollis*).

Baird sandpiper (*Pisobia bairdi*).

Least sandpiper (*Pisobia minutilla*).

Marbled godwit (*Limosa fedoa*).

Yellowlegs (*Totanus flavipes*).

Solitary sandpiper (*Helodromas solitarius*).

Upland plover (*Bartramia longicauda*).

Buff-breasted sandpiper (*Tryngites subbruficollis*).

Spotted sandpiper (*Actitis macularia*).

Long-billed curlew (*Numenius americanus*).

Black-bellied plover (*Squatarola squatarola*).

Golden plover (*Chraradrius dominicus*).

Killdeer (*Oryechus vociferus*).

Semipalmated plover (*Aegialitis semipalmata*).

Ringed plover (*Aegialitis hiaticula*).

Mountain plover (*Podasocys montanus*).

Turnstone (*Arenaria interpres*).

Shorebirds are fond of other insect pests of forage and grain crops, including the army worm, which is known to be eaten by the killdeer and spotted sandpiper; also cutworms, among whose enemies are the avocet, woodcock, pectoral and Baird sandpipers, upland plover, and killdeer. Two caterpillar enemies of cotton, the cotton worm and the cotton cutworm, are eaten by the upland plover and killdeer. The latter bird feeds also on caterpillars of the genus *Phlegethontius*, which includes the tobacco and tomato worms.

The principal farm crops have many destructive beetle enemies also, and some of these are eagerly eaten by shorebirds. The boll weevil and clover-leaf weevil are eaten by the upland plover and killdeer, the rice weevil by the killdeer, the cowpea weevil by the upland plover, and the clover-root curculio by the following species of shorebirds:

Northern phalarope (*Lobipes lobatus*).

Pectoral sandpiper (*Pisobia maculata*).

Baird sandpiper (*Pisobia bairdi*).

White-rumped sandpiper (*Pisobia fuscicollis*).

Upland plover (*Bartramia longicauda*).

Killdeer (*Oryechus vociferus*).

The last two eat also other weevils which attack cotton, grapes, and sugar beets. Bill-bugs, which often do considerable damage to corn, seem to be favorite food of some of the shorebirds. They are eaten by the Wilson phalarope, avocet, black-necked stilt, pectoral sand-

(Continued to page 7)

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

Contributions to BY THE WAYSIDE are invited from all lovers of Nature and friends of the birds.

With September 1 began the fiscal year of the Wisconsin Audubon Society for 1911-12. Notices that dues for the current year are payable have already been sent out by the secretary-treasurer. It is urged that members be as prompt as possible in attending to this matter.

The Wisconsin Audubon Society held its annual meeting for 1910-11 on Friday evening, June 9, in the city library. After the report of the secretary, the following officers were elected:

President: Prof. Wagner.

Second Vice-President: Frederic Conover.

Secretary-Treasurer: Roland E. Kremers.

Directors: Prof. Blackwelder, Mr. C. E. Brown, Prof. Marshall, Dr. Elsom, Mrs. Thwaites, Mrs. Davies, Dr. E. Kremers, Mr. F. S. Brandenburg.

Notes on the Summer Birds of Milwaukee

The following notes are based on observations made by the writer during the past summer and cover the period of June 10 to September 4, inclusive. The list does not pretend to be complete being formed from observations made on the

way to and from work and on the Saturday excursions to the country or the public parks.

1. *Bonaparte Gull*: The Bonaparte gull was met with quite frequently on Lake Michigan. It is also probable that the Herring Gull occurred in some numbers.

2. *Little Green Heron*: The little green heron was seen twice at Berthelet on the Milwaukee River.

3. *King Rail*: A single king rail was observed late one afternoon in a marshy spot near Berthelet. He stopped in the open water to take a bath and was remarkably unsuspicious while thus engaged.

4. *Spotted Sandpiper*: The spotted sandpiper was seen rather commonly at Berthelet and on the lake shore. The solitary sandpiper probably occurred as well.

5. *Killdeer Plover*: The killdeer was seen occasionally at Berthelet.

6. *Mourning Dove*: The mourning dove was observed twice in a pine grove near Berthelet.

7. *Cuckoo*: On two occasions a cuckoo was seen in the shade trees of a thickly settled residence section of the city.

8. *Kingfisher*: A kingfisher was always to be found at Berthelet. The pools and shallows of the neighboring rapids offered an excellent feeding ground.

9. *Red-headed Woodpecker*: The red-headed woodpecker was a common bird at Lake Park. Occasionally one was found in the less thickly populated residence sections.

10. *Flicker*: The flicker was a common bird throughout almost the whole

(Continued to page 6)

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent a beautiful colored picture of the bird of the month. For the best letter each month we will send "Winter Picnics" by Ruth Marshall. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond, or Mr. Kremers.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas Street, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

Bird of the Month

Already the birds are going south. Mother Cary has warned her chickens that winter is coming and they have obeyed her warning and are flying to their warmer winter homes. Some birds have arrived here and many more are coming. The white-throated sparrow will soon be here. This sparrow can be easily known by these markings:—its crown is black, but is divided by a narrow white stripe through the center; in front of the eyes is a yellow streak and back of them a white stripe; the throat is conspicuously white, while the breast and belly are gray. One can also easily tell this sparrow by its song. Its notes are usually high, clear and plaintive and to some one can set the word "peabody", whence they are called the "peabody-bird".

At first we may find only a few, but soon more white-throated sparrows arrive until every pile of underbrush by the roadside shelters a flock of these friendly birds. All summer long the white-throated sparrow has been feeding on wild berries, but the berry season is now about passed and the "peabody-bird" must get its food elsewhere. The weeds that have been growing in farmers' fields all summer have ripened their seeds. Here is an abundant supply of food for the white-throated sparrow. In the course of a year, more than four-fifths of its food consists of vegetable matter and nearly one-tenth of all its food is made up of the seeds of ragweed.

We hope that all our readers may learn to know this useful sparrow. In Wisconsin it is a very common migrant, both spring and fall, and some stay to nest in the northern part.

Illinois Prize Letter

Shumway, Ill., Aug. 10, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I want to write you my experience with a pair of house wrens. We set up two tin cans early in March with holes the size of a quarter-dollar, one near the house, the other farther away. A few weeks later we saw a pair of wrens hunting for a place to build their nest. They entered one of the tin cans and examined it but it did not suit them. It was fun to watch them go in and build but we were afraid we would not get tenants. After an hour searching they tried the other tin can which was in a more secluded place. They decided to

make this their home and we soon saw them carrying straws until they had a snug little nest. Every little while they would rest on a post and sing a little song. Every morning we were greeted by these merry little wrens. I was visiting at the brooding time but one of our neighbors have a pair of wrens which have young ready to fly. All day long the mother is scolding and calling them to try their wings a little. Once in a while we see our wrens haunting their old home and we are hoping to see our merry tenants again next spring.

Yours truly,

MAMIE LAUE.

Age 12.

(Continued from page 4)

region and was found in the residence section more often than the preceding.

11. *Night-hawk*: During the first half of the summer, the night-hawk was one of the most prominent of the bird colony. It could be seen or heard at almost any hour and it seemed to be at least as numerous over the heart of the city as in the outlying districts.

12. *Chimney Swift*: The chimney swift was not seen to any great extent in the residence section, but was found in large numbers at the lake shore.

13. *Wood Pewee*: The pewee was found rather commonly at Lake Park, Berthelet, and in the country. On one occasion, a pewee was seen in the Court House Square.

14. *Blue Jay*: The blue jay was rather common in the more outlying regions.

15. *Crow*: The crow was distributed irregularly. It was occasionally seen outside of the city and on one occasion at Lake Park.

16. *Bobolink*: The bobolink was noted quite commonly outside of the city.

17. *Meadowlark*: The distribution of the meadowlark was similar to the preceding.

18. *Bronzed Grackle*: The grackle was not met with very frequently. Some could usually be found at Berthelet and at Lake Park, but they were only occasionally seen on lawns about residences.

19. *House Sparrow*: The European house sparrow is found everywhere, on the streets and lawns, in the parks and along the country roads.

20. *American Goldfinch*: The American goldfinch was one of the most characteristic birds. They were frequently found perched on a wire or some pole making the neighborhood ring with their cheery notes.

21. *Chipping Sparrow*: The chipping sparrow was seen on one or two occasions.

22. *Song Sparrows*: The song sparrow was a common resident in the parks and in the country.

23. *Purple Martin*: The purple martin was often seen flying over the house tops. Every fall, the residents on the east side see an unusual sight. The martins have made this district a gathering place. They come together in hundreds and, for the space of a few days, they meet every evening, usually between five and seven o'clock. They line the wires for several blocks and there are many more flying about in the air overhead. Then, one fine morning, there is not a swallow left in the country-side.

24. *Cliff Swallow*: A cliff swallow was seen at Berthelet.

25. *Barn Swallow*: The barn swallow was frequently seen both at the lake shore and at Berthelet.

26. *Bank Swallow*: The bank swallow was found in considerable numbers at Berthelet and at the lake shore.

27. *Cedar Waxwing*: Roaming flocks of cedar waxwings were occasionally met with, especially at Lake Park.

28. *Black and White Warbler*: The black and white warbler was seen several times in the shade trees along the city streets. Its numbers apparently increased towards the beginning of September.

29. *Yellow Warbler*: The yellow warbler was seen several times in the city in the earlier part of the summer.

30. *Magnolia Warbler*: A single magnolia warbler was seen Aug. 31.

31. *Seiurus sp.*: A bird of the genus *Seiurus* was seen on August 29.

32. *Redstart*: A single redstart was seen in the city.

33. *Catbird*: The catbird was a common resident in the shrubbery in the parks and in thickets along the country roadsides. They occasionally visit the less settled residence sections of the city.

34. *House Wren*: The house wren was heard in the city on one or two occasions.

35. *Hermit Thrush*: Several hermit thrushes were seen in the city on September 3.

36. *Robin*: The robin occurs in plentiful numbers in the city where it frequents the lawns and shade trees. I have counted a dozen birds on a single lawn. They become remarkably tame and unsuspicious and allow one to approach within three or four feet.

37. *Bluebird*: The bluebird was not at all common. It was not seen or heard in the city and only on one occasion was it seen in the country.

(Continued from page 3)

piper, killdeer, and upland plover. They are an important element of the latter bird's diet, and no fewer than 8 species of them have been found in its food.

Wireworms and their adult forms, click beetles, are devoured by the northern phalarope, woodcock, jacksnipe, pectoral sandpiper, killdeer, and upland plover. The last three feed also on the southern corn leaf-beetle and the last two upon the grapevine colapsis. Other shorebirds that eat leaf-beetles are the Wilson phalarope and dowitcher.

Crayfishes, which are a pest in rice and corn fields in the South and which injure levees, are favorite food of the black-necked stilt, and several other shorebirds feed upon them, notably the jacksnipe, robin snipe, spotted sandpiper, upland plover, and killdeer.

Thus it is evident that shorebirds render important aid by devouring the enemies of farm crops and in other ways, and their services are appreciated by those who have observed the birds in the field. Thus W. A. Clark, of Corpus Christi, Tex., reports that upland plovers are industrious in following the plow and in eating the grubs that destroy garden stuff, corn, and cotton crops. H. W. Tinkham, of Falls River, Mass., says of the spotted sandpiper: "Three pairs nested in a young orchard behind my house and adjacent to my garden. I did not see them once go to the shore for food (shore about 1,500 feet away), but I did see them many times make faithful search of my garden for cutworms, spotted squash bugs, and green flies. Cutworms and cabbage worms were their especial prey. After the young could fly, they still kept at work in my garden, and

showed no inclination to go to the shore until about August 15. They and a flock of quails just over the wall helped me wonderfully."

In the uncultivated parts of their range also, shorebirds search out and destroy many creatures that are detrimental to man's interest. Several species prey upon the predaceous diving beetles (*Dytiscidæ*), which are a nuisance in fish hatcheries and which destroy many insects, the natural food of fishes. The birds now known to take these beetles are:

Northern phalarope (*Lobipes lobatus*).
Avocet (*Recurvirostra americana*).

Black-necked stilt (*Himantopus mexicanus*).

Jacksnipe (*Gallinago delicata*).

Dowitcher (*Macrorhamphus griseus*).

Robin snipe (*Tringa canutus*).

Pectoral sandpiper (*Pisobia maculata*).

Red-backed sandpiper (*Pelidna alpina sakhalina*).

Killdeer (*Oryzochus vociferus*).

Large numbers of marine worms of the genus *Nereis*, which prey upon oysters, are eaten by shorebirds. These worms are common on both the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and are eaten by shorebirds wherever they occur. It is not uncommon to find that from 100 to 250 of them have been eaten at one meal.

The economic record of the shorebirds deserves nothing but praise. These birds injure no crop, but on the contrary feed upon many of the worst enemies of agriculture. It is worth recalling that their diet includes such pests as the Rocky Mountain locust and other injurious grasshoppers, the army worm, cutworms, cabbage worms, cotton worm, cotton cut-

worm, boll weevil, clover leaf weevil, clover root curculio, rice weevil, corn bill-bugs, wireworms, corn leaf-beetles, cucumber beetles, white grubs, and such foes of stock as the Texas fever tick, horseflies, and mosquitoes. Their warfare on crayfishes must not be overlooked, nor must we forget the more personal debt of gratitude we owe them for preying upon mosquitoes. They are the most important bird enemies of these pests known to us.

SUMMARY.

Shorebirds have been hunted until only a remnant of their once vast numbers is left. Their limited powers of reproduction, coupled with the natural vicissitudes of the breeding period, make their increase slow, and peculiarly expose them to danger of extermination.

In the way of protection a beginning has been made, and a continuous close season until 1915 has been established for the following birds: The killdeer, in Massachusetts and Louisiana; the upland plover, in Massachusetts and Vermont; and the piping plover, in Massachusetts. But, considering the needs and value of these birds, this modicum of protection is small indeed.

The above-named species are not the only ones that should be exempt from persecution, for all the shorebirds of the United States are in great need of better protection. They should be protected, first, to save them from the danger of extermination, and, second, because of their economic importance. So great, indeed, is their economic value, that their retention on the game list and their destruction by sportsmen is a serious loss to agriculture.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1911

NO. 2

SOME NOTES OF TRAVEL

By Mrs. Rebecca H. Kauffman

It was the 24th of December last. We had alighted from the Santa Fe train at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and were passing through the inner court of the Alvarado, the unique and beautiful hostelry of the Santa Fe Railroad, when I saw a bird taking its morning bath in the basin of the fountain in the center of the court. Inasmuch as it had been stormy and cold a few days before, ice and snow were clinging to the shaded side of the basin, but the warm southern sun had melted it away on the south side. Here the bird was plunging its head under the water and was briskly splashing it over itself. It did not look familiar—even a well-known bird has a little different appearance in another part of the country. So I turned to a bright-looking small newsboy, dressed in the handsome dark blue uniform of the hotel attendants, who was going by me and asked him what bird it was. Off came his cap, "That, Lady," he answered, "is the robin redbreast, and I believe it is the only one left. There are many of them here, but they all went south before the storm, and this one too will go by tomorrow".

Along our line of travel we saw no other birds than this one "robin redbreast" at Albuquerque, except English sparrows, until we reached Southern California.

As we passed near a tree sheltered spring in the rocks of the foothills of Southeastern Colorado, several deer were grazing too far away to be disturbed by the moving train. One of the trainmen told me that from the early morning train, travelers could often see as many as a hundred deer that had come down from the mountains for a drink at the spring. During this same day we saw innumerable colonies of prairie dogs. Some prairie dogs were sitting up by their earth works, some running about, some nibbling the stubby grass that grew sparsely over the sandy rocky soil, some playing what seemed to be hide-and-seek around the bushy bases of the tall yuccas and thorny cacti; all looked so delightfully happy and so much at home, like old fashioned families, parents with their many children playing contentedly about them. In hateful contrast to this was a coyote trotting in satisfied fullness away from the body of a killed heifer.

But to come back to the birds. At first I could not understand why in January there were no more birds to be seen in Southern California; those that one did see along the roadways, would hurry away as the automobile approached and would quickly dart under the shelter of the low bushes, never seeming to get far away from the ground branch-

es. was told that in the winter most of the birds go to the mountains; however in the center of the state, during this same month I found plenty of them staying about the home of a bird-loving family of friends. The feathered creatures, too, know who love them. However, perhaps they all have their quiet retiring time of subcommunion, as all beings must in order to have a healthy, natural, spiritual life!

At the end of February came a change. We were strolling up Main Street of Riverside, California, enjoying the lovely sun-shine and the balmy morning air, when we were brought to a standstill by the song of a bird which was hidden in the dense foliage of a clump of trees and shrubbery at the corner of the grounds of a handsome residence. The bird was not ten feet away from the inner edge of the sidewalk. I recognized the familiar *chou-chou* of the catbird's lay, but no catbird ever trilled out such a prolonged profusion of sweet melody. It was glorious! and I knew instantly it was the mocking-bird, singing as no mocking-bird in a cage ever sings! Freedom and perfect abandon to the bewitching influences of the morning were in its notes. The bird sat not over six feet above my head, and during the ten minutes we stood by it and listened, it showed no sign of our presence. It would sing awhile, then stop awhile, then shake itself, and begin all over again. It was evidently absorbed in the privacy and delight of its own being.

From this time on we saw and heard the mocking-birds and other birds as well, everywhere; all seemed very tame and friendly. The merry merry spring-time had given them new life and confidence. It was very interesting after

what we would at home call an April shower, to find that one day in March, that the birds everywhere about Riverside were so active and full of song; everywhere, here on a chimney top, there on the peak of a gable sat a mocking-bird pouring forth its soul in song.

Next to the mocking-bird the meadow lark is the most charming of the birds on the Pacific Coast. I have not yet heard the bird song which Mr. John Muie considers the most beautiful of all, that of the water ousel. The meadow lark thrives here, indeed, and so great are the demands which the growers of grain think this bird makes upon their crops that the legislature of California last winter tried as had been done at their previous session to pass a law aiming at its destruction. How shortsighted is man. The meadow lark is gayer plumaged here and the song is longer and more musical than in the Middle West. It has in it the "tinkle-tinkle-tinkle" of Poe's bells. In Illinois the meadow lark sits on the fence or on the top of a mullein stalk, or like support, to sing but here on the Coast he perches high up on the very top of a tree, and here in the state of Oregon it seems to delight him most to sing from the very tip of a Douglas fir, denuded of some of its top foliage.

Among the trees of California that which has attracted me most is the pepper-tree, with its graceful, drooping branches its feathery sprays of greenish-white blossoms, its rosy-red berries, in all stages of ripening from the most delicate to the richest shade of pink, and the habit of individual trees blooming at different times in the season. I was told that the birds would eat the berries of the pepper-tree. As I never have

hesitated to try how things taste I ate some myself. I could not think it possible that birds would eat them, they are so decidedly peppery. Still, when the robins made their appearance early in March they were frequently found around the rows and avenues of pepper-trees in great numbers eating the berries with as much apparent relish as they show for cherries in Illinois. And the largest number of robins I ever have seen indeed so great was the number that it was truly a marvel to see them, were gathered together along a quiet avenue of great pepper-trees flanking orange groves on either side. Since many of the berries had fallen the birds were quite as numerous on the ground as on the trees. Judging from the sound of them feeding and moving about, it seemed more like an assembled flock of black-birds, and I took them to be hun-

gry "birds of passage." Furthermore I observed that till we left for farther north, at the end of March, I had not heard a robin's song.

One afternoon a red-hroated fly catcher was perched on a top branch of a cactus, of the kind which Mr. Luther Burbank has since made thornless. A gentleman from Wisconsin, wintering in Riverside, and staying at our hotel, and who was fond of this park and its birds, sat under a tree nearby as I passed on. I told him of the fly-catcher. Up he sprang, with the eagerness of a boy of twelve, and regardless of the "Keep off," went close to the sitting bird to make sure its throat was red. It did not stir, and he told me afterwards it did not stir for two hours. It had selected this strange resting-place for its afternoon siesta.

(Continued on page 15.)

CONFESSIONS OF A PLUME HUNTER

The misleading statements issued by the Broadway milliners engaged in the traffic of Heron plumes are answered by a man who has had unlimited experience with the aigrette hunters in Venezuela. He lives on Staten Island and is engaged in business in New York City. He can easily be seen or communicated with by any one wishing to learn further facts

FORT WADSWORTH, S. I.

NEW YORK, April 19th, 1911.

MR. T. GILBERT PEARSON,

Sec'y National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York City.

DEAR SIR—

My attention has been called to the fact that certain commercial interests in this city are circulating stories in the

newspapers and elsewhere to the effect that the aigrettes used in the millinery trade come chiefly from Venezuela, where they are gathered from the ground in the large garzeros or breeding colonies of white herons.

I wish to state that I have personally engaged in the work of collecting the plumes of these birds in Venezuela. This was my business for the years 1896 to 1905, inclusive. I am thoroughly conversant with the methods employed in gathering egret and snowy heron plumes in Venezuela and I wish to give the following statement regarding the practices employed in procuring these feathers:

The birds gather in large colonies to rear their young. They have the

Continued to page 16

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

The official organ of the Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year

Single copies 5 cents

Contributions to BY THE WAYSIDE are invited from all lovers of Nature and friends of the birds. All communications should be sent to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

All members of the Wisconsin Audubon Society have not yet paid their dues. In as much as our work for this year depends upon our financial resources, it is urged that all dues be paid soon to Roland E. Kremers, Treasurer of the Wisconsin Audubon Society, 1720 Vilas St. Madison, Wis.

For several years the Illinois Audubon Society has been sending By-the-wayside, free of charge, to 100 teachers or schools of Illinois. The list is changed, more or less from year to year. The secretary would appreciate it if teachers receiving the little paper would write to her suggesting ways in which it could be made more helpful (while keeping within its present price. Letters telling of personal experience in Bird Study or field work would be welcome, also notice of change in address.

Mary Drummond,
Secy. for Illinois.

Falsity Proven

The wildly impossible stories which the millinery interests are circulating to the effect that the aigrettes used in the feather traffic are picked up on the ground in Venezuela, they state are

based on a letter written by "Mayeul Grisol, Naturalist and Explorer of the Honorary Mission of the Museum of Natural History in Paris."

On account of the absurdity of these statements, American naturalists have so doubted the creditable standing of Griscol, in case such a man really exists, that Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, April 20th, 1911, sent the following cablegram to the Museum of Natural History of Paris:

"Is Mayeul Grisol of scientific standing? Has he been an accredited explorer for your museum to South America?"

On April 22d the following cablegram was received in answer:

"Mayeul Grisol inconnu." ("Mayeul Grisol unknown.")

Mayeul Grisol is an entomologist, not an ornithologist, is not known to be connected with any ornithological organization, and has never published any scientific article on birds. He can hardly be considered an authority on birds and their habits.

Just think of the extent to which commercial interests will go in order to enable them to make profit by the slaughter of wild birds!



SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of **BY THE WAYSIDE**

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond, or Mr. Kremers.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas Street, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

Winter Feeding

It is not too early to begin to think about how you are going to feed the birds this winter. Some food ought to be provided before October is past. If food is put out early, it might be possible to attract some birds which usually go farther south.

The easiest way to feed birds is to make a shelf on some tree trunk or near a window. On this shelf put some lumps of suet and some bread crumbs, or some corn, millet, sun-flower seeds, or some other seeds or grain. A little dish of water will be very welcome to the birds which may come to your lunch-counter.

When you have made your feeding-shelf, keep close watch of what birds come to feed, the time of the day when they are most seen, and what they eat.

Do not let the English Sparrows feed at the shelf any oftener than you can prevent them, because they drive other birds away. Do not let any cat harm the birds that come to eat. Above all, keep a regular supply of food, especially in bad weather, lest the birds starve because you have failed to supply them with food when they need it most. The subject for next month's letters will be, "What I have done to feed the birds."

To the Teachers:—

One of the easiest ways of interesting your pupils in their school-life is to bring some natural-history into their studies. For example, you can show the pupils a picture of a well known bird and discuss with the pupils its coloration, habits and migration. This discussion should then be made the basis for an exercise in composition. The result would be, that, in nine cases out of ten, the pupils would not look upon the written exercise as something disagreeable, but, furthermore, would be doubly gainers in that they would be more observant of the wild life round about them.

The life-history of a moth or butterfly is a very interesting subject for study. The life-cycle is briefly this: The adult female lays the fertilized egg; the egg develops into the larva. After the larva has fed and grown sufficiently, it spins its cocoon and is then known as the nymph, pupa, or chrysalis. During the pupa stage a transformation of the animal takes place. When this is completed, the larva has become an adult moth or butterfly as the case may be,

and it is in this state that it emerges from its cocoon.

It is probably too late to find larva which are about to spin cocoons, but now that the leaves are falling, it ought to be a comparatively easy matter to find the cocoons which have been spun. They may be found in almost any roadside thicket and with a little practice, one becomes adept in locating them. Have your pupils keep an eye open for any cocoons that they may find. Put a number near a window or in some other convenient place and, if all goes well, you will no day find a nearly hatched moth or butterfly drying its wings.

The Home-Life of a Golden Eagle. 2nd revised edition. By H. B. Macpherson. Witherby & Co., 326 High Holborn, London, Eng. Publishers.

The home-life of a golden eagle, as described and photographed by Mr. Macpherson forms an interesting volume of forty-five pages and thirty-two plates. It is bound in a plain, but attractive paper cover and printed on unglossed paper. The text forms a narrative of Mr. Macpherson's study of the development and habits of a young eagle. We read with interest how the author was enabled to make observations at close range by the erection of a "bothy." In our imagination, we see the parent birds fly to and from the nest. The plates, which are mounted in the back of the book, deserve special mention. They are all clear and in themselves form an excellent record of the home-life of the golden eagle. There is but one thing that we miss and that is a panoramic plate which would give us an idea of the general surroundings of the home of this pair of eagles. On the whole, it is

an excellent work and gives ample evidence of painstaking and patient study.

R. E. K.

(Continued from page 11)

Decoration Day found us in Hood River, Oregon, seated on a veranda of a home near the grounds of the County Court House, listening to the afternoon's exercises. By the side of the house not far from where we were sitting, a tree of early cherries was full of ripe fruit. Some one had sent abroad to birdland the message, "Cherries are ripe, cherries are ripe!" and the response was most hearty. Cedar wax wings in numbers, robin's of course, wild canaries (which are very numerous in this region), a few English sparrows, took entire possession of the tree. However cherries delicious cherries, are so plentiful everywhere in this region that there are enough to spare for the birds. To complete the bird-party a humming bird flew by.

This recalls one of the most wonderful humming bird stories or even any bird story, I have ever heard. It has been related to me by Prof. L. F. Henderson, until recently in charge of the department of botany in the University of Idaho..

If you would merely look at Professor Henderson, you would understand how he might inspire confidence in the bird heart. His eyes have that bright alertness of the bird vision, and his manner, as he shows you how he approached the bird, is most convincing. But to the story. A pair of humming birds had built their nest on a branch of a fir tree in a grove of these trees near the Henderson home in Moscow. The Profess-

conceived the idea of feeding the bird on the nest! So he took a cup of sugar water and a spoon and slowly, cautiously approached the nest. Nearer and nearer he went. The bird did not fly off, but, startled, crouched down closely over her two little eggs. As he was close on her, a sudden frightened movement of her bill put it into the spoon and she got a taste of the sweetened water. That was enough, she fearfully helped herself to more. From that time on she, and her young ones as they were hatched out were regularly fed from the spoon! When the young birds were grown, one of them remained at the summer about the place. The family ate their meals in the fir grove, and if they would be late in appearing at the table the young humming bird would come to the porch door and peech impatiently, as young birds do, for its meal. One day it evidently tried to help itself from a cup of milk on the table, and fell in. It was later found there almost dead. Professor Henderson's wife and daughter washed it tenderly, rubbing the sticky milk from its plumage with difficulty. They wrapped it in flannel, and put it in the gentle heat of an oven to dry; then they brushed its feathers to their former fluffiness. In two or three days it was able to fly again. When September came off it flew one day and they knew no more about it. Professor Henderson says, from my own observation on this Coast it is shown that it is probably true that humming birds like to build their nests near houses and people. Several miles to the West, from the place where the Hood River empties into the Columbia River, is a low sandy plain which is covered by water when the

Columbia is high. This flat is a mass of trees and undergrowth. Here is a place where the birds can congregate and live.

Blue birds in numbers though "the sky tinge on their backs and the earth tinge on their breasts" are more dingy than in the Middle West, sing their "Ber-Ber-muda-muda! Ber-Ber-muda" with a member of their Southern Island home, as some one has said, with the sweet, lingering intonation; and they take to themselves the freedom "of the Underwood Ferry, opposite the depot, with as much friendliness.

We have often walked down the railroad track before twilight and have listened to the songs of birds we did not know, and have caught glimpses of the unfamiliar feathered inhabitants of this bird heaven. One day we watched a turkey buzzard in flight over the Columbia. Circling up and up it went, and floating onward higher into the blue sky with a grace and skill no "birdman" can ever hope to attain. Nature has given the turkey buzzard poetry of motion and coupled it with ugliness of form. Therefore it is in the distance and in flight that one must see it. I have looked down on it from the crest of the Blue Mountains along the Atlantic Coast many times. Here its aerial journeys take it even higher to the ridges of the cascades.

In one of the drugstores of Hood River is a handsome stuffed specimen of a gray eagle. Upon inquiry I found it had come from the mountains near here. A boy out hunting had come upon it suddenly under some bushes and it could not get away. Think of the great, scaring eagle in such a plight! *Of course* the boy shot it.

(Continued in November number)

(Continued from page 11)

plumes only during the mating and nesting season. After the period when they are employed in caring for their young it is found that the plumes are virtually of no commercial value, because of the worn and frayed condition to which they have been reduced. It is the custom in Venezuela to shoot the birds while the young are in the nests. A few feathers of the large white heron (American egret) known as the *garza blanca* can be picked up of a morning about their breeding places, but these are of small value and are known as "dead feathers." They are worth locally not over \$3.00 an ounce, while the feathers taken from the bird, known as live feathers, are worth \$15.00 an ounce.

My work led me into every part of Venezuela and Colombia where these birds are to be found and I have never yet found or heard tell of any garzeros that were guarded for the purpose of simply gathering the feathers from the ground. No such a condition exists in Venezuela. The story is absolutely without foundation in my opinion and has simply been put forward for commercial purposes. The natives of the country, who do virtually all of the hunting for feathers, are not provident in their nature and their practices are of a most cruel and brutal nature. I have seen them frequently pull the plumes from wounded birds, leaving the crippled birds to die of starvation, unable to respond to the cries of their young in the nests above which were calling for food. I have known these people to tie and prop up wounded egrets on the marsh where they would attract the attention of other birds flying by. These decoys they keep in this position until they die of their wounds or from the attacks of insects. I have seen the terrible red ants of the country

actually eating out the eyes of these wounded, helpless birds that were tied up by the plume hunters. I could write you many pages of the horrors practiced in gathering egret feathers in Venezuela by the natives for the millinery trade of Paris and New York.

To illustrate the comparatively small number of dead feathers which are collected, I will mention that in one year I and my associates shipped to New York eighty pounds of the plumes of the large heron and twelve pounds of the little recurved plumes of the snowy heron. In this whole lot there were not over five pounds of plumes that had been gathered from the ground—and these were of little value. The plume birds have been nearly exterminated in the United States and Mexico, and the same condition of affairs will soon exist in tropical America. This extermination will come about because of the fact that the young are left to starve in the nest when the old birds are killed, any other statements made by interested parties to the contrary notwithstanding.

I am so incensed at the ridiculously absurd and misleading stories that are being published on this question that I want to give you this letter, and, before delivering it to you shall take oath to its truthfulness.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) A. H. MEYER.

State of New York
City and County of New York } ss.

I, A. H. Meyer, being duly sworn, depose and state that I know of my own knowledge that the contents of the foregoing letter are true and correct in every respect.

(Signed) A. H. MEYER

Sworn to before me this 19th
(Seal) day of April, 1911.

(Signed) S. J. GENSLER,
Notary Public, New York Co.

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NOVEMBER, 1911

NO. 3

WINTER FOOD FOR BIRDS

By John Watkins, Calumet, Michigan

A few years ago, a robin made its first fall in our yard in March. It was extremely early in the season for it to be as far north as the 47th parallel of latitude. It might have come on the south wind of a few days previous, or it might have been one of those freaks that stays over the winter in the thick woods. This is sometimes the case; woodsmen have seen them on rare occasions near mid-winter. After a snowfall of six inches, the weather turned cold, and we all thought poor robin would starve or freeze. Pieces of bread were thrown out where he was seen, but they remained untouched. Still the robin made his appearance after the storm had cleared away, none the worse, and even remained for the season. Did it secure insects from under the bark of trees, or did it fast during the storm, and three or four days more until the snow had gone? We all know it got no worms from the ground, and the bread was disdained.

Since then, I have noticed some people putting out grain or bread for birds which never eat that kind of food, and many people who like birds, but who have made no study of their food habits, make the mistake of putting out the wrong kind of food.

I have solved the perplexing problem of the English sparrow for my locality. When I put up my first wren boxes, I resolved to shoot off all the English sparrows, or more properly they should be called house sparrows. I live, however, in the country; no grain is raised close by, and I am careful not to scatter any around the yard, hence no house sparrows have stayed around for two years. A few came, but did not stay, and I have not had to shoot one, or destroy a nest in this locality, whereas a half-mile away, there are plenty of them in the town. I am of the opinion that the warfare on the house sparrow is not entirely wise. They are a nuisance around a farmer's barn, but in the grasshopper season they change their grain eating habit. I have seen large flocks of them in the hayfield possibly hunting for hay seed, but I know they eat many grasshoppers. Like chickens they eat both grain and insects, but the wild migratory native birds, such as warblers and swallows, never eat grain. When a small boy I watched the barn and eave swallows skim through the air at evening time, and wondered why they flew back and forth; and although the eaves and rafters of the barn were full of nests I

do not recall ever seeing them pick up grain as some other birds do. They feed entirely on insects of the air and may at times pick a few from the ground, but not often. The chipping sparrow and wren never eat grain, probably they eat a small quantity of grass and weed seed, but their main food consists of insects which they pick from off the ground near their nests.

I find the slate junco mostly in the woods in midsummer, but in autumn it flocks out in openings where there are plenty of weeds. It nests here in northern Michigan, but leaves us after the snow becomes deep so you may easily know of what its food consists.

The friendly little chick-a-dee lives entirely in the woods and stays with us the year through. I have seen them eat the seeds of cedar trees, but most of their time is spent looking for insects in the bark of trees.

The pine grosbeaks and evening grosbeaks come down from the north in late autumn and live mostly on mountain ash berries. The red poll eats some weed seed in autumn when they also come from the north, but as the snow deepens I see them pick the buds from the birch and yellow poplar.

I will not name a long list of birds, it would take too much time and space, but by careful observation you can soon learn to distinguish the kind of food that each bird lives on in its native condition. In some places it is not necessary to feed birds at all. Where the conditions are natural and have not been altered by man, the birds get their food as they did originally. Here in northern Michigan the bulk of the land is still uncultivated. The lumberman's ax has devastated the

forest, but there is yet an abundance of second growth to furnish food for the resident and migratory birds. In the states farther south the plow has changed conditions from what they formerly were.

What a wonderful instinct for birds to migrate. It seems to me those which do wild birds are more intelligent than which remain. In fact I believe the wild birds are more intelligent than the domestic birds, of which the following is an example. One day during the past summer I came upon a ruffed grouse just off the nest with her little downy brood, not unlike little chicks. The tactics she played, to decoy me away, showed almost human intelligence. She shivered as though she were dying, at the same time she edged slowly to one side trying to attract my attention so that I would not notice her chicks. Not wishing to annoy her I walked quickly away, without stopping long enough to take a good look at the little ones. Never before have I seen the young just off the nest, which proves they are very shy and know how to conceal themselves while breeding.

In closing I must urge that the greatest protection we can give our birds is the planting of the trees and shrubs which they feed upon and in which they conceal themselves. Lilac bushes, hedges and thorn trees make good nesting places, as cats do not like to climb in them. Cedars, spruce and balsam conceal the birds at night from owls, and in day from hawks. The beech and maple should be planted instead of the elm, and a mountain ash should grow in every yard.

BIRD MOUNDS I

By Charles E. Brown, Madison, Wisconsin

Every Wisconsin school-boy and girl should possess some knowledge of the very interesting earthen monuments which help to tell the story of the customs and struggles of the ancient Indian inhabitants of our state. At the time of the coming to Wisconsin of the pioneer white settlers numbers of these Indian mounds were to be seen in favorable locations on the banks of nearly every lake, marsh and stream. Their original number is estimated by leading investigators to have been not less than 20,000. Of this number nearly 500 formerly existed on the shores of Lake Koshkonong alone. In eastern Sauk county nearly 750 were found and about the Madison lakes nearly 1,000. In the past fifty years hundreds of these aboriginal memorials have been destroyed by the cultivation of the lands upon which they were situated, by the growth of cities and villages, the building of roads and railroads, and through other causes. Hundreds still remain but as time goes on most of these are also certain to vanish before the rapid progress of settlement despite our best efforts to save them to future generations of Wisconsin people.

Wisconsin Indian mounds are placed by scientists in three principal classes,—conical or round, linear or wall-shaped and effigy or emblematic mounds. Investigation has shown that the conical mounds were constructed for burial purposes. In them are found human bones and occasionally ornaments, implements and utensils which were interred with the dead. These mounds vary in diameter from about fifteen to one hundred or more feet and are from only several

to as much as twenty or more feet in height. The so-called linear mounds are simple lines or embankments of earth. They vary in length from about thirty-five to nine hundred or more feet and in width from ten to twenty feet. But few are over two or three feet high. These mounds were at one time considered to have been employed by the prehistoric Indians of Wisconsin as defensive works or as the sites of dwellings or other structures. The only satisfactory explanation of their purpose which has been offered is that which assigns them to the earthworks of the succeeding class. Their shape, location and relation to one another have caused the abandonment of the early theories of the manner of their use. It is clear that they were not erected for burial purposes.

The effigy mounds of Wisconsin have long been considered by authorities to be the most singular ancient Indian structures on the American continent. These remarkable earthworks are limited geographically almost exclusively to our state, only a very small number having been found in adjoining sections of Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois. Perhaps half a dozen occur in the state of Ohio. In Wisconsin these curious mounds are limited in their distribution to the southern half of the state. But very few occur north of a line drawn across the state from Oconto on Green Bay westward to the banks of the Mississippi. They are found occurring singly or in connection with groups of burial and linear mounds. Nearly all are constructed to represent the animals with which their early In-

Continued on page 22.)

BY THE WAYSIDE

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In consequence of the number of osprey plumes seen at social functions, and in the milliners' windows during the London season of 1911, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, contrived a unique scheme for attracting public notice to the manner in which these plumes are obtained. Ten sandwich men in neat green dresses were hired for three weeks to parade the streets of the West-end of London. Each man carried a placard which displayed a large picture showing an event in the life of the egret, as photographed from life. In consecutive order the series of posters told the story of the egret, heron or osprey feather; the last one bearing the legend—The Badge of Cruelty—above the picture of a woman's hat. The posters have also been put on the walls of a hundred stations in London and the suburbs.

Collier's Weekly for Nov. 11 contains an interesting article by W. T. Hornaday on Prohibition that Prohibits, showing the practical and beneficial results which have come to the states where sale of game is forbidden. He notes that "to the farmer it is a life or death matter, with their crops as the stake. The farmers of the South, and

their lawyers * * * had best vote for the Week's Bill, and so put all our migratory birds under federal protection. It is a measure of direct financial importance to every one in the United States. If the insectivorous birds are exterminated, up goes the price of wheat, corn, fruit and vegetables. This is not a dream, but a cold fact which all of us will do well to heed."

At an exhibition in North Carolina Orville Wright recently beat a bird at its own game. During a lull in his flight, a little gray and white fly-catcher, a flapping wing bird about half the size of an English sparrow, unable to make headway against the strong wind sought rest on one of the wires of the machine. It was so exhausted that Orville Wright reached out and took it in his hand, sheltering it close to him until it recovered.

The Bird's Christmas Tree

Many of us celebrate Christmas with a gaily decorated tree, but how few of us think to use the tree for any other purpose after the day is over. Our tree is kept until Little Christmas, or Twelfth Night, when the candles are relighted. The next day we take off all the gay trimmings and tie on little baskets of grain, pieces of bread, suet and apple. Then we place the tree out in a well sheltered corner of the house, or plant it firmly in a snow bank. Almost immediately the birds flock to it, greatly excited over, what must seem to them, a magic tree, sprung up over night in the midst of winter and laden with food.

—B. J.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

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Just at this time of year we are almost deserted by the songsters, only about a dozen species being hardy and courageous enough to brave our Wisconsin winters. These few, however, can be studied best during the months of their undisputed occupancy of the fields and leafless woods. Feed them when you can; and don't forget to give them a Thanksgiving dinner. Keep a list of our winter birds and write the Wayside all your observations, giving the dates on which different birds were observed.

SOME NOTES OF TRAVEL

By Mrs. Rebecca H. Kauffman

(Continued from October number)

It is said that the Japanese workmen in the orchards and among the timber of the Hood River Valley shoot the birds for food, but I believe they do so no more than our own sportsmen.

One finds ardent bird lovers everywhere! One morning I stopped with a friend at a house in Hood River where there was a well kept lawn and a garden full of roses, other plants, trees and vines. Desiring information about a blue elder berry tree, covered with showy panicles of ripe fruit, I asked about them and learned that they were edible. The mistress of the place said she allowed the berries to remain on for the birds in winter, when it sometimes gets pretty cold here. She also told me that she buys suet in winter, chops it up and puts it at the base of the tree for the birds that stay and come down from Alaska—just as we are doing at home in Illinois! Perhaps a list of the birds, land and water, which we have seen more or less of, would be of interest. We have not made any special "nature trips" but have just our eyes and ears wide open to everything as we have gone along in our travels. I have enjoyed verifying my where I find most interesting books on birds by W. L. Finley, who is entirely familiar with Oregon and the Northwest. Lists Rufous hummingbird, Anna hummingbird, mountain chickadee, Oregon chickadee, red-shafted flicker, Western yellow-throated warbler, black-headed gros-beak, red-tailed hawk, American crow, magpie, barn owl, screech owl, Parkman wren, winter wren, butcher bird, yellow warbler, black-throated gray warbler, belted kingfisher, English sparrow, song sparrow, chipping sparrow, white-throated sparrow, white-crowned sparrow, California jay, Oregon jay, blue-fronted jay, Western bluebird, warbling vireo, black phoebe, kingbird, American robin, ovenbird, herring

gull, Western gull, blue heron, towhee, California towhee, cliff swallow, barn swallow, cedar wax wing, mockingbird, dwarf hermit thrush, turkey buzzard (vulture), quail (Bob-white), Chinese pheasant, pigeon, morning dove, Western nighthawk, red-throated flycatcher, American raven, Western bobolink, red-winger blackbird, bicolor blackbird, crow blackbird, Oregon junco, Western meadowlark, house finch, fox sparrow, Louisiana tanager, bank swallow, slender billed nuthatch, wild bittern, linnet, snipe mallard duck, mudhen, wild goose, white plover, California cuckoo.

(Continued from page 19)

dian authors were familiar. The greater number are, as might be expected, but rude representations and in many instances it has been found to be impossible to identify with any degree of certainty the particular animal which our red predecessors intended to thus picture on the soil. In other cases, however, where they have been more carefully constructed and well preserved, the experienced investigator seldom finds any great difficulty in establishing their identity. On the whole they show that their builders possessed not only the ability to construct animal figures with the rude implements at their command but an intimate knowledge of the habits of the animals as well. Their erection must have required a very considerable amount of time and hard labor. The building of the large number now known probably extended through several centuries.

Among the animals thus portrayed there have been identified the bear, deer, panther, beaver, wild cat, fox or wolf, mink, squirrel and other native

mammals, birds of several species and the snake, turtle and other reptiles. The mammals are generally shown in profile and the others flat. Different effigies vary in length from less than fifty to seven hundred or more feet and in height from a foot to six feet or more.

Effigy mounds occur in various situations. Some are found on the prairie lands, others on hillsides and on the crests of steep bluffs. In some mound groups the effigy mounds are all of the same character while in others a number of different animal shapes are found. Certain types of effigies appear to be restricted in their distribution to certain sections of the state while others are found in widely separated localities. Thus in the Lake Michigan shore region about the present city of Milwaukee the predominant effigy type was that of the panther. In the Rock River valley effigies of the turtle were the most numerous, and in the region of the Four Lakes about Madison bear effigies are the most common. The range of some other classes of animal-shaped mounds is now receiving the attention of Wisconsin investigators.

It is with the bird-shaped mounds of our state that this short article has to do. Mounds of this character are found in numerous places in the state. Among the many localities in which bird effigies may still be seen are the vicinity of Madison; about Lake Koshkonong; near Big Bend in the valley of the Pishtaka (Fox) River; on the eastern shore of Lake Winnebago, near Muscoda, Port Andrew and other places in the lower Wisconsin River valley; at Devil's Lake and several other points in eastern Sank county; near Mayville and Horicon, and in the Kickapoo Valley. An examina-

ion of the bird effigies in these and other localities in the state plainly indicates that they are intended to represent birds of a number of distinct species. Although most of these will probably always resist all attempts at their certain identification, Wisconsin students have good reason to believe that among the number there may be recognized the eagle or hawk, the wild goose, and possibly the pigeon, swallow and kite. The attitudes in which the various birds are shown are very interesting. A large number have wings extending out in a straight line from either side of the body. The wings are widest where they unite with the body and taper toward the extremity. On the beautiful lawn of the State Hospital grounds, on the north shore of Lake Mendota, at Madison, is an especially fine example of this class of bird effigy. This great mound is locally known as the "eagle," and was recently marked by the Wisconsin Archeological Society with a descriptive bronze tablet. It has the distinction of being the largest bird mound in Wisconsin and has a wing-spread of 624 feet. Its great body is 121 feet in length. Its body is six feet high. It is shown as if flying toward the lake. Near it are two other bird effigies of similar shape and also of large size.

Some other bird mounds have curved wings extending out at equal distances from either side of the body. Others have the wings bent at a short distance from the body, forming a distinct shoulder. A specimen of this type located near Baraboo measured 240 feet between the wing tips. Its head and body were 10 feet in length. On one side of its

head appeared a well defined beak, a feature found in a considerable number of bird mounds. Another specimen of this type formerly existing in the Honey Creek valley, in Sauk County, had a wing spread of 360 feet. Another type of bird effigy has long tapering wings which extend back at a short distance from and nearly parallel to the sides of the body. An example of this type, recently surveyed by the writer, is located in a pasture east of the golf club grounds, near what was formerly known as the "Sugar Bush," near Madison. Its wings are each about 100 feet in length. Its body and head are about 75 feet long. The body is slightly expanded near the extremity forming a fan-shaped tail. Many bird mounds have this latter feature. Here and there in Wisconsin are found bird effigies having a divided or forked tail. Of this type an example is to be seen near Winnequah, on the east shore of Lake Monona, at Madison.

In a group of mounds located near the shores of a pond, a mile or more north of Lake Wingra, at Madison, there occurs a bird effigy which shows the curious feature of one wing slightly elevated and the other considerably depressed. The wings are 101 and 117 feet long respectively. Its body measures about 82 feet. Single specimens of this form have been located in groups of mounds in one or two other localities in eastern Wisconsin. In several places in the state are bird mounds with short rounded heads and bodies, and short tapering wings extending out at right angles from the body. Three of these were located in a group at Oakwood, a

resort on the south shore of Big Butte des Morts Lake, in Winnebago county. Their bodies were about 36 feet long and they have a wingspread of 75 feet. All were portrayed as flying in a direction parallel to the shore of the lake, one nearly behind the other. Three bird mounds of a somewhat similar shape are in a group on the Dewey place at the station known as Pishtaka, near Big Bend, in Waukesha County. These three birds, however, are depicted as flying nearly abreast, one wing of each bird slightly overlapping the nearest wing of its neighbor. In Delton Township, on the Sauk County side of the lower Wisconsin River Dells are three fine closely grouped bird effigies. Two of them are shown flying in a general southerly and the other in a southwesterly direction.

What might be quite appropriately called flocks of birds are also to be seen in mound groups in various parts of the state. Sometimes the birds are depicted as flying in the same general direction and sometimes as if scattering in various directions. Such flocks were reported by Rev. S. D. Peet to occur at Great Bend in Waukesha and at Eagle Corners, in Richland County. Nine birds were in the former flock.

One of the most interesting bird mounds in the state is the so-called goose effigy at Merrill Springs, on Lake Mendota. A cut of this mound serves as an illustration for this article. The long tapering head and neck measure 108 feet, the body 50 feet and the distance between the outspread twice crooked wings is 135 feet. It is hoped to secure the permanent preservation of this remarkable mound.

Four similar effigies were formerly located about the Madison lakes. One has now been destroyed. Dr. I. A. Lapham shows that several mounds of similar form were found by him at Mayville and Horicon. These are probably now destroyed. There are a number of other curious types of bird-shaped effigies of which a lack of space does not permit the author describing at this time. It will be understood from the foregoing that the ancient mound-building Indians of Wisconsin were not only very well acquainted with and appreciated the great variety of the bird life about them but that they undertook in many instances to show the birds in some of their well known attitudes of flying, soaring, flocking, etc. Could we but understand the hidden significance of the curious grouping of the bird-shaped mounds, many an interesting page might be added to a knowledge of our state's prehistory.

The animal-shaped mounds of Wisconsin are thought to represent the totems or clan emblems of the gentes or clans of the tribes who were at one time the owners of the lands now included in our state. They were constructed in the vicinity of their villages and camping grounds. Other tribes carved their totems upon their houses, canoes and totem poles, or painted them upon their tents or apparel, but the Wisconsin Indians built theirs upon the soil where they have endured for hundreds of years as memorials of their early sovereignty. Archaeologists believe that their authors were the ancestors of the present Winnebago Indians, a belief which has the support of Indian tradition and scientific investigation.

SEND YOUR FRIENDS "BY THE WAYSIDE" FOR CHRISTMAS

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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NO. 4

THE SPURVE-STANG (Sparrow-Pole)

A Christmas Feeding of Sparrows in Scandinavia

H. L. Skavlem, Janesville, Wis.

Of late, considerable note has been given to the beautiful Scandinavian custom of feeding the birds at Christmas time. By some it has been construed to mean *winter feeding of the birds*. This is an error, for I know there is no custom of systematic feeding of the wild birds during the long cold winter months in Scandinavia. The Christmas feasting or feeding the wild birds is a very ancient custom and has been handed down from pagan times, but no special bird was chosen.

The old feasting and rejoicing at Yule-tide signaled the return of the sun and the lengthening of the days, when all nature should rejoice and be made happy.

In his description of Christmas customs in Norway, Du Chaillu says, "The Christmas feeding of the birds is prevalent in many of the provinces of Norway and Sweden. Bunches of oats are placed on the roofs of houses or trees and fences for them to feed upon. Two or three days before, cartloads of leaves are brought into the towns for this purpose and both rich and poor buy and place them everywhere.

"Large quantities of oats in bundles were on sale in Christiania and everybody bought bunches of them * * *

I remember well the remarks of a friend of mine as we were driving through the streets of Christiania. He said, with deep feeling, "A man must be very poor indeed if he cannot spare a farthing to feed the little birds on Christmas day."

"What a pleasing picture it is to see the little creatures fly around or perch on the thickest part of the straw and pick out the grain. It is a beautiful custom and speaks well for the natural goodness of heart of the Scandinavians.

"On this day, on many a farm, the dear old horse, the young colt, the cattle, the sheep, the goats and even the pigs get double the usual amount of food given them, and have so much that often they cannot eat it all."—Land of the Midnight Sun, Vol. 2, p. 6.

It will readily be understood that the introduction and adoption of this custom would have no direct effect on the protection of wild bird life. The one big meal on Christmas day would not save the starving birds throughout the cold and dreary winter months.

It has seemed to me inconsistent for naturalists and Audubon societies to advocate the Christmas feast for sparrows, and at the same time to publish recipes for *poisoning sparrows*, and

suggesting the soaking of their food in whisky to make the little fellows stupid drunk; to turn our young Audubon society members loose with their shinny sticks, and offer a penny bounty for the dead sparrows!

One paper prints a diagram of a very effective "sparrow net" intended to help get rid of the pestiferous sparrow. before we set up our "Spurve-stang," or "Sparrow-pole" with its Christmas sheaf of oats or barley. When we have poisoned and whisky-soaked and netted the despised sparrows what grain eating winter birds will come to our Christmas feast?

'Oh, well! we might send to Christiania and get some of the real genuine "beautiful little creatures,"—real Norwegian sparrows to "fly around and pick the grain out of our Christmas oat sheaves—but they they would soon be "*passer domesticus*" just the same.

If we destroy the house sparrow, what grain eating birds have we left during the winter months? Not any. It is simply a question of sparrows or none at all to feed. A few occasional tramp jays might pick a grain of oats or barley, but they prefer corn and acorns for steady winter rations, with bread crumbs and meat scraps for dessert. They would not hesitate to make a meal off of a sick or whisky-soaked sparrow.

Let me ask, what other specie of the bird family would the sparrow hater suggest in its place? Any other specie of grain-eating bird, as numerous, tame and social about your premises as the sparrow, would become more of a nuisance than "*passer domesticus*."

Certainly there is room for a more

sane bird knowledge. I am in favor of starting a bird-feeding club immediately, in fact, the club has been started years ago and the little fellows have well paid for the trouble they have caused me by their cheerful company during the long winter months. We will not be satisfied to feed them only on Christmas day, but all through the cold and dreary winter. Furthermore, we will educate the young people to share their cherries with the robin, to let the catbird take toll from the raspberry bush in pay for its morning song, and perhaps in time even become reconciled to the rose-breasted grosbeak picking a few grapes before he chants his vesper in the evening twilight.

Moreover, we will try to teach our tree trimmers to leave the broken limbs of our maple trees to plant Virginia creepers or grape vines at their base, so that we may have food for the birds and homes for the red-headed wood pecker and the flicker who soon becomes semi-domesticated if we give them half a chance.

Madison, Wis., Nov. 24, 1911.
Miss Bettina Jackson,
303 Carroll St.,
Madison, Wis.

"It is a pleasure to report that some of the state nurserymen whose premises the state entomologist has to inspect annually for injurious insects, are lovers and protectors of birds. I remember distinctly with what pride Mr. A. F. Boerner of Cedarburg showed me the birds' nests in his orchard while his young son had me peruse the entire records of birds noted by him during the summer. Mr. Boerner was quite

positive that such birds as robins, thrushes, and Baltimore orioles were peeping down worms and other insect pests in the overgrown rows of shade trees along the river. Here one was delighted to come upon wild birds now and then who appeared to be so so little disturbed that they allowed one to come pretty near before they forsook their nests. Mr. Boerner instructs all his employees not to molest the birds and the first one caught so doing loses his job.

Similar conditions exist in the larger nursery of W. E. Fancher of Corliss, Wisconsin, where I was delighted to find three different nests of mourning doves located in the midst of his blocks of large elm and other shade trees. Except in cases of epidemic of some particular species, no state entomologist in the limited time at his disposal can go so thoroughly over large blocks of growing trees as these birds who make their homes there, and who must of necessity find their insectivorous diet in the surrounding shrubbery.

Mr. C. Oehlenschlager of Oconomowoc also cherishes the friendship of the birds and throws out food or puts up houses and in other ways does all he can to draw the birds about him, more than a dozen species nesting close to his house to say nothing of many dozens which make his small grounds a "Wayside Inn" for rest and refreshment.

Mr. W. H. Bright of Ft. Atkinson recently bought a neglected nursery north of the railroad station at Milton and was somewhat worried to know how bad the conditions would prove as to insect pests where so large a plot had been given no attention. I was pleased to inform him that it was

thoroughly manned by several valuable birds, robins, song sparrows, catbirds and mourning doves, all of whom seem to be much tamer and unsuspecting than the usual run of these species about the cities. In particular, a pair of brown thrashers allowed me to approach within five feet of them at three different times before they flew away. This was no case of bird charming or of taking extra precautions, merely walking up to them in the course of my inspection of the trees.

When it is remembered that this was an area of more than five acres of neglected trees of many different species and that it was freer of insect epidemics than many nurseries which are getting considerable attention, one can be sure that the presence of so many nesting birds has something to do with the scarcity of insect pests.

Koethe Brothers of Coon Valley also protect their birds as does Mr. Kellogg of Janesville, Wisconsin.

There is, however, a great lack of information among the farming class of Wisconsin with regard to the great value of encouraging birds about the premises rather than leaving it to the birds to find out for themselves where they are welcome, for one must not forget the repelling nature of man's operations where he cuts down their costliest groves and hedges in clearing the land. It is of course useless to talk about attracting birds to any farm where the people care more for their cats and their dogs than they do for the dispossessed tenants, the birds.

Friends of "By the Wayside" should do more to bring the Audubon Society work before the farmers. The Univer-

Continued to page 30.)

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We particularly urge the school children to take up the study of the tree-sparrow and junco during the winter months, to keep records, and to send these records to "By the Wayside."

Such information will be of value to science. "Our most learned ornithologists say that so little is known of the life histories of our commonest birds, that trustworthy crumbs of information from any source are most gratefully received."

The A. O. U. check list has recently changed the name of the Savanna sparrow to Savannah, the species being named in honor of that city. The latest publications use the changed spelling.

Winter Birds—How to Attract Them

Like vegetables out of season our winter birds are to be counted as luxuries, and no one can have them who is not willing to pay the price. However, no trust has so manipulated their cost of living that they have ceased to be within the reach of all. Really they are good pay and are apt to stick to any boarding house where the service is fairly good and the food wholesome.

If you want winter birds as boarders instead of putting a card in your window, advertise for them by tying a liberal piece of suet in a nearby tree. Then tack up a shallow cigar box on

the outer rail of the veranda, and another on the window sill of your living room, and keep them supplied with hemp seed and unroasted peanuts, the latter shelled and cut into thin slices. Presto! the nut hatches, chickadees, and the hairy and downy woodpeckers have accepted your invitation to a feast, and if you keep their table richly supplied, like the poor, they will always be with you.

Tabby, a domestic relic of barbarism, will have to go, or she will gorge herself on the birds' suet and devour them before your very eyes. Remember, if you keep a cat your charity becomes a worse treachery to the friends, your bird neighbors, that you have asked to partake of your hospitality.

In your own way, impress it upon the ubiquitous sparrow, that "No English need apply." Without going into any discussion as to the English sparrows' right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" which may be equal to our own; he is not a neighbor that we need feel called upon to invite to all our feasts. His undoubted ability to shift for himself, and his shocking want of breeding and quarrelsome disposition, furnish sufficient reasons for excluding him from polite society.

If Mr. Blue Jay is attracted, as he is very liable to be, don't repulse him, neither would it be well to allow him to eat "the children's bread."

Throw out unshelled peanuts in quantities and he will give you a lesson in industry, the like of which you never saw, and at the same time supply an attractive "bit of blue" on many a grey winter's day.

Continued.

VICTOR KUTCHIN, M. D.,
Green Lake, Wis.

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A Task for School Children

If some of the children who read "By the Wayside" desire to make their winter study of birds of real value to science, they may find interest in the following suggestions, which may be more easily carried out by those who live in the country, or in country towns.

The northern boundary lines of the winter homes of the junco and of the tree sparrow are not well known. In truth, these lines are to a certain degree, changeable ones, as is shown by conditions about my home in northeastern Iowa. If the season be a mild one, a few flocks of both species may occasionally be found in sheltered places, all through the winter; but in severe winters it is safe to say that all of them are farther south for two or three months. The date of their return varies from the first to the middle of March, sometimes a little later than the middle. If daily records were kept by

children who live where these birds can be found almost daily, and by other children farther north where the birds can seldom be seen, and if still other children would report their failures to find these species, after the first of January until migrants begin returning in March, then we shall have more definite knowledge on this subject than is possessed at present.

Some suggestions for the work are given here: On a sheet of paper which has spaces for every day in the month, keep separate records for the tree sparrow and junco. When either species is seen, put down the number of distinctly different places in which it was seen, and in another column write *about* how many individual birds of the species were seen. It might be very difficult to tell the exact number seen, but a rough estimate of the number is desirable. These monthly sheets should be carefully saved until spring, then sent to Wayside. A better plan would be to keep the original sheets and make copies of them to send. The writer of this article will undertake to compile these reports for publication in Wayside, giving due credit to the workers engaged.

The territory in which it is desirable that this work should be done may be indicated in a general way as the southern peninsula of Michigan, the southern half of Wisconsin, the whole of Iowa, and the northern half of Illinois. Are there any children willing to take up the work? Children of a school could unite in the work, which would give by far the best results, or children can carry it on independently of each other.

A. R. S.

(Continued from page 27)

sity at present seems to be doing nothing to encourage attention to this matter, though they should do so, and as for our state, the bird laws while better than in many states, leave the blackbird unprotected. The State Game Warden ought to have advisory powers where birds constitute a pest, to destroy the surplus, and where they aid the community, powers to protect even blacklisted species. Thus, some of the farmers who are troubled badly with "white grubs" destroying the roots of corn, strawberry and the like, fail to note the value of these "black rascals," as they call blackbirds, at plowing time, when it is easy to get the birds to follow the plow and pick up up-turned grubs before the latter have a chance to bury themselves again. The picture of the birds following a man at his plow as painted in words by Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter in her late book entitled "What I Have Done With Birds," should be read by every farmer whether or not he believes blackbirds to be a nuisance at most times. A symposium on the damage which blackbirds do in this state could be followed up to advantage by the readers of "By the Wayside," since such facts will have to be thrashed over by the legislature before they will ever consent to put these birds on the protected lists. Public opinion is very strong both *for* and *against* the blackbird, despite the well known publications of the biological survey seeking their protection.

By PROF. J. G. SANDERS,
State Entomologist (Wis.).

The Last Days of the Scarecrow

Showing that the Wild Bird is not the Farmer's Enemy but an Extra Hand who Works for his Board.

By William L. Finley

(Author of American Birds)

The real wealth of the country is based upon the products of agriculture and horticulture. The prosperity of the nation depends upon a prosperous farming class. Without the help of our wild birds, farming would be impossible. No other farm hands could accomplish the work entrusted to birds. The wild birds of orchard, field, and forest are Nature's check upon the increase of insect life. With the great handicap of bird destruction in our present day the loss from insect and rodent pests in the United States the past year is estimated to be eight hundred million dollars. This loss can be reduced only when a public sentiment is aroused for proper bird protection. The practical farmer can not afford to ignore the relations that wild birds bear to his crops. They are part of the natural resources of any farm. The farmer will prosper in proportion to the way he encourages these extra hands Nature has given him.

Birds Police Earth and Air

Birds work more in conjunction with man to help him than does any other form of outdoor life. They police the earth and air, and without their services the farmer would be helpless. Larks, wrens and thrushes search the ground for grubs and insects. The food of the meadow lark consists of seventy-five per cent. of injurious in-

sects and twelve per cent. of weed seed, showing it to be a bird of great economic value. Sparrows, finches, and quail eat a large amount of weed seed. Practically all the food of the tree sparrow consists of seed. Examinations by Prof. F. E. L. Beal, of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, show that a single tree sparrow will eat a quarter of an ounce of weed seed daily. In a state the size of Iowa, tree sparrows alone will consume more than eight hundred tons of weed seed annually. This, with the work of other seed-eating birds, saves the farmer an immense amount of work. Nuthatches and chickadees scan every part of the trunks and limbs of trees for insect eggs. In a day's time a chickadee has been known to eat hundreds of insect eggs and worms that are very harmful to our trees and vegetables. Warblers and vireos hunt the leaves and buds for moths and millers. Flycatchers, swallows, and night hawks are busy day and night catching flies that bother man and beast. Hawks and owls are working silently in daylight and darkness to catch moles, mice, gophers, and squirrels.

The valuable service which birds render about the farm is shown most strikingly in places where insects and rodents have become so numerous as to destroy crops. Birds collect in places where food is abundant, and by giving their whole time to hunting and eating these pests, they become the most valuable assistants the farmers can have. To illustrate, a few years ago a large apple orchard in central Illinois was attacked by canker worms. Prof. S. A. Forbes spent two seasons in this locality studying bird life. He examined the stomachs of thirty-six different spe-

cies of birds and found that seventy-two per cent. of those were eating canker worms. Taken as a whole, thirty-five per cent of the food of all the birds of the locality consisted of these worms. Out of a flock of thirty-five cedar waxwings, seven were killed and examined. With the exception of a few small beetles, these birds were living entirely on canker worms. By actual count he found seventy to one hundred and one worms in the stomachs of each one of these birds. If we assume that each waxwing ate a hundred worms a day, which is a very low estimate, the flock of thirty was destroying three thousand a day, or during the month when caterpillars were out, a flock of thirty waxwings would eat ninety thousand worms.

Killing Blackbirds Brought on a Pest of Locusts

A number of years ago blackbirds were exceedingly abundant through eastern Nebraska. They were so plentiful that the farmers believed they were damaging crops so they began poisoning the birds. A single grain of corn soaked in strychnine was enough to kill a blackbird. In the years that followed, great numbers of these and other birds were destroyed during the spring and fall. At the same time thousands of quail, prairie chickens, and other game birds were killed in every county to supply the market. As the birds began to disappear, swarms of locusts took their place. These insects hatched out in countless numbers and began devastating crops. Few fields of grain escaped damage. Many were entirely destroyed. Where blackbirds, quail, prairie chickens, plovers, and other birds remained, they took to living en-

tirely on locusts. In such localities fair crops were secured solely through the assistance of the birds.

The members of the United States Entomological Commission who witnessed the work accomplished by the birds in this region, said the results were so complete that it was impossible to entertain any doubt as to the value of birds as locust destroyers.

At the same time Prof. Samuel Aughey, of the University of Nebraska, made a careful study of the bird life in the different localities where this outbreak of locusts occurred. He discovered that thrushes, kinglets, chickadees, nuthatches, warblers, vireos, swallows, crows, blue jays, blackbirds, kingfishers, woodpeckers, hawks, owls, grouse, ducks, gulls, and even humming-birds were all doing their best to check the advancing horde of locusts. Some people think that humming-birds live only on the sweet food they obtain from flowers, but this is not true. Four small locusts were found in the stomach of one humming-bird. Forty-seven were taken from the stomach of a yellow-headed blackbird. Six robins had eaten two hundred and sixty-five locusts. Sixty-seven of these insects were found in the stomachs of three bluebirds. One little ruby-crowned kinglet had eaten twenty-nine. Many of these and other birds were feeding their young on locusts. One barn owl had eaten thirty-nine. Even two white pelicans had varied their diet of crayfish and frogs by picking up a hundred and eight of these hoppers. So it would be difficult to obtain more striking evidence showing the commercial value of wild birds as the farmer's extra hands.

The Gulls Were Too Much for the Black Crickets

When the Mormons first settled in Utah, black crickets came in myriads from the mountains and would have destroyed the crops had it not been for the gulls that came by hundreds and thousands from the surrounding lakes. At that time the settlers at Salt Lake regarded the advent of birds as a heaven-sent miracle, and ever since the gull has been esteemed almost as a sacred bird by the Mormons. About the beet and alfalfa fields when they are being irrigated, the gulls still collect and feed largely on field mice that are so destructive to crops.

Last year complaints were sent in to the Department of Agriculture at Washington stating that field mice were causing great destruction in the alfalfa fields in the Humboldt Valley in Nevada. Men from the Biological Survey were sent to investigate. In places the crops were entirely ruined. The mice ate the stalks and leaves and then devoured the roots. A careful estimate showed that on some of the ranches from ten to twelve thousand mice were getting their living out of an acre of alfalfa. With this multitude to feed, the farmers had little or nothing left for themselves. The abnormal increase of mice was purely an overbalance in nature. The farmers had no extra hands to keep the mice in check. The wild birds and animals that feed on mice had not been protected or they would have held the mice in check. But as soon as the mice increased to such enormous numbers, birds began to collect and feed on them. By aiding these natural enemies of the mice and by using poisons, the number of mice was reduced.

By The Wayside

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NATURE STUDY AND BIRD LORE

By H. L. Skavlem

In order to gain any knowledge of value in the study of nature, the essential qualification is the ability to pursue an accurate, critical habit of observation.

Every student and trained observer lives in a world of his own, differing from that of his friends and associates in so far as their tastes and inclinations may vary.

The trained mechanic or architect sees the flaw in a badly made door, window or wall, be they but a fraction of an inch out of plumb. His sense of symmetry is jarred if the keystone of an arch be but a trifle out of proportion. Due to training in habits of observation along these lines, he sees things that are to the untrained eye unseen.

An entomologist will sit for hours in the hottest August sun and, to the uninitiated, be apparently staring at the bare ground—this he repeats day after day, perhaps year after year, until in time he brings out a most interesting account of what he has seen—it may be an account of the ant, a bee, a solitary wasp or spider, or any creeping thing whatsoever.

To us he reveals a new world, and shows us traits of insect life that are simply marvelous.

The botanist greets old friends and makes the acquaintance of new ones at

every step he takes. Tiny plants that are "pesky weeds" and "toad-stools" to his neighbors, are to him sermons of beauty.

And the bird-lover, more so than any other student of natural history, finds his friends by learning to see things. Here, there, and everywhere—with the architect he climbs the tallest building in the city and lo! there are his friends—'tis the home of the night-hawk—in the old, abandoned chimneys, his friends are colonized by the hundred. With the botanist he greets them in fern-fringed glen, in the tops of the highest trees, in the tiniest bush, in bog and fen, on land and sea—high in air and everywhere—he looks—his friends are there.

Southern Wisconsin is of particular interest to a bird student. There are few places in the country where bird life is so manifold as in southern and eastern Wisconsin. The pioneer Wisconsin ornithologist, the late Dr. Hoy of Racine, said more than thirty years ago:

"The isothermal lines come farther north in summer and return farther south in winter than is the case east of the Great Lakes. This physical condition will sufficiently explain the remarkable peculiarities of Wisconsin's animal life—the overlapping, as it were, of two distinct faunas. More

especially is this true of birds that are able to change their locality with great facility. It is doubtful if there is another locality where the Canada jay and its congeners visit in winter, where the mocking bird nests in summer, or another where the hawk-owl flies silently over the spot occupied during the warmer days by the summer red-bird and the yellow-breasted chat. But the axe has already leveled much of the woods, so there is perceivable a falling off in the number of our old familiar friends.''

We care little for the past. But what of the present? Most of you will say that the birds are all gone—at least in the city. Sparrows are about all there is left.

Unquestionably, some of our old friends are gone, and never to return. But are not many of us so busy looking for other things that we fail to see but a small part of what treasure we have left. We hold dollars so close to our eyes that it is difficult to see anything else.

Our grain and seed eating birds have suffered the greatest decrease. This is not, as is generally claimed, due to the bad boy who steals birds' eggs. Nor is it due to the hawks, the owls, the weasels, the skunks, or the foxes, whose natural rights to a meal of fur and feathers is unquestionable—nor even to that least excusable destroyer, the sportsman and hunter, who too often kills wantonly, sometimes for the mere lust for killing something, or to exhibit his skill as a destroyer.

The radical changes and almost total destruction of the native seed and fruit-bearing plants of the country are unavoidable and are incidental to the changes from a wild to a civilized country. It is so with the birds.

The fact that the food supply of our

winter birds has enormously decreased and at times almost totally cut off is evident to the most careless observer. It is a well known fact that the strength of a cable is equal only to its weakest part. So is it that in all distributions of life, continuity can never exceed the lowest ebb of its food supply.

Let us go back thirty or forty years or so and see what our winter birds had to live upon. Almost every pasture had its cluster of briar patches and hazel brush so thick that a rabbit scarcely could make passage through them. The many berries, the wild grapes, the shrubs, the vines loaded with sundry fruits; then there were the hundreds and thousands of species of native seed-bearing plants—from the giant sunflowers down through the list of coneflowers, black-eyed susans, painted cups, bush clovers, asters, golden-rods, ad infinitum. Then there were thousands of acres of stubble fields, with here and there strips and patches of uncut grain. Cornfields were not always cut and shocked in those days. And when they were, they weren't often husked until the following Spring.

What are the conditions today? The old rail fences are gone, with their impenetrable hedges of brush and vine and weed. Intense farming utilizes every square rod of land, ninety per cent in bulk of our pasture, and hay plants consist of three species only—timothy, clover and June grass—no one of which is allowed to seed unless the seed is gathered.

Even if quails and prairie-chickens could hibernate in snow, there would not be dead grass enough on an up-to-date farm to enable them to build their nests. With the smaller seed-eating winter birds the same condition pre-

ails. When we have a good covering of snow, they must either take flight, or be provided for by man.

In the case of our summer residents, and the migratory birds, the situation is entirely different. Their food supply is unlimited, and when the seasonal changes come, they seek "fresh fields and pastures new." But the elimination of the brier-patch, the old hedge-ences and weed-patches, have driven even a good many of these to seek their summer homes in regions where the bush, the vine and the wild flowers still hold sway.

Now what can we do to encourage the birds in our cities? Well, there are many things that we could do, but I apprehend that there are very few things that we will do—except draw up the usual good-intentioned bird-protective legislation that is worth less than the paper it is printed upon.

The first and all important question is: have we the necessary food supply? We will first consider the resident and winter-visiting grain and seed-eating birds—mostly all of these belong to the great finch or sparrow family. They are the red-polls, the snow-buntings, etc. All were here late in the fall, looking for winter quarters. What did they find? Barren fields and close-shaved lawns and closer-gnawed pastures, with a goodly "bunch" of yawping tomcats—and they "hiked."

Now, unless we set apart bird parks—let the back-yard riot in weeds and banish the weed commissioner from all vacant lots and alleys—let the histle and the hemp and the myriads of other weeds have undisputed right of possession—not unless we do this will these birds come back to us.

We must provide bird parks, will we do it?

Our Friends, the Sea-Gulls

BY J. W. BRANN, BAILEY'S HARBOR, WIS.

Sea-gulls may justly be awarded first honors for perfection and ability in the navigation of the air. Look at a flock of these birds on a windy day on Lake Michigan, and note how well they have mastered the art of flying. They can, by perfect adjustment of body, with a single flap of their wings, make their way directly into the teeth of the gale. It is safe to say that human ingenuity will never devise air crafts able to duplicate the graceful and dexterous flight of these birds of the sea. The gulls delight in breasting the gusty winds of the lake, and defy all power of wind and wave to conquer them.

The gulls are as much at home on the water as in the air—riding the breakers with ease and grace, and occasionally diving headlong into the foaming surf. All this for fun and frolic. Now we see a large gull soar high in the air, and with a magnificent swoop of great velocity, he skims the surface of the water and rises again with the body of a dead fish that was spied from above. On a stormy day, they seldom dive beneath the surface of the water, but take more delight in doing "stunts on the wing."

These birds are scavengers of the sea and shore, and are of vast benefit to humanity in ridding places adjacent to the water of dead fish and fish offal. Were it not for these creatures, the sanitary conditions of our fishing towns along the lake shores and coasts, would be in a most deplorable condition. The writer has noted the good work of these birds as scavengers in Door peninsula, that conspicuous projection of north-eastern Wisconsin, lying between Green Bay and Lake Michigan waters.

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BY THE WAYSIDE

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Our Winter Birds

BY ALTHEA R. SHERMAN, MCGREGOR, IA.

Probably no less than two hundred species of birds pass each year within neighborly distance of my home. Of these one hundred and forty-seven species have been identified within our grounds, and upward of a hundred visit our door-yard annually. But when Jack Frost holds old Mother Earth in a hard embrace, and the piercing north wind howls over our bleak prairie the number of species shrinks to very insignificant proportions. It is likely that few more than two dozen species can ever be found hereabout in winter; sixteen is the number that have visited our yard.

* A few days ago the great horned owl was added to the list of birds that have been seen in the door-yard. It is not an uncommon species in the woods two miles eastward, and this is the season when it comes to our prairie homes in search of misguided tree-roosting chickens, but its visits are usually made in the night. When this owl was discovered at half past one o'clock in the afternoon it was sitting on the ground in the front yard at a distance of thirty-five feet from the house, and nearly the same from the trunks of three evergreen trees. With watchful turnings of the head it maintained its position on the ground for an hour, until put to flight by the cat. Its

semi-diurnal habits are indicated by the frequency of its appearance abroad in the woods in the daytime.

The barred owl, as well as its distant and diminutive cousin, the screech owl are winter birds, although the latter species is less plentiful in the dead of winter than in other seasons; indications are that most of these owls go farther south to spend the coldest months. They return in March apparently mated and ready for nesting. Ten boxes for woodpeckers have been put up on our place, and at least four of them have been occupied by screech owls. In two of the barn boxes owls have laid eggs, and in a box in my bird blind a brood was raised. There during sixty-two days, and part of the nights, the nest life was closely watched. An intimate acquaintance with these interesting and amusing little birds leads one to wish that they would confine themselves to city life, where they are a benefit as English sparrow destroyers; but their taste for bird flesh is not confined to English sparrows, and the inroads they make upon our small song birds induces me to prefer their room to their company. For those familiar with only the customary or upright position of the screech owl a new experience may be in store some day; if while watching an owl sitting upright, and looking the embodiment of wisdom, it suddenly throws its back into a horizontal position and walks off, it will be strange if a novel sensation is not felt, such as one might experience should a minister or a college professor descend from his desk and walk about "on all fours."

The bobwhite in this locality was very numerous in the summer of 1908. The succeeding two winters proved very disastrous to this species. Heavy

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SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of **BY THE WAYSIDE**

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond, or Mr. Kremers.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas Street, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Junco

Winter is the best of all times to observe the few birds that stay with us. Put out crumbs for the chickadees and bluejays. Take a walk once in a while and watch for the tracks of quail or grouse in the snow.

Keep your eyes open these days for the slate colored junco. If you see one you will spy a dozen more—maybe a hundred. They always come in flocks. This little winter visitor is clothed in slate gray, all except the lower portion of its breast. Also two tail feathers of pure white twinkle as the owner darts from one bush to another. These are the characteristic markings of the junco. Watch for him and let us know when you have made his acquaintance.

Prize Letter

Shumway, Ill., Oct. 23, 1911.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

I have been keeping notes on the birds I have seen the past two months. The bird, whose habits I have studied the most is the hummingbird, which frequented my mother's flowers at all hours. The general color was green; head, greenish black and appeared scaly; throat, greyish white, and a greyish white belly. Early in the morning they sunned themselves on a dried saliva flower. On cold mornings especially these birds darted continually among the flowers to keep themselves warm. They also enjoyed sitting on a branch or twig of the birch tree, letting it swing them to and fro. Their little wings just shivered with ecstasy because the rocking was so pleasant. They never seemed afraid of me but flew around me without fear. They left us about October 2.

Today I saw a flicker quite near me. He had a red cap setting jauntily on the back of his head; a striped back; great black dots on his breast and sporting a yellow lining on his wings. He flew over some sparrows that were feasting on seeds and wild grapes.

I also found two small nests in a willow tree—one was made snugly with straws, dry grass and mud and the other more loosely made out of dry grass. I have noticed more things but I think this will be a long enough letter for this time.

Yours truly,

Age 12.

Mamie Lane.

Second Prize

229 Third St., Jackson, Mich.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

While looking for nests on my way home from school at noon I saw a bird a little smaller than a Robin, with a blue back, dark blue head, white breast and throat. He was searching for insects high up in a maple tree. When I got home I looked in my guide and found it was a White-breasted Nuthatcher.

On the trunk of the same tree was a little Brown Creeper. He went hopping around the trunk hunting in every crevice for insects. When he got to about the middle of the tree he flew to the trunk of the next tree. He did not pay attention to me. I got so close I could easily have caught him.

For a long time I had heard a kind of dee-dee-dee but had never seen the bird. One noon I was surprised to see a little Chickadee bobbing around in every position in search of insects. He was very tame and I got very close to him before he flew away.

Yours truly,
Corden Knowles.

Mazomanie, Wis., Dec. 8, 1911.

Third Prize

DEAR WAYSIDE:—

One day while I was sitting on the porch I saw a sparrow making a nest. There was some cord on the ground, the sparrow saw it and picked it up and flew away with it. So I thought I would go in the house and get some more cord. I could not find only one piece of white cord so I got some red and blue cord. Soon the same sparrow came and took the piece of white cord, but would not take any of the colored cord and when I ask my mother why she said that they did not want the boys to see their nest so plain.

Well I must close from

Your friend,
Rudy Zeller.

Age 12.

(Continued from page 35)

They congregate here in great numbers, mate nest and thrive in the low-lying rocky islands, and feed upon the wastes of the fishing industry, which affords a livelihood for a large number of people of this region. The fishermen look upon these birds as public benefactors, seldom, if ever molesting them in any manner.

Gulls will follow in the wake of a fish, tug for hours, picking up any fish scraps that may be dropped overboard. The remarkable thing about this is that they do not seize upon the object until they have first made an initial flight for inspection, as it were. The gull having made this investigation and feeling assured that all is well, makes a second swoop, scoops up the prize in his bill and soars upwards only to be followed by the noisy, clamoring throng. The varied antics and peculiar flapping of wings resemble the scattering of so much cotton. Hide a cork or some other wooden object within the offal thrown overboard and one swoop is enough to convince the wary bird that all is not well. It appears that they are endowed with some instinct or extra sense that warns them of danger to their digestive apparatus. It may be that their olfactory powers have been so perfectly developed that this sense assists them in detecting any change from the natural.

Gulls prefer dead fish and the offal to live fish, but are frequently seen diving in the shallows along the shore for the smaller fish which they handle with remarkable skill. When in quest of live fish, the gull flies leisurely over the water, head moving from side to side with an occasional downward glance at the contents of the depths below. Having spied a fish, our friend, the gull, poses for a moment, flutters, and is down head foremost into the water with speed that is most marvelous.

It takes but a short time before cap-

tor and victim are in air, the latter being held firmly in crosswise fashion by the bill of the gull. With a dexterous swish of the head the bird adjusts the prize to a convenient position for swallowing, and with a gulp the gull receives the fish, head foremost, into its stomach. Occasionally, a fish may wriggle away from the grasp of the gull, but ere it again strikes the water, it is snatched up only to be held with a firmer grasp than before. The gulls do not practice this to excess, resorting to diving for fish only when there is a lack of available fish refuse to be had.

Gulls congregate in large numbers on Gravel Island in Lake Michigan, a secluded and barren spot located off the northeastern point of Door County.

The nesting season begins in May and the young are brought forth in June. As each female lays not more than three eggs, we can readily see that any encroachment of man will retard the multiplication of these birds most decidedly. The young come into the world, and into a home made practically out of nothing but a few twigs and see-weed scattered between the rocks or gravel. The young are guarded quite closely by their parents during the early period of growth, but they are soon forced to shift for themselves and this stage of their growth marks a period when many lose their lives by starvation or heartless attacks of unfriendly gulls. The encroachment of man does not figure as prominently in the section mentioned as in other portions of the Great Lake Region. It has taken a long time to awaken the American people to the fact that the beautiful creatures of the air are a part of God's kingdom, and our inheritance, and that their heedless destruction by pot and plume hunters, poachers, or meandering hunters shooting for the "fun of it," is a crime against the state and nation.

NOTE: The above account from a

University of Wisconsin man who has lived all his life about the Wisconsin breeding grounds of the Herring Gull (*Larus argentatus*) holds:

"The bird can dive out of sight for live fish and yet the fishermen maintain it does not eat enough live fish to warrant objection to its protection." From the literature and conversations, these points appear to be widely contested, hence the need of more observers.

A. C. Burrill.

(Continued from page 36)

snows came and were blown into deep drifts that sealed the fate of many a covey of bobwhites; even those that were semi-domesticated and came to the farmers' pens to feed with the pigs, or staid about the door yard, eating with the chickens and sleeping at night under the evergreen trees, were made restless by the blustering storms and left their sheltered retreats to be seen no more. In 1911 but one bobwhite was seen and heard in the whole year, where three years previous several were observed every day through-out the summer. For frequent glimpses of another game bird, the prairie chicken, the winter months are the best ones of the year; since at that time the birds are ranging the open fields in search of food. A few scattering flocks of this species may be found, where the farm owners have been disposed to protect them.

Three species of the woodpecker family can be found with us every winter: the hairy, and downy, and in the thick woods the loud-voiced northern pileated woodpeckers, which are frequently heard by the men who are at work in their neighborhood. Rarely a red-headed woodpecker spends the winter here, generally near a farm-house, that has wooded surroundings, where the bird ekes out a living from food thrown to the chickens. Most of our winter birds appear partial to a diet of

nuts; the downy and the hairy woodpeckers, as well as the junco, are no exceptions to this rule. There are foods that the hairy woodpecker seems to prefer above that of the time-honored chunk of suet. For the past six weeks suet has been hung in five places in our yard, but not a bird has been seen to visit any of them; instead of it sweet corn that was green when the frost came has been eaten by one hairy woodpecker. The blue jays and chickadees will eat no other food, if they can get plenty of nuts.

Although the tree sparrow and the junco are classed as winter birds, they generally pass to the south of us for the coldest portion of the year, about three months. Only once did the daily supply of food tempt a few tree sparrows to come all winter to the lunch counter. The crows, like the poor, are with us always, but do not make themselves seen and heard except on the milder days of winter.

Among the rarer of the boreal species that have visited our yard, are the white-winged crossbills. Their near relatives, the red crossbills, also the evening grosbeak, have been seen in neighboring yards but are still to be added to the list for ours. Upon a December morning in 1908 two of my neighbors were fortunate in seeing a vast flock of birds, (described as "millions"), which are believed to have been Bohemian waxwings. A few of that species were found that day in a mountain ash tree eating the berries, other small flocks appeared a few miles away in yards where the berries of the cedar or of the mountain ash were to be found. They remained as long as the fruit lasted, delighting their hosts by their gentle ways. When all the berries in the trees had been taken they gleaned from the ground, one bird sometimes feeding another from the scant supply.

The northern shrike is a rare caller in spring and fall. It has been a winter resident in those years only when the snow fall was light, leaving much ground uncovered, where the bird could find meadow mice for its larder. The hind quarters of these mice were frequently found on the thorns of plum trees, a reserve stock, probably, which the shrike ate when the hunting was poor. Its creaking song, sounding not unlike the noise made by a rusty hinge, proves welcome at a time when other bird music is lacking.

The last species to be added to the list of winter residents in Clayton County, Iowa, is the cardinal. The gradual northern advance of this species has attracted the attention of ornithologists throughout the United States. Reports have been made of its winter appearance in several localities, in latitude near 43 degrees, all the way from the vicinity of Boston to northeastern Iowa. In my neighborhood the first cardinals were discovered in April, 1908, near the mouth of a small creek that empties into the Mississippi River nearly opposite the mouth of the Wisconsin. A male and a female cardinal were seen, and both were heard singing. The next report of this species came from the village of McGregor, where the following winter a male cardinal took board for the season at a table spread for birds. That winter individuals of this species appeared in Boscobel and Blue River, Wisconsin. In November, 1909, there came the first and only cardinal visitor to our yard: this was a female. That winter again a male came to McGregor for a few days; and in the following February a pair of these beautiful birds appeared before the windows of a residence in St. Olaf, Iowa. They remained in that neighborhood several weeks, coming to the door-yard to eat with the chickens.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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FEBRUARY, 1912

NO. 6

A PLEA FOR THE HERRING GULL

By Alfred C. Barrill, Entomologist's Office, Madison, Wis.

Protection of the common sea-gull has been taken up in several states of the union but it is still left for Wisconsin to secure better protection to the few colonies which come within her borders on the Great Lakes.

In looking up the economic value of the feeding habits of the gull, with the end of protection in view, I discovered there is still some dispute among ornithologists, who ought to know, as to the relative merits of the feeding habits of the gull during its widespread travels, in contrast to the same habits about its natural breeding grounds, especially with respect to the fishing industry. First of all, some maintain that the sea-gull never dives below the surface for live fish (George H. McKay, "Habits of the American Herring Gull in New England"; "The Auk", n. s., vol. 9, p. 223) and use this argument that the birds cannot catch many live fish of a size to interfere with the fisherman's interests.

William Dutcher (W. Dutcher and J. L. Bailey "A Contribution to the Life History of the Herring-Gull in the U. S.", "The Auk", Vol. 20, p. 431) remarks, that in feeding the gulls cod-liver's, "should a liver sink before it can be picked up by a gull while floating, the bird will settle on the

water and disappear under the surface in the effort to obtain the coveted tid-bit."

In Mr. Brann's, "Our Friends, The Sea-Gulls", he makes the argument that they may occasionally dive for live fish when they are approaching in a starving condition. The variety of these diving habits would indicate that gulls are no conspicuous enemy to deep water fish.

We may next ask how severely do the gulls prey on live fish at the surface. At the northward limit of the Atlantic breeding range of the gulls, Mr. E. Cones in his "Birds of the Northwest", tells how they feed on the many schools of lance-fish, the common food near the Labrador rookeries, while southward of this the gull is reported to eat more insects, bivalves, refuse and the like. But the name "herring-gull" indicates the bird's well known taste for the schools of young herring and other small fish which frequently swim in vast shoals very near the surface of the sea, well depicted in Collier's Weekly for February, 1909. All attempts to decide upon the food of the sea-gull, as found in its stomach, fail to reveal whether the fish in course of digestion was captured alive or not, since the digestive process is rapid, the head of a large

fish being sometimes completely macerated in digestion, while the tail is still almost responsive to touch.

Dutcher and Bailey, noted above, pages 423-4, give the analysis of the stomachs of five young gulls in Maine, as determined by the Biological Survey at Washington, showing that the mother birds fed the young gulls many insects, including May Beetles and Blow-flies, together with squids and some fish. In most cases, the stomachs tested for 100% animal matter. I do not know what other records may exist in MSS. in the Biological Survey or in bird journals, but Director Henry L. Ward of the Public Museum, Milwaukee, whose interesting paper, "Notes on the Herring-Gull and the Caspian Tern" (October, 1906, Bulletin of the Wisconsin Natural History Society, sold at the Milwaukee Public Museum), is the first scientific account of our Wisconsin colonies, counsels caution for fear of arriving at premature conclusions on the food habits of the gull near its breeding haunts.

While the above reference goes to show that the bird catches live fish swimming in schools, dives for fish, and pieces out its meals with insects, the opinion of fishermen whose boats the gull follows for refuse, is that the gull is such a blessing as a scavenger that its tithe in live fish is negligible. The bulk of the literature about sea-gulls emphasizes the gull's activity as a coastal health patrol, cleaning up decaying matter and insects so that it would seem that we could dismiss the possibility of its parasitism on the fishing interests as a mirror point in its life history.

Moreover, this usefulness as a scav-

enger extends over many years. The life of the gull as worked out in the history of the tame, wild gull "Dick", who came back every season to be fed by the sailors on the Brenton Reef Light-ship off Newport, R. I., (given in McKay's account, pages 227-8, and later in "The Auk", n. s., Vol. 10, pp. 76; Vol. 11, pp. 73; Vol. 20, pp. 417-431), shows that the bird may live 24 seasons and thus, under protection, should yield a long life of economic use to the human race. What a contrast, then, where Dutcher gives us data about the gulls along the coast of Maine, slaughtered for millinery in 1899-1900 when 10,000 were shot and were paid for by the milliners at four to twelve dollars a dozen. (W. Dutcher and T. S. Palmer, "Results of Special Protection to Gulls and Terns Obtained Through the Thayer Fund", "The Auk", n. s., Vol. 18, pp. 76-104; Vol. 19, pp. 34-64.) Can such destruction measure our appreciation for useful birds? Fortunately, laws now generally protect this bird from slaughter. Some states are making good headway in gull conservation.

In Maine there are now protected many colonies ranging in population all the way from two to three thousand gulls down to small colonies of twenty-five pairs or so. Here the breeding would seem to begin about the same time as Mr. Brann writes of the Wisconsin gulls, the date being March 27th for Maine, and egg-laying May 27th. The attention now focused on the breeding grounds brings out further facts about the ills following in the wake of our neglect of them. Where the gulls have been badly disturbed by hunters at the breeding grounds as on Heron

land, Penobscot Bay, Maine, nearly
 e half the birds have forsaken their
 sts on the rocks for sites in flat-top-
 d spruce trees and Dutcher mentions
 Auk, Vol 20, p. 419) that they have
 so chosen fir trees, one nest at the
 ight of 25 feet. Director H. L.
 ard mentioned to me a similar case of
 lls taking to nesting in trees after
 od choppers had poached for eggs on
 ir breeding grounds. Besides these
 ids which the gulls evidently resent,
 must not forget that their young
 e open to wholesale destruction in the
 se of unusual storms washing the
 sts away on all low-lying islands oc-
 pied by the gulls, when such storms
 ur in the breeding season.

It is gratifying, then, to see more re-
 ntly, other states, as Michigan and
 w Jersey creating protected reserves
 r their breeding gulls, the reserve at
 one Harbor, Cape May County, New
 rsey, numbering some fifteen hun-
 ed birds in 1910. Why should not
 isconsin try the same scheme instead
 waiting to be one of the last ones in
 s progressive movement? Our state
 s about the eight state in date of
 ssing a good A. O. U. law (Auk, n. s.
 l. 19, p. 37), and ought to be among
 e first half dozen in protection of sea-
 lls, if the bird is really worth it.

Robin Redbreast a Merry Rake When He Winters in the South

Exposed at last is the sinful double
 of Cock Robin. To save him from
 ng killed while under the spell of
 ong drink the National Association
 Audubon Societies, from its head-
 arters, at No. 1974 Broadway, re-
 ntly issued an appeal to conduct a
 n campaign in its efforts to snatch him

from his folly. Hundreds of thousands
 of robins go into pies in the Southern
 states because they are so easy to get
 and in Dixie land there are no laws as
 there are in the North which restrain
 the destruction of the birds in the win-
 ter and in the fall.

Why do they so easily succumb to
 trap and gin and ever ready shotgun?

It is easy at times even to knock
 them off stumps with clubs. The robin
 in the North is the sweet-voiced har-
 binger of spring. He looks as inno-
 cent as a choir boy and he hops about
 on the lawns so demurely that often
 he seems to have a halo. When he
 goes South for the winter, the robin
 goes into the pine barrens and the
 marshes. He feeds on fruits and pine
 nuts and such things and is most de-
 lighted with the china berry. This
 berry, as it becomes dead ripe, exudes
 a juice which within a few minutes
 will intoxicate the most level-headed
 robin that ever carolled. His head wob-
 bles loosely, and he staggers from side
 to side.

Once under the spell of this potent
 juice, Robin Red Breast, Esq., becomes
 Red the hobo. He rolls in mud and
 dust until his crimson waistcoat is
 dingy. He no longer will sing, but
 splutters inarticulate cries. He never
 goes home and as likely as not the club
 claims him and he is stewed for good.
 After that he is pried and it would be
 useless for Mrs. Robin to have any bones
 to pick with him, for all that is done by
 other persons.

In the brush or balancing on stumps,
 one may see the robins in **the** winter
 proclaiming the shame of their double

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lives by bleary eyes and uncertain twitterings. Just to show how sober they think they are they will stroll across paths as though inviting some one to practice gunnery.

Once the lure of the china berry is broken, for the fruit will soon dry, the robins which have escaped the wages of drink, soon get themselves together and reform utterly. When the time for the flight to the North has come they are again their old selves.

The plea, "Save the robin," not only from himself, but from the fowler, is issued at this time, as in the fall there is special need of something being done.

In Florida robins may be killed at any time, as well as in many counties of Maryland, while in Louisiana and Mississippi they are slain in the fall and winter. In Virginia they are protected in only a few counties.

One Young Robin Ate 165 Cutworms in a Day

"On the 9th of June I weighed the bird; its weight was exactly three ounces; and then I tried to find how much it would eat, it being now quite able to feed itself. With the assistance of my children I gathered a large number of cutworms and gave them to the robin after weighing them. In the course of that day it ate just five and

one-half ounces of cutworms. These grubs averaged thirty to the ounce, so the young robin ate one hundred and sixty-five cutworms in one day. Had it been at liberty it probably would have eaten some insects of other species and fewer cutworms, but this shows about what each young robin requires for its maintenance when growing; the adult birds require much less, of course. The average number of young raised by a robin is four, and there are usually two broods in a season. A very simple calculation will give a good idea of the number of insects destroyed while the young are in the nest."

In the past farmers have been misguided in their actions by not knowing the economic relations that our common birds bear to agriculture. Hawks and owls are often regarded as more harmful than beneficial to the agriculturist. For example, on June 23, 1885, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a bill known as the Scalp Act. This was for the purpose of benefiting the farmer by killing hawks, owls, and other creatures that were preying upon his chickens. As soon as these birds began to be killed off, the farmer discovered that mice and other small animals were making heavy inroads upon his crops. In a year and a half the sum of ninety thousand dollars was paid out in bounties to kill these creatures which acted as extra hands about the farm and did work that no one else could do. A careful estimate showed that the farmer saved \$1,875 in poultry which might have been destroyed, but on the other hand there was a clear loss of \$3,875,130 in bounties and crop losses. In other words, the State spent \$2,105 for every dollar saved.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of **BY THE WAYSIDE**

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

The wren button which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond, or Mr. Kremers.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas Street, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

Prize Letter

Mazomanie, Wis., Dec. 8, 1911.

Dear Wayside:—

I belong to the Audubon Society, and like it very much.

One day on my way home from school I saw a poor robin in some tall grass. There was blood all around where the robin lay, the robin didn't move so I knew something was wrong I picked it up and saw it's wing was broken. I took it home and when it got well it flew away. I put some food on the ground close to the house where I could see the birds when they came to eat but the robin was not with the birds.

I like birds very much but haven't any. The birds are always flying around very early, by a lilac bush close to my bedroom window,

One Sunday when we were out walking we met a boy who was shooting birds. We told him what a wrong it was to kill them but he paid no attention. Whenever he saw a bird near enough for him to kill, he would say, "I'm going to hit the post," and he'd kill a bird.

Your friend,

VERA THOMPSON.

Age, 12.

Second Prize

Mazomanie, Wis., Dec. 8, 1911.

Dear Wayside:—

One morning as I was going to school I saw a Snow-Bird on a fence post. It was singing so sweet. I stopped and watched a while. It's breast was a light slate color. It's back and under its bill.

One day in winter I put a lot of crumbs out on the snow. In a few minutes there were five little snow birds out there eating the crumbs.

One night when I was coming home from school I saw a robin with a broken wing. I took it home and kept it there till morning; then as it could not fly, I kept it there till it could fly, and it has become tame.

Your friend,

IDA MORRILL.

Age, 10.

Third Prize

Mazomanie, Wis., Dec. 8, 1911.

Dear Wayside:—

I saw two yellow Hammers this fall. one of them was by the creek, the other was near my house. I tried to get close to it but it flew. One day last spring I

saw a bluejay robbing a woodpeckers nest. It ate the eggs and while it was eating them the woodpecker came flying at it. Then they began to fight. The woodpecker pecked the bluejay's eye out. The bluejay could not see it and it flew to the ground, but the woodpecker would not give up. Then I chased it away. I left the bluejay there and went to the house. When I came back it was gone and I never saw it after that.

Yours truly,
MART REDEL.

Barry, Ill., Nov. 25, 1911.

Mr. Roland E. Kremers,
1720 Vilas Street,
Madison, Wis.

Dear Sir:—

During the past summer I had a rare opportunity to study the mocking bird, never to my knowledge having seen any before, although I have lived on the farm and among birds of almost every kind native to this section of Illinois.

These birds seemed to take great delight in being near us; especially the male bird would come and sit on the ridge of the barn, house or buggy-shed and sing. And, Oh! the melody! The pair appeared quite late in the spring and remained until near the latter part of August. I was never able to find their nest, being afraid I might disturb them, and trusting that they might come another year if they were well treated. When we were out of doors they very frequently would come and sit on the telephone poles or wires near us and begin warbling.

The bee martin annoyed these birds to some extent and we were fearful that some cat or dog might find the nest since it seemed to be in a low hedge.

ANDREW M. DUDLEY.

Our Winter Birds; Some Characteristics

By Victor Kutchin

If you are feeding winter birds from the apprehension, that if you do not feed them they will starve to death, you are acting from a kindly, but a mistaken belief. They are an undoubted survivals of the fittest and are well adapted to their environment, or they would not be with us today.

The mortality of our winter residents, from either starvation or cold or stormy weather, is not likely greater than the average mortality among our Summer visitors. Granting the truth of above, the reasons for feeding winter birds are still too numerous to mention. Possibly the best of all is the fact that the fierce struggle for subsistence will bring them to your door and into your hand and you can get to know them and their individual characteristics, as you rarely or never get to know migrants or summer residents. There is an old saying to the effect that; every cat is a common gray at night, which simply means that the things we do not see distinctly look alike. Here you have the wise saw, now for the modern instance. Chickadees and Nuthatches associate closely and look so much alike that all but bird students are constantly confusing their identity, yet in nearly all their characteristics they are very different. The best that can be said for Mr. Nuthatch is that he is a good business man, practices the eight hour system—eight in the forenoon and eight in the afternoon—always showing a thrifty determination to allow nothing to escape him. I regret to say his table manners could be improved upon. It sounds like slander, but truth is ever stranger than fiction, and I have frequently seen him eating

while standing on his head. If you get out of my hand, or come near me when I give him a table and a dish he will get into it with both feet, acting in a way calculated to make the Soul of Mr. Fletcher uneasy. I, for one, would be sorry for any lady or gentleman, who had to undergo a Nuthatches incarnation.

Let us consider Mr. Chickadee and note the different characteristics between these feathered friends. When Mr. Chick. comes sliding down the winter sunshine to a branch, within a yard of our ear, it is with a confidential message from some other world. Instinctively we wish to uncover our heads in his presence and we find the Soul within us saying: what art thou not, thou art so much? An epitome of life, joy, harmony, faith hope and love. A vest pocket addition of all the best things in creation. When Longfellow described certain birds as being:

The ballad singers and the Toubadours,
The street musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all

In our dark hours, as David did for Saul
We feel morally certain that he must have had the Chickadee in mind, for they all the birds that fly, come to us with a message of cheer in the short dark days of winter.

The wordy optimism of well meaning friends, may touch us not at all, when we respond, in spite of grouch and pessimism, instantly to this tiny feathered optimist, who rollicks about in all the cold and bluster of the winter storm. We wonder if they are not ashamed of mortals who dress in fur, or have all birds an instinct against a fur bearing animal? However this may be I have never been able to get even a Chickadee the friendliest of all birds—to eat

I had on a fur coat.

Do not get the idea that Mr. Chickadee poses as a saint. Far from it, he is impudent, unashamed and can out do any canary I have ever known, in scolding. When he is looking for sliced peanut, just offer him sliced chestnut, and he will detect the cheat instantly. His table manners are exquisite. Every meal is a banquet at which bright talk and singing abound. We can all, if we will, come to know our winter birds intimately, which should afford us great satisfaction.

The Hessian Fly, the Chinch Bug, and the Boll Weevil

Working in close conjunction with the Biological Survey, the National Association of Audubon Societies is doing more than any other organization in the United States to save and protect our wild birds, that they may act as extra hands about every farm in our country to prevent such outbreaks of injurious insects and rodents.

According to Dr. C. L. Marlatt, of the Bureau of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture, millions of dollars are expended annually all through the country in the fight against insect pests. This is but a small part of the real loss. After a careful study of the inroads which the Hessian fly makes upon the wheat crops, Dr. Marlatt says it is seldom this insect causes a loss of less than ten per cent of the crop. In 1904 this amounted to over fifty million dollars, while in 1900 the loss in the wheat-growing states from this tiny insect approaches one hundred million dollars. Year after year the losses caused by the attacks of cinch bugs in the Mississippi Valley states have amounted to millions of dollars.

For more than a century the cotton worm has been a menace in the South. As far back as 1873 the injury to the cotton crops on account of this caterpillar amounted to about twenty-five million dollars and some years it increased to fifty million dollars.

Few farmers know how to apply the remedy to reduce these enormous losses. They will give more encouragement and protection to birds as soon as they come to realize the great amount of insect food these creatures eat and hence the great amount of work they do about the farm. Birds are very active, continually hunting and eating. Their rapidity of digestion is remarkable. The time taken for food to travel the whole digestive tract of a bird is from forty-five to ninety minutes. A young bird eats about ten times its own weight from the time it hatches till it leaves the nest. By actual count, a brood of three young chipping sparrows were fed a hundred and eighty-seven times in one day by their parents. Birds often raise two or three broods during the nesting sea-

son, so the number of insects and small animals destroyed is enormous. A family of four song sparrows seven days old were fed seventeen grasshoppers and two spiders in sixtyseven minutes. A bobolink fed two fledglings nine grasshoppers in twenty minutes. One bob-white that was killed had over a hundred potato bugs in his craw; another had eaten two spoonfuls of chinch bugs.

Mr. Charles W. Nash gives the following experience concerning the appetite of a young robin: "In May, 1889, I noticed a pair of robins digging out cutworms in my garden, which was infested with them, and saw they were carrying them to their nest in a tree close by. On the 21st of that month I found one of the young on the ground, it having fallen out of the nest, and in order to see how much insect food it required daily I took it to my house and raised it by hand. Up to the 6th of June it had eaten from fifty to seventy cutworms and earthworms each day.

A MANUAL OF MORAL AND HUMANE EDUCATION

By FLORA HELM KRAUSE

OF THE

CHICAGO ANTI-CRUELTY SOCIETY

155 W. Indiana Street

Publishers: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company.

A large humane idea dominates the book; the author endeavors to remove the baleful prejudices which exist between race and race, class and class, and the contempt or indifference felt by men toward their furred and feathered brothers of the field and the air.—*The Chicago Daily Tribune*, Nov. 11, 1910.

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NO. 7

OCCASIONAL WINTER VISITORS

Were you cast on a desert island, and unexpectedly discovered your dearest friend shared the same fate, you could not help being delighted your feelings under such circumstances would be much the same, I fancy, as those of a bird lover who suddenly identifies a new bird in winter. A Robin in January looks as large as a turkey and stands for more than a thousand Robins seen in July. At this moment I am looking out the window at one who has taken up his home in the juniper hedge. Though he has been around for more than a month, I miss him if I fail to see him each day. With a summer bird out of season the whole relation is changed, and even a Robin becomes shy and distrustful of man. While at work in my garden the Robins follow me for the worms turned up, but try as I may I have not been able to make friends with this same bird in winter. This year we have a Red Bellied Woodpecker wintering over with us. He is a Southern bird who does not belong in his latitude, and rarely winters further north than Virginia. What a delight he has been to us, with his neat black and white uniform and rakish scarlet fez. Something military in his figure and bearing, as he lords it over the Chickadees, Hairy and Downey Woodpecks and Nuthatches. Mr. Dixie, as we have named him, may be here, braving the 30 below zero, in mute protest to the growing tendency of human migrants to be driven South by Jack Frost.

Snow Buntings and Lapland Longspurs may be seen in great numbers on the same winter day and not again in years. They seem to be blown to us as the advance guard of a mighty winter storm, and as a rule, are to be considered distinctively as birds of passage. However, I have had the rare good fortune to identify a pair of Snow Buntings near my residence in Green Lake Co., on a very warm day in October and they remained with us for several days.

The Evening Grosbeak is said to be common throughout the Mississippi Valley in winter, but is rather a rare bird with us. Some years ago they appeared in large numbers and attracted much attention, the majority of people never having seen them before. A gentle, confiding, beautiful bird, and the tamest of all our occasional visitors. Two years ago they remained with us till late April, and though I was never successful in getting them to eat from my hand, they would come around my feet for hemp seed, like a flock of chickens.

The Bohemian Waxwing is a cosmopolitan fellow and his visits are few and far between. He was once called the seven year bird but his ways are too erratic to be held down to probable human observation. A Turveydrop among birds, modish and tailor made he looks not unlike his first cousin the Cedar Waxwing.

VICTOR KUTCHIN,

Green Lake, Wis.

THE PALM WARBLER

By A. C. Burrill, Entomologist's Office, Madison, Wis.

Most bird students enjoy not only adding a new species to the list of those they can identify, but take even greater joy in recognizing an old friend in a new garb. Such an experience came to me the past year with reference to the palm warbler, the yellow variety with which I became acquainted May 10, 1900, at North Brookfield, Massachusetts. It was a balmy, spring day, the wind whispered its enchantments in the arborvitae hedge, bringing forth blossoms throughout the countryside, when I caught sight of a little yellow bird in the larch tree whose bright red blossom cones were just coming into evidence. As the bird dipped its head, I caught a chestnut flash and I rubbed my eyes to make sure it was not one of the red blossom cones nearby. Then I remembered him, the yellow red-poll or palm warbler of the eastern states, due in the vicinity of Cambridge between April 15 and May 5, according to Chapman. This bright specimen of the eastern variety must have stayed a week over time on purpose to acquaint himself with me for in two years of bird records previous to 1900, taken in the hill country of central Massachusetts, Worcester County, I had been unable to make friends with him. From now on, I had to keep in mind that the yellow warbler is bright yellow below, streaked with rufous; that the yellow palm warbler is yellow below, the sides of the breast streaked with rufous and that the crown of the latter is chestnut, while the crown of the former yellow bird is a brighter

greenish-yellow. Looking up from beneath a large tree, these fine points were not always satisfactory for a quick determination, but I soon saw that the curious little wag of his tail makes the redpoll almost unique among the smaller warblers.

Over ten years after this identification, I was busy every morning from before sun-up until breakfast time studying the spring migration along the Milwaukee River region near Wonderland, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. On April 27, 1911, I saw a chipper little bird darting about the ground in the river woods; and, catching sight of his chestnut crown and back only, I jotted down as a chipping sparrow, for the bird was suggestively like a chippy, with a single "chip" note. The next second it flashed on me that that tail, always bobbing up and down, was not sparrowlike; and before I could examine the bird more closely he darted away from view. The next day, which was rainy, I again came upon two or three of them and heard one of them sing from the ground, a simple trill like a chipping sparrow. I had not heard the chipping sparrow sing on the ground, and was sure this bird must be different. Soon I distinguished in the shady woods the brownish, olive-green reflection of the back, brighter towards the tail, which indicated the Western variety of the redpoll warbler. When I saw the whitish yellow color below, I felt sure of my find,—with it, the joy of recognizing the cousin of my eastern friend.

How busy the little fellow was, pick-

ing up the small Nile green midges and tiny black Chironomids that swarmed close to the ground that April morning. It would not be surprising if this proved a main item of the bird's summer food in the far Northern valleys of Canada where it breeds. There, according to Professor Johannsen, nearly one third of the known North American species of Chironomid midges have been found. With reference to the date first seen, let me note, that two years before Professor Mitchell announced in his lectures to teachers at the Milwaukee Normal School, the same species arrived April 27th, 1909. According to Mr. Mitchell's published records in the "Arbor and Bird Day Annual of Wisconsin," this bird appeared as early as April 25, 1908, and the same date 1910. Although a manuscript list belonging to Director H. L. Ward of the Milwaukee Public Museum compiled from all available lists reaching back twenty years or more earlier, mentions April 12th and 22nd as the earliest dates. The majority of Professor Mitchell's records run from May 3rd to the 12th, even one on May 23rd, and Cooke's Biological Survey Bulletin 18 on the warblers, gives (page 94) the average date of arrival in southern Wisconsin as April 30. Then they go on to the breeding grounds north of Manitoba and west of Hudson Bay.

Returning to my little friends on the ground, I found them darting this way and that after the Chironomid midges, which were keeping close to the surface or rising heavily from the steaming wet ground. They delighted me with a sommersault or two like the Redstart

in the sudden quest of some tiny fly; and I wondered how they avoided bumping their red crowns on the litter of twigs in trying to be acrobats so near the ground. I felt doubly satisfied that these birds let me hear their songs so often during the spring migration, although they sang but twice or thrice in any given hour's observation. It was amusing to see one present another with a midge on one occasion when two were foraging close together. Is this evidence that the warblers pair before they come north? I heard them sing again in flocks of two, six to a dozen or so, on May 6, 7, 8, 9 and 13.

Unlike what Chapman says of the Eastern variety, "he has no liking for the wood, and even trees in the open do not seem to attract him. His tastes bring him to fields and roadsides." This form, through the spring migration, chose the woodsy borders and woods proper. I did not observe the trait noted by Chapman until Sept. 12 to 13, 1911, when I again made the palm warblers' acquaintance at Milton and Brodhead, Wisconsin. As the last straggler passes through Chicago about October 9th, my 1911 date would seem to have been quite regular. Chapman's note was proved by seeing these autumn migrants in an open stubble field, although some were still sticking to cover, flushing insects along some nursery rows.

In conclusion, I shall be glad to hear from readers other points of interest noted about this often seen, but little known species, whose migration so early in the spring and so late in the autumn ranks it among our hardiest North American warblers.

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Book Notes.

The latest addition to Witherby and Company's Home-Life series is Mr. Abbott's "The Home Life of the Osprey." Mr. Abbott has spent many pleasant hours in studying and photographing one of the noblest birds of North America, and it is most interesting indeed to read the summary of his observations as set forth in his recent book. Not the least attractive feature is the series of 32 excellent plates which illustrate the text. Although Mr. Abbott made his observations on Gardner's Island and on the New Jersey coast the book is none the less interesting to us, for Wisconsin is fortunate in having not a few lakes where the Osprey fishes and rears his young. The book may be purchased either of Witherby & Co., London, England, or of Brentano, New York City.

Another of Witherby & Co.'s recent books is Mr. W. L. Selater's "A History of the Birds of Colorado." It contains short descriptions, keys, notes on the distribution and habits of each species, together with a full bibliography. It is a handsome volume of over 500 pages illustrated with 16 full page plates from photographs. Price for the U. S. \$5.00, published by Witherby & Co., 326 Highholborn, London, W. C.

A Teachers' Guide to the Museum of the State Historical Society has just been issued, and may be had on application to the State Historical Museum, Madison, Wis.

Audubon Items.

Under the authority conferred on him by the State Legislature at its last session, the governor of Oregon has set aside as bird refuges 3000 acres about the State institutions at Salem and a large tract of land near Pendleton.

The governor of Virginia has set aside May 4, the anniversary of the birth of John James Audubon, to be observed as Bird Day in that state.

Agents of the National Association of Audubon Societies have been exploring suitable localities in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas to ascertain what colonies of egret-bearing herons yet remain in these states. Eleven colonies have been discovered, three on the lands of members of Audubon societies. The other eight will be guarded by wardens employed for that purpose.

In the government forests of the Grand Duchy of Hesse 9300 nesting boxes have been placed for the birds, which are reported to utilize them each year. All old trees in the crown forests are left standing by governmental direction, in order that natural nesting places may be retained.

Despite a recent opinion by the Attorney-General of Michigan that aigrettes do not come under the plumage law of that State, Mr. Jefferson Butler, president of the Michigan Audubon Society, has induced the J. L. Hudson Co. of Detroit to give up the handling of aigrettes.

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The wren button which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents and can be bought from Miss Mary Drummond, or Mr. Kremers.

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The Loggerhead Shrike.

Everyone knows the Shrike as a bird of prey, feeding not only upon such things as grasshoppers and mice but upon small birds as well. Everyone knows too, that he is not particular about the kind of bird, so long as it is not large enough to defend itself successfully against him. Until this year I have not seen the Shrike in Wauwatosa, in winter time. This season, however, he has twice made his presence known in an unusual manner. About noon on December 18th, my attention was called to our Canary who was calling loudly and fluttering about in his cage in a very excited manner. Looking for the cause of the disturbance, I was surprised to see a Loggerhead Shrike hovering on the outside of the window directly in front of the

bird. Soon he flew to one side and sat on the fence for a little while. Back he came, fluttered in front of the bird again for a short time, then flew to the other side of the window and sat in a tree. Then back he came, and again and yet again, for what seemed at least fifteen minutes. On the afternoon of January 13th, during a blizzard, my attention was again attracted to our canary, and I witnessed a repetition of what happened on December 18th. Whether it was the same Shrike of another, will never be known. I tremble to think of the probable fate of the canary had not the window-pane separated him from his would-be assassin or assassins.

ESTHER ADELE TENNYSON,
263 Kenyon Ave.,
Wauwatosa Wis.

Monticello, Ill.

To the Wayside:—

Dear Friends: I have been interested in birds for four years. Last June I organized a society with twenty-five regular members.

We have a chairman, treasure, secretary and teacher. We meet the last Saturday of each month and have very successful meetings.

We are going to take up the Audubon course.

I keep a bird calendar and have seen one hundred and six birds from January 12th, 1911, to January 12, 1912. I advise every one to keep a bird calendar for it is very interesting.

I am ten years old.

Yours Truly,
WILLIAM T. DIGHTON.

COCK SPARROW

By N. Hobbins

Hey-day! Thou mirthful, merry little
thing!

Forever on the hop or wing.

Thou wee bit, twittering, chirping,
restless sprite

That wakes me as the first faint streak
of light

Doth rend the shadowy curtains of the
night.

Who to my vine-wreathed lattice
wingst thy way

As Chanticleer proclaims the dawn of
day;

A play-ground making of my window-
sill,

A battle-field, love-bower or what you
will,

Where thou dost fight, make love, and
coo and bill.

Till all the peaceful morning hour rings
With clamorous little tongues and flut-
tering wings.

For as the Sun-god wins his upward
way

Turning to fields of blue the fields of
gray,

Vanquished with glittering beam and
jewelled ray.

Lo' through the balmy heaven's track-
less space,

A flock of thy wee kin in eager chase
Alighting on my warm and sunny shelf

Which thou hast chosen for thy mate
and self,

The weesome, winsome morsel of an
elf:

And here where morns are chill and
winds are bleak,

This sunny, sheltered nook of mine do
seek:

Where, perched in rows and nestled
close together,

They plume each downy breast and
delicate;

And sun themselves and chatter of the
weather.

Their toilets made, with infinite pains
and care

Each feathered swain doth choose
some mateling fair;

And there upon my erst-while, peace-
ful sill,

Do fight, make love and war, hot war,
and fill

The air with clamorous twitterings
loud and shrill.

But should some Cox-comb braggart,
woe betide!

With wily flattery approach thy bride;
Lo' in thy anger nothing art thou loth
To strike him headlong from the top-
most roof.

Though small, a giant art thou in thy
wrath:

A right good fighter, yea, a warrior
bold!

Art thou, Cock Sparrow, as the
knights of old;

And rising should he flutter round thy
nest,

A world of fierce passions fire thy lit-
tle breast;

Love, hatred, jealousy! as one pos-
sessed.

Lo! and behold! With sharpened beak
and claw,

Dost rend, tear, slay, in fast and furi-
our war,

While she thou lov'st on top-most twig
doth sway,

Watching, well-satisfied, the glorious
fray.

Waiting to hail the Victor of the day.

Dear Wayside:—

I had a very interesting experience with Pine Siskins last March and April. To my knowledge I had never seen them before or have mistaken them for Redpolls or Goldfinch.

I kept a record of the first seen March 9, 1911 to the last of April. On March 9 about noon I heard two birds singing in the top of a tall oak tree in our yard. The song was similar to the Goldfinch but sweeter and more constant. I got my bird glasses to examine them but they flew on my approach. On November 11 I saw four or five little birds picking in the grass just under the kitchen window, so near I could see the markings distinctly and at once identified them as the Pine Siskins. March 15 was a cold windy day but in an evergreen tree near the house a flock of six Siskins were singing but not their full song as the first two were. March 16 I saw a few. March 17, two Siskins spent an hour or more picking seeds from a bunch of catnip in sight of the kitchen window. March 18 a flock of twenty or so, were seen in the top of an oak close to the house. Several flew down to the grass to feed. March 20 a small flock remained in the yard all day. March 23 several Siskins singing at 7 A. M. in a tree near the house. March 25 saw two in the yard. March 26 was a warm rainy day and the yard was full of migrating birds. About 10 A. M. I heard what I thought were Pine Siskins singing, but when I opened the door, I could scarcely believe my ears. In a little boxelder, 20 feet from the door, were seventeen Pine Siskins singing, everyone clinging to the little branches, swaying from side to side. I

called the family to come and listen and the birds continued to sing for ten or fifteen minutes. I never heard so sweet a chorus. From that day until April 16 we saw them nearly every day in numbers from two to twenty, but never again heard more than four or five singing at the same time.

LENA M. WHITCOMB,
Albany, Wis.

Three Little Neighbors

The junior readers of the Wayside may like to hear of the nature studies of my small neighbors, three brothers, Maurice, Carroll and Valmah Wright, whose ages now (November, 1911) are eleven, ten and eight years. Last summer the eldest boy, when asked to name the birds he knew, gave the following species in the order here given: kingbird, chipping sparrow, English sparrow, robin, bluebird, blue jay, shrike, warbling vireo, cowbird, red-winged blackbird, crow, scarlet tanager, kingfisher, song sparrow, cuckoo, brown thrasher, killdeer, swallow, cedar waxwing, flicker, screech owl, grosbeak, dickcissel, bobwhite, meadowlark, catbird, hummingbird, towhee, red-headed woodpecker, mourning dove, vesper sparrow, pigeon, wren, bobolink, grackle, sora, Virginia rail, phoebe, chimney swift, nighthawk, oriole, goldfinch, Bohemian waxwing, redstart, Savannah sparrow, downy woodpecker, and chickadee. He knew a few others that he could not recall just then. It is quite doubtful if he can identify the Savannah sparrow in the field, but last spring he found a dead one and learned its name.

The boys do much good by their war

on the English sparrow having in the years 1910 and 1911 collected more than a thousand eggs and nestlings. They are trained not to touch the nests of other birds, which their sharp eyes discover: nests that sometimes are valuable to people interested in the study of the life histories of birds.

They know some of the common plants and trees, and in the insect world they have a good working knowledge of the potato bug. Among the noxious animals of the field they prove mighty nimrods in trapping, taking large numbers of pocket gophers and ground squirrels, and a less number of skunks and woodchucks. All this may seem mere sport, but they are learning to work. Without receiving any pay for labor performed at

home, but for work done for their neighbors and for trapping they received this year over eighteen dollars. As a reward for working well a friend took them for their first visit to Du-
buque, the nearest city.

One evening recently they heard read to them several pages from a book on pocket gophers, and about a week later a test was made to see how much they remembered. Somewhat to the surprise and greatly to the satisfaction of their elders there was not a leading fact that had been read which was not recited by them. This publication on "Pocket Gophers" by Vernon Bailey is printed by the United States government, is easily obtained, and ought to be in every school library.

A. R. S.

A MANUAL OF MORAL AND HUMANE EDUCATION

By FLORA HELM KRAUSE

OF THE

CHICAGO ANTI-CRUELTY SOCIETY

155 W. Indiana Street

Publishers: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company.

A large humane idea dominates the book; the author endeavors to remove the baleful prejudices which exist between race and race, class and class, and the contempt or indifference felt by men toward their furred and feathered brothers of the field and the air.—*The Chicago Daily Tribune*, Nov. 11, 1910.

Single copies, \$1.25 plus 13c for postage

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NATURE STUDY AND BIRD LORE

By L. Skavlem

Among our old-time friends that are winter birds there may be especially observed four or five species that seem to be holding their own. They are insect-eaters and during the winter they subsist mostly upon hibernating insects, their larve and eggs. The hairy and downy woodpecker appear to be as common now as thirty years ago, and the laugh of the odd little nuthatch can be heard on almost any clear, cold day in the parks or streets where our trees have not yet been wholly destroyed by the electricwire nuisance.

A little troupe of chickadees is not a rare sight to an observer knowing where to seek them. These birds are all tree habitants and unless the observer is intimately acquainted with their haunts, the chances are that he will seldom see one. This is also the case with regard to our Spring and Fall migrating birds.

The great army of warblers and fly-catchers that are with us in an endless though ever-changing procession from early Spring days until summer is here to stay, and again from early Fall until King winter hold full sway,—they are seldom seen by the unobserving.

The impudent sparrow and confiding robin, who enjoys the shower-bath of your lawn-sprinkler, compel recognition, while a scolding jay or an occasional

flicker intent on making a square meal out of my friends, the ants, are put down as occasional visitors.

There are at least six weeks in Spring, and as many in the Fall—three months in the year and the very time of year in which outdoor life is most enjoyable—that we have, at a conservative estimate, a hundred times, and sometimes many a hundred times more birds with us than the sum total of sparrows, robins, jays and flickers.

A bird-lover who would study the creatures must keep notice of them even when the leaves have not yet opened. He will find that among his first acquaintances will be *Regulus*—"the little king"—of whom there are two species. One of these species wears a golden crown, the other a ruby. They are exceedingly busy, hardly ever at rest, and to get a glimpse at their crown the observer must be on the spot when they are hanging upside down on some twig.

From the middle of April, on through May and June, he will be astonished to find such a variety of bird-life. The scarlet tanager and golden robin have attracted attention by their bright and distinctive plumage, but he would perhaps see for the first time the flash of the American redstart, flitting to and fro in the topmost branches of our tallest

trees, while the yellow rumps, the blue, green, yellow, black-and-white warblers—indeed an almost innumerable throng of those industrious tenants of our trees—challenge our admiration and invite to closest study.

To the old-time sportsman, as well as to the younger generation of would-be Nimrods, let it be suggested that instead of mourning over the inevitable decrease in our so-called game-birds, which no amount of game laws and game-wardens can materially remedy, there is a new sort of sport—a grand substitute for the oldtime “shooting,” and one which, by the way, the whole family can participate—one which does not destroy—one which builds up and fosters love and sympathy for all animated nature. Try bird-hunting with camera and fieldglass. In other words, *learn just to see things*.

Birds are among the most interesting types of animated nature. They are of such various forms and colors! Their messages are indicative of the approaching seasons! They were the earliest barometers known to man.

When winter winds howl furiously and doors are bolted and barred against the Storm King, even then the much-abused sparrow comes to your porch or window-sill in search of the tiniest share from your table of plenty. And if you are a bird-lover, he comes not in vain. The familiarity of the little guest and his cheery chirrup of gratitude for his meal leaves a warm spot in one's heart—one is at peace with the world—harks back to days ago—to summer sun—to bird-songs and blithe flowers—or perchance imagination peers into the future—the wintry snows are seen to dissolve—the brook sings merrily as it

kisses the early buttercups—the bobolink, lark, sparrow, robin are surcharged with love and happiness. Even the sombre crow caws derisively at the mistaken farmer who has placed a bounty on its head. It continues to gather for eating the cutworms and white grubs that are so potent in damaging agricultural products.

Indeed, in all places where Man holds communion with Nature, the study of bird-lore imparts a finishing touch to his researches. Birds are to animated nature what roses and daisies are to the vegetable world.

Go where you will and be the season what it may, be the sky serene or stormy, there is almost always a bird to be found. To both the learned and the unlearned, the study of birds is not only one of the most certain sources of rational enjoyment, but it is one which leads more directly than any other to the love, and consequently the knowledge, of all Nature—and from Nature up to Nature's God.

EDITORS NOTE

Mr. Skavlem's article has many points both interesting and instructive, and among them is one which is often only to infrequently emphasized by bird-lovers. We refer to his suggestion to sportsmen to give up hunting with a gun, and to adopt the camera and fieldglass as their weapons. In other words, to “learn just to see things.” Hunting in a country such as Southern Wisconsin at least, has become unjustifiable. Originally the settler and the traveller in his region was dependent upon the wild life for his existence; he could not as yet get a sufficient food supply

from the soil, neither could he carry enough with him from settled portions. Hence, if he did not kill birds or animals he faced starvation. But these conditions have changed; the entire region is now given over to agriculture; the country is closely settled; cities and villages are numerous; railroads and highways extend in all directions. The hunter, therefore, no longer has the justification that he must support himself by killing.

Nor does the average hunter allege the necessity of food to be the reason for his killing. Rather, he says that he finds pleasure in being out of doors and that he hunts in order to have something to take him away from the city. Ask this same hunter why he does not enjoy being in the field without being prepared to kill and he will tell you that to be afield without shooting takes the pleasure away from the outing. Hence one is forced to the conclusion that the hunter takes pleasure in killing. Observe him closely, go on a hunting trip with him and you will find your conclusion confirmed; you see him gloat over the number of dead ducks in his days' bag; he rallies you for not having taken part in the "sport," for going home without having "drawn blood." This is barbaric, akin to the savage pleasure which a head-hunter takes in counting the skulls of human heads that hang in his hut.

It is this spirit that the friends of the birds should combat. There is a vast difference between killing to sustain life and killing for pleasure. The latter form we find only too frequently, it is the outgrowth of former conditions and is absolutely unjustifiable. Our aim therefore should be to show the hunter "how to see things." It is no easy task.

He has been hardened until all that he appreciates in the birds is the opportunity for "good shots" and "big bags." He knows not how to enjoy the beauty of wild life, to allow others as well to enjoy it.

The Invalid and the Birds

The winter was proving long and hard, and the weary invalid longed for the flowers and birds of the bright spring to cheer and comfort her on the tiresome path of life.

One day as she looked listlessly over some newspaper clippings, she came across the legend of "The King and the Birds." She read how many, many years ago, on one Christmas morning, as the King of Sweden was returning from church, he heard shrill bird cries, and noticed large flocks of birds circling high in the air around his sleigh. Since the little creatures flew hither and yon, in a bewildered manner, the King asked his coachman the cause of the commotion.

The coachman, an old peasant, explained that the birds, driven from the fields and forests, by hunger and cold, not being able to secure food because of the deep snow and severe frosts, had sought a refuge in the cities and towns in their search for food.

At first while watching the birds, the King listened attentively, then told the coachman to drive quickly to the palace. Upon arriving there, his majesty ordered a tall pole to be erected in front of the palace, and that the largest sheaf of wheat in the royal granary should be bound to it.

In a short time crowds of birds found their way to the palace yard, and all

(Continued on page 55)

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In the recent special session of our legislature, there came up a matter which is worthy of our consideration. We refer to the proposal to establish a state farm for the propagation of foreign game birds. It is well to bear in mind from the outset that this scheme has been tried here before; \$5,000 were spent by the state of Wisconsin in this undertaking and today no pheasants are to be found.

There is probably a very good reason for this failure. The climate of western Europe, whence these birds are taken, is of a much milder order. Hence one would expect that the introduced species would find it hard to acclimatize themselves. Add to this the fact that pheasants are non-migratory, and the conclusion must be that almost inevitable death awaits any species in the course of a severe Wisconsin winter. It is a well known fact that as hardy a bird as our native quail suffers heavily in our region. Is it to be expected that a foreign bird will survive?

Granted for the moment that European pheasants will live through the winter, there is from the hunter's own viewpoint a reason for not attempting this scheme. These birds do not furnish the kind of hunting which Americans demand. They are, like most

others of their order, adept runners, but second rate fliers; that is to say, they have not the powers of sustained flight. Rather, they escape by running to cover. Even when they do take wing, they are not skillful fliers; this is especially true of the ring pheasant which flies slowly and in a straight line. Hence it is comparatively easy to kill these birds. Perhaps the value of these birds for hunting has been overestimated by the fact that pheasants are shot so much in England and on the Continent. This is probably due to the fact that what the European calls hunting, even the American hunter calls slaughter. That is to say, the European, when he goes hunting, takes his station in a favorable place and then shoots the game which a company of "beaters" drives by. To this mode of hunting the pheasants are adapted, but not to the mode of the American hunter.

Furthermore, there is not a little danger connected with the introduction of foreign species of any kind. This is especially true of animals because by their rapid increase they may become a pest that can be suppressed only with extreme difficulty. The *gypsy* moth and the San Jose scale are examples of the truth of the assertion. Hence we should be very careful to make a most thorough investigation of the food habits of the birds in their native country and of the possible changes which they may undergo in our own country before we attempt to introduce them.

Not the least objection, however, in the eyes of the bird lover is that this is a move to fasten on us the hunting evil. There is a vast difference between raising poultry for the market

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and raising it to gratify men's desire to kill. In the former, the killing of the fowl is looked upon as a necessary even disagreeable step, one which one must do whether one likes it or not; but in the latter, the killing is the object and is done to gratify man's lust for destroying—it is the "sport" to be derived from hunting.

Bob White

(The Bird of the Month)

Not that I mean to say that he is only of this month, not by any means. For good or ill, he casts his lot with us the year round. It is too often for ill. The past winter, with its record-breaking snow and cold, must have proven fatal to many a one, and lucky was the flock that camped out near the abode of human friends who were thoughtful

enough to throw him some food occasionally.

And he deserves friends. The birds, as surely every one knows now, are man's chief aids in fighting those pests, the insects. And of all the birds, none is a better soldier in this warfare than Bob White. There is no month of the year when he does not find some insects and devour them. In August, when he ought so easily live high on ripe or ripening grain, thirty percent of his food consists of insects,—wireworms, May-beetles (commonly called June-bugs), weevils, caterpillars, grasshoppers, chinchbugs, names abundant, but nuisances all.

Yes, he eats seeds too. More than he does insects. But what kind of seeds? Why weeds. Ten thousand weed seeds have been taken from a single stomach. Go out and count ten thousand weeds in your garden while you pull them up, and then say if you dare, that Bob White is no friend of yours.

But, says the man with the gun, he eats grains. So he does. When the harvest is gathered and the farmer has left his fields to be gleaned by others, then Bob White up and fills himself with the kernels that would else go to waste. If you feel like accusing him now of robbery, remember that even with such wealth around him, he is careful to pay the bill by gathering up weeds and bugs as he goes along. Added to it all, is not his cheery note of value to you and to me? Who, that has heard his merry call from some fence-post or stump, not in an unfrequented wilderness but right here at home, would wish to miss it?

And this is the bird that men wish to shoot and eat. Yes he is good to eat. But is he not much better, from any standpoint, when alive? Thank heaven, in Wisconsin at least the law says that he shall live. It is part of our business, as his friends, to see that this law remains upon the statute books.

Prize Letter

Shumway, Ills., March 28, 1912.

Dear Wayside:—

Spring is here again, and also our little feathered friends. The air is full of familiar sounds which drives all thought of winter away. One morning about a week ago, I woke up to hear the songs and the calls of the robins that had just arrived from the south. It seems that when anyone sees their first robin, they will exclaim, "I am so glad to see the robins, for I know that spring is surely here." Every hour of the day now, you hear a new song or call. I saw the following birds on March the 16th.

Red-winged Blackbirds,

Flicker,

Meadowlark,

Robins

Downy Woodpecker,

Cardinal,

Junco.

The Robins, Flickers, Blackbirds and Meadowlarks, were seen earlier in the month, but I did not keep a record of the dates.

Flocks of blackbirds go flying noisily through the air and the marshes are one continual strain of music. The meadowlarks are also singing their clear and pretty songs in the fields. Indeed the variety of calls puzzled me at

first but they are only the multitude of sounds that the birds make.

The Flicker is already pounding on the posts and trees while the handsome little Downy Woodpecker is busy with its work. It is so much fun to watch these birds, already settling down to the work after the excitement is worn off. I am putting up a few more bird houses, in hopes of attracting the wren when they go a-nest hunting.

Yours truly,

MAMIE LANE.

Age 13.

Barry, Ill., May 3, 1912.

Dear Wayside:—

I am very much interested in birds and am going to write of an interesting sight I saw the other day.

One day my attention was called by some robins carrying sticks and straws. I knew that they liked string the very best of all things to build with, so I gathered several pieces and broke them up. I went into the house and watched the results; pretty soon the female flew down and began to gather it. It was surprising to see how much she could carry at once. She kept giving them string till they had enough; then they gathered mud and plastered their nest. They had nearly completed when I heard the screaming. I looked out, to my surprise I saw a duel going on between them and some blackbirds who seemed to be trying to tear the nest up. The female robin did the most fighting. They fought in this way: the robin flew to a place about two yards from the blackbird, then they rushed at each other. The robin whipped the blackbird the first time, but about a dozen blackbirds commenced fighting

the robins. Such combats followed one after the other for four or five days when the blackbirds succeeded in tearing the nest up. The robins have built another nest, and I think that the blackbirds will leave them alone. I have been counting the birds I saw since the eleventh of April and I have seen five hundred and hope to see more. I am fifteen years of age.

Your Friend,
JESSE L. WOODWARD.

Mazomanie, Wis., Feb. 1, 1912.
Dear Wayside:—

One day as I was coming to school I saw around a grove of trees a lot of robins. My father had been telling me he had seen some and I was watching for them. There were about fifty or more. They would sit on their feet in the road. I think it has been quite odd for robins to stay here. They seem to get enough to eat for they are very fat. They seem to be very happy for they sometimes sit in the trees and chirp. I had never seen robins stay here in the winter before. They get down on the ground close to the bushes. One day when I was walking by the grove of trees a flock of them flew out from the bushes and frightened me. I could not see them until they flew.

Yours truly,
LILLY WINCH.

Age 15 years.

(Continued from page 51)

Christmas day ate merrily of the food given them through the kindness of the King.

By evening the story of this thoughtless act was known, not only in the city, but through the nearby country, and numbers of happy Christmas revellers gathered to watch the eager birds eating joyfully,

Even now, as Charles R. Russell

writes, in many sections of the large Scandinavian country, during the wheat harvest many farmers make an especially large sheaf of wheat, known as the Christmas sheaf, in remembrance of the kindness of their good king of long ago.

On Christmas morning their immense sheaves can be seen surrounded by happy, feasting birds and the passers all stop to watch the wee creatures and take delight in relating to their little ones as did their parents to them the lovely story of "The King and the Birds."

As the invalid finished she heard a twittering, and saw on the window-sill two sparrows fighting over a piece of dried bread.

"Though I am only an invalid and have no sheaf of wheat," she said. "I can perhaps help the birds by keeping them supplied with food, not only on Christmas, but every day during the winter."

Each morning she had suet, corn, and different crumbs put out freshly and the sparrows came hurridly; but the news spread rapidly through the bird-land and soon many other birds joined the ranks, among them a large Bluejay, who always carried his morsel to a tree nearby, and holding it in his claw, hammered the kernel with sledge-like blows of his strong bill, until broken enough to be eaten easily.

One morning among the blue and gray a bit of scarlet flashed in the sun, as a gorgeous Cardinal picked eagerly at the crumbs.

However the crowning glory of all gladdened the heart of the invalid, when she caught a glimpse of the Bluebird and heard its clear soft note, for she felt then that "Sweet Spring, full of sweet days," was once more here to fill the world with rejoicing.

HELEN P. HASKELL.

A Feathered Carpenter.

As I am writing here in my study these November days, a downy woodpecker is excavating a chamber in the top of a chestnut post in the vineyard a few yards below me, or rather, he is enlarging a chamber which he or one of his fellows excavated last fall; he is making it ready for his winter quarters. A few days ago I saw him enlarging the entrance and making it a more complete circle. Now he is in the chamber itself working away like a carpenter. I hear his muffled hammering as I approach cautiously on the grass. I make no sound and the hammering continues till I have stood for a

moment beside the post, then it suddenly stops and Downy's head appears at the door. He glances at me suspiciously and then hurries away in much excitement.

How did he know there was some one so near? As birds have no sense of smell it must have been by some other means. I return to my study and in about 15 minutes Downy is back at work. Again I cautiously and silently approach, but he is now more alert, and when I am the width of three grape rows from him he rushes out of his den and lets off his sharp metallic cry as he hurries off to some trees below the hill.—(John Burroughs, in *Country Life in America*.)

A MANUAL OF MORAL AND HUMANE EDUCATION

By FLORA HELM KRAUSE

OF THE

CHICAGO ANTI-CRUELTY SOCIETY

155 W. Indiana Street

Publishers: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company.

A large humane idea dominates the book; the author endeavors to remove the baleful prejudices which exist between race and race, class and class, and the contempt or indifference felt by men toward their furred and feathered brothers of the field and the air.—*The Chicago Daily Tribune*, Nov. 11, 1910.

Single copies, \$1.25 plus 13c for postage

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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VOL. XIII.

JUNE, 1912

NO. 10

RECOLLECTIONS OF BIRD-LIFE IN PIONEER DAYS

By H. L. Skavlem

Some of the most lasting and vivid impressions of my boyhood,—I may well say childhood days.—relate to and recall pictures of bird-life in Southern Wisconsin, somewhat more than half a century ago.

We hark back to the time of the ponderous slow moving, breaking team, consisting of five to seven yoke of oxen, hitched to a long cable of heavy logchains attached to a crudely but strongly built "Breaker," with a beam like a young saw-log and a mould-board made of iron bars that turned over furrows two feet or more in width.

Those great unwieldy breaking teams, consisting of 10 to 14 large oxen, are yet distinctly outlined on memory's page, and reminiscently, I see them crawling like some huge Brobdignagian Caterpillar around and around the doomed "land"—"land," in breaking parlance, being that piece of the wild selected for cultivation,—leaving a black trail behind, that, day by day, increased in width, bringing certain ruin and destruction,—absolute annihilation,—to the plant inhabitants who had held undisputed possession for untold centuries.

The mild-eyed, slow-moving ox teams were not only instruments in the destruction of the centuries-old flower-

parks of the wilderness, but with them came tragedies in bird-life, resultant from the inevitable changes from nature's rules of the wild, to man's artificial sway. Often in preparing or planning for the breaking of a new piece of land, the same was guarded from the prairie fires of the fall and early spring, so that it could be "fired" at the time of breaking. This would commence the latter part of May and continue on through June and July, covering the nesting season of the numerous species of bird-life, that had for untold generations, made this beautiful park region of the Rock River Valley, their summer home.

It was in the early fifties that I, then a little tow-headed tot, chased butterflies and gathered armsfull of prairie flowers, at the same time "spotting" bird nests of many and various kinds, on a piece of land destined to be civilized by the big plow that very season.

I distinctly remember the large eggs of the "Prairie Snipe" and the still larger ones of the "Crooked-bill" or "Big-Snipe." The former I later learned to know as *BARTRAMIA LONGICAUDA*, and the latter, long after they had entirely disappeared, I found had the book name of *NUMENIOUS LONGIROSTRA*, or *LONG-BILLED CURLEW*. These snipes

were so numerous at this particular season, that a bird student might have been misled to the conclusion that they were nesting in colonies. But, undoubtedly, the true explanation was, that this protected piece of prairie with its dead grass unburned, was the ideal condition for the ground-nesting prairie birds.

The snipe were not the only birds that appeared in unusual numbers, but all bird-life seemed to regard this particular piece of land as a perfect paradise for a summer home.

Bob-White would mount the top of a dead sumach and call to his mate,—“Wheat—most—ripe” “Wheat—most—ripe,” while she sat patiently brooding the nest-full of snow-white eggs in the thick bunch of dead grass nearby.

Near the little knoll at the farther side of the prairie, where earlier in the season the Prairie Chicken clan held their camp-meeting when many a lively scrap between the gallants of the company was settled to the entire satisfaction of the coy hens who would always give expression of their approval with a timid “ye-es,—ye-es—yes, yes, yes,—ye-es,” these same matronly hens were now quietly tending their domestic duties, silently slipping off and on their well-filled nests even so cunningly hidden under the tufts of dead grass. Some of the nests were already far advanced towards that stage when the peeping egg should announce the arrival of the covey of young chicks; indeed, some of the most enterprising ones had already added their quota to the bird census of the season.

The patches of hazelbrush that looked like tiny islands of green set in a field spangled with the many colored

gems of Painted-cups, Pinks and Blazing stars, were densely populated with a variety of bush-loving birds. Conspicuous among these were the Brown-thrashers and Cat-birds, who opened the morning services at day-break with bird melody rivaling the over-rated Avian Opera of the old world.

Evening vespers were softly chanted by the Robin and the “Vesper-bird;” “Cheewinks” rustled in the dead leaves that mulched the hazel-groves, while untold and unknown varieties of just little “ground-birds” and “bush-tits” animated every nook and corner of this bird paradise, during the long June days away back in the early Fifties of the last century.

This is but a repetition of the annual picture of this favored locality,—during the preceeding years, decades and centuries,—when nature’s rules were supreme, before the Paleface’s Art and greed and their Chief Manito, Mammon had invaded the sacred precincts of this part of the natural world.

A slow-moving monster comes creeping up the trail over the picture of this pleasant June day. It is the great breaking team slowly and solemnly approaching the new-made home of the pioneer settler. The patient-looking oxen are unyoked and the driver with his great long whip playing a snapping tune that sounds like a scattering volley of pistol shots, “herds the cattle” with many a “haw” and “gee” to a nearby part of the common, where there is good “feed” and restful shade until they are “rounded-up” the next morning to continue their work of breaking the wilderness.

The time has now come to “fire the land.” All conditions are favorable for a good “burn;”—a clear warm af-

ternoon, a gentle breeze away from the homestead;—the dry grass under the flower spangled green and dead leaves that mulch the hazelbrush will burn like powder.

All hands now set to work starting the fire,—pulling up great bundles of dry grass they ignite the outer end of the bundle and then run along the edge of the “land” scattering the ignited grass as they go, down one side and up the other. The little boy is all excitement helping pa with little bundles of dead grass because he too must act his part in the new order of things; and soon the land is all encircled with flame and great clouds of vapor-like smoke roll upwards and onwards signaling distant neighbors that they are burning “breaking-land” where new fields are being born.

But what of our bird friends, the old habitants of the land, Bob-White and his interesting family, the Prairie Snipe and their big eggs or their curious, odd-looking long-billed babies, the Brown-thrashers, Cat-bird, Bobolink and Lark, that filled the morning air with their songs of happiness and swelled with bird pride in anticipation of happy little families? What of the hundreds of happy bird homes that the morning sun brightened and warmed? All,—all are gone. A black, scorched and desolate scar profusely sprinkled with wrecks of nests, scorched eggs and charred bodies of little baby birds, disfigure the face of Mother Earth. Oh, could I but command the language of “Christopher North” or John Muir in word painting, I would BURN this horrible bird-tragedy into the brains of my readers,—young and old,—so they would never consent to the burning of grass or bush during the nesting season.

I doubt if anyone of the human agents of this pathetic bird-tragedy

gave a single thought to the bird victims of their fire, or even noticed a single distressed and bewildered mother bird hovering over the smoking ruin of her family home.

It was not until the next day that the little boy realized the loss of his flowery play-ground and the many bird-nests that he had “spotted” with boyish ingenuity. He started for the “Big Snipe” nest but where was it? All his marks were gone, some of the large green plants were still standing, but scorched, blackened and wilted, DEAD, all DEAD. Here comes the big snipe, with silent but graceful motion she sails a circle around the distracted child, then utters her harsh call, indicating both anger and distress. Soon her fellow sufferers respond from all points of the compass and the air is full of the big long-billed birds angrily screaming and scolding, now and then making threatening dives at the thoroughly scared and crying lad. Grandpa comes to the rescue, and to soothe the troubled child he tells him he may pick all the eggs he wants. With his little home-made cap for basket, he starts his collection with the baked eggs of the big snipe and,—though his little bare feet are sorely pricked by the sharp stubs of the burned grass,—he soon fills his cap with eggs,—baked and burned,—large and small,—spotted, speckled and white. Grandpa now directs the way to the house and in his eagerness to show his treasure the boy starts on the run, stubs his toe and falls. Memory fails to tell what became of the eggs and cap, but I distinctly remember that Grandpa wore a blue peaked knit cap, doubled over on the side with tassel dangling from the tip end,—you can see a picture of it in Ross Brown’s “Land of Thor.”

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY-TREASURER
Of the Wisconsin Audubon Society

To the Directors:

It is, indeed, fitting that I should submit to you at this time a report of my activities during the past year as an officer of the Wisconsin Audubon Society.

My largest duty has been the supervision of the publication of *By the Wayside*. The Wisconsin Audubon Society acquired this magazine at a time when the latter was rather heavily in debt. And, despite all efforts, we carried over from last year an unpaid bill of twenty-four dollars. As the financial statement, which is given below, will show all deficits have been made up, and we can once more say that the Wisconsin Audubon Society is free from any debt whatever. This has been accomplished in two ways: first, by promptly stopping expired subscriptions; and secondly, by applying the membership dues to the bills incurred by printing *By the Wayside*.

But a more serious problem has arisen. The printers have greatly raised their price on *By the Wayside*; the increase is so great that under present conditions the publication of *By the Wayside* has become an impossibility from the practical standpoint of making ends meet. Granted that it is nevertheless desirable to publish *By the Wayside*, there are three ways to overcome the situation. First, the price could be raised; second, the period of publication could be altered; and third, the increase of cost could be offset by an increase in circulation. After considering the matter, Prof. Wagner and I have come to the conclusion that the last is the best solution, and, assuming that you, the directors, would have no objection

thereto, we have set out to secure our end. Indeed, I think it would be a folly for you to oppose this, inasmuch as Prof. Wagner has guaranteed all deficits arising therefrom next year, provided only that the supervision of *By the Wayside* is left to him during that time.

The problem of extending the membership was also taken up with moderate success. It may be noted in this connection that the change in the classes of membership, which went into force at the beginning of the year, has proved a successful step.

Finally, I may call your attention to the campaign for a fund to erect a bird house. The Society loaned the necessary money in order to save time in ordering the house, the Treasurer being personally responsible for its repayment, and a house has been erected in Vilas Park. The loan, as the financial statement shows, has been nearly repaid. I mention it chiefly for the reason that this is a field which has not yet been touched and which will prove, to my mind, very remunerative to the Society. May 20, 1912.

Daily cash account:

Receipts:

Cash on hand Sept. 1, 1911...	\$ 4.37
Membership dues	68.00
Eau Claire Book Co. (Wayside Subscriptions)	16.25
Illinois Society (Wayside Subscriptions)	15.00
Michigan Society (Wayside Subscriptions)	15.00
Miscellaneous Subscriptions, etc.	24.58
Repaid on Bird House loan..	19.50
Total	\$162.69

BY THE WAYSIDE

Disbursements:

Deposited with Bank.....	\$134.13
Stamps, bought or transferred	5.88
Wayside mailing deposit....	2.00
Balance, cash on hand.....	20.68

Total\$162.69
Bank Account

Assets:

Balance Sept. 1 1912.....	\$ 0.03
Deposited	134.13

	\$134.16

Disbursements:

Vouchers 1—7, inclusive....	\$114.75
Balance in bank.....	19.41

	\$134.16

Statement of financial condition:

Assets:

Balance in Bank	\$19.41
Cash not deposited.....	20.68
Balance due on loan.....	3.50

\$43.59

Outstanding:

May and June Wayside(esti- mated)	\$30.00
Apply to next year's dues....	10.25

\$40.25

Estimated balance of assets..\$ 3.34

Roland E. Kremers,
Secretary-Treasurer.

A DAY THAT WAS ALIVE

By Victor Kutchin

The tapping of a branch, adorned with fresh young leaves, against my window pane called me from sleep to share the prodigal life of a misty May morning that was all a-flutter with the wings of returning migrants. The aforementioned branch was bending beneath the weight of a strange warbler, one so rare as to make the day on which it is seen stand out as a "red letter day."

The folly of many a bird lover is like that of Sir Launfal, who sought the Holy Grail in remote parts of the earth and found it at last at his own door. If you have plenty of trees on a city lot, the rare birds you seek, are seeking you and often are to be seen from your window. This was my own experience. Here was a Cape May warbler looking in my window, before I was half awake, and I had sought him afield over weary miles and had not found him.

Oh! Oh! bless his heart there is an oven bird, the shape of whose nest has given him an absurd name, but he clearly does not feel the weight of it, for he is walking about the lawn with all the dignity of a newly elected alderman. It must have been his name that deluded me, for in the old days that were, I sought him in all manner of remote places and finally saw the lordly mite walking along beneath the window of my Den, as though he had his hands in his pockets and was merely out for a stroll.

From the perfect green of the lawn, to the tender promise of green in tree tops, the blessed world is alive and to Creation has been added a benediction that is also a choral melody. In this indescribable Bird Orchestra, where by some strange magic things individually discordant are blended into perfect melody, there are myriad singers.

(Continued on page 64)

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

The official organ of the Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year Single copies 5 cents

Contributions to BY THE WAYSIDE are invited from all lovers of Nature and friends of the birds. All communications should be sent to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

Are You?

During the summer of 1911 there occurred in London a great strike of dock laborers, and shipping was at a standstill. During the few weeks of the strike, according to official reports, there accumulated on the London docks a total of six hundred and eighteen (618) tons of birdskins and feathers, intended for millinery purposes. The skin of a Bobwhite, stuffed lightly with cotton, which we have before us, weighs less than an ounce and a half. Let us be conservative and allow an average of five skins to the pound for the above shipments. This means that this accumulation, representing only part of the year's supply of one great center, represented about **six millions** of creatures that, when alive, helped to make the world beautiful. The simple question is this: Are **you** one of those who help to make such slaughter profitable?

Send in your subscription for Vol. XIV of By the Wayside **now**.

Terms.

It may be well at this time to recall to mind the terms under which By the Wayside may be secured. They are as follows:

1. In Wisconsin, By the Wayside is sent to members only, but gratis to them. The classes of membership are:

- (a) Life member, paying \$25.00 once.
- (b) Sustaining member, paying \$5.00 annually.

(c) Regular member, paying \$1.00 annually.

(d) Junior member, paying 25c annually.

N. B. Only children under eighteen years of age may become Junior Members.

2. Exceptions to (1) above: All libraries and schools will be sent By the Wayside at the subscription price, \$0.25 per annum.

3. All parties outside of the State of Wisconsin will be sent By the Wayside at the subscription price, \$0.25 per annum.

In order that we may continue to send By the Wayside gratis to our Junior Members, we must have more of them in order to offset the increased cost of printing. We want our Junior members to help us in getting them, and we make this offer: to anyone who will secure for us four members, he himself to be one, we will send a copy of each of the following leaflets:

The Bobolink.

The Mockingbird.

The Sharp-shinned Hawk.

The Bush Tit.

The Wood Duck.

Each of these leaflets has a beautifully colored plate and four pages of printed matter. Get your schoolmates to join the Wisconsin Audubon Society for one year at least. Remember that every member receives By the Wayside free once a month during the school year. By the Wayside is going to have lots of interesting articles. The dues for one year for Junior membership are twenty-five cents. Send the names of your friends who want to join together with their dues, to

Roland E. Kremers, Secretary,

Wisconsin Audubon Society,

1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of **BY THE WAYSIDE**

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary Drummond, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas Street, Madison, Wis. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Yellow Warbler

Should you ever lose track of the season, and, having no calendar at hand, wish to know when May arrived, don't worry. Just watch for the Yellow Warbler, the Summer Yellowbird. When he arrives you know that May has reached Wisconsin.

"A yellow bird," so Chapman says in his delightful book on the Warblers; and that is all that is necessary. For with us he is undoubtedly **the** yellow bird. Yellow all over, though somewhat duller above, the male with abundant chestnut streaks upon the breast, and with the tail blackish. His wife, as is the common case with birds, is somewhat less gaudily attired. You can not well mistake them for anything else.

Most of the warblers are with us but a few days in spring, and then again in fall, choosing to spend their summer in the northern wilds, their winter in the tropics. I do not blame them; our

climate has some disadvantages. But little cares the Yellow Warbler. When he comes he comes to rear his family of four or five, leaving us again, like most summer resorters, in September. Neither is he an exclusive aristocrat, like his relatives that seek the big woods to hide their nests. He has long ago learned that but little danger lurks among the haunts of men, and confidently he comes and builds his nest in apple or shade tree, in the rose hedge, or the bushy thickets of the park.

Of course he has his troubles. The cowbird, lazy beggar, has chosen him as one of his favorite victims. Some day Mr. and Mrs. Yellow come home and find a single egg, big and strongly streaked with brown, for which they certainly are not responsible. Discouraged? Not a bit. They simply go to work and build a new nest on top of the old one, and leave the would-be adopted egg deeply buried. Four nests in succession have Yellowbirds been known to build thus getting well rid of three intruding eggs.

The Yellow Warbler is found in summer in most parts of the United States and Canada; in winter it travels as far south as Brazil and Peru. Its song is a merry "chee-wee, chee-wee," forcible, but smooth and pleasing. It sings without an interval, long after other birds, busy with household cares, have quieted down, until August.

Its nest is a well-built structure of hemp fibers, and fine grasses, softly lined with down of plants. In this it lays four or five eggs, usually greenish white, speckled and blotched with pur-

plish brown, usually with a wreath of such spots at the larger end.

And finally, please, **please**, don't call him the Wild Canary. Look at his sharp slender bill, and then at the thick blunt one of some poor caged Canary. And note the chestnut spots on his breast. No Canary ever wore so gay a vest.

Prize Letter

May 20, 1912.

Mazomanie, Wis., May 24, 1912.

Dear Wayside:—

I was very glad when I saw a white-breasted robin for the first time. I was going home at noon from school when I heard a sweet song, and, looking around, I saw the robin hopping across the grass. I also saw a Scarlet Tanager one day when some girls and I were out walking. We could follow it up easily because it was such a bright red.

We saw a bird fly from a nest in the ground and when we came closer we saw four eggs in it. It was made very neatly of only straw. I saw two Baltimore Orioles one day going to school. There are lots of catbirds here. One day we found a little robin that had fallen from a nest. It could not fly because it was too young. We looked for the nest and, at not being able to see it, we got a ladder and my brother climbed up into the tree and found the nest hidden between two limbs, with four robins in it. The mother and father robin were angry at seeing that we had found the nest and their babies. They flew around our heads and chirped, and

they would sit on the limbs nearby to see that their babies were not hurt.

Truly yours,

Vera Thompson.

Age 12 years.

(Continued from page 61)

It is the Hallelujah Chorus by an all-star combination and the like of it was never heard except in Nature's Great Cathedral. Introduce here the really great composers among men, and I fancy none could be found with the hardihood to say: "I, too, am a Singer," for bird music makes all other music mute.

A brown thrasher and a cat bird, in tree tops a thousand feet apart are the leaders, and singers seen and unseen, known and unknown, sustain their leaders. What a joy it is to pick out the voices of the old friends: robin red-breast, meadowlarks, purple martins, wrens, orioles, bobolinks, and warblers without number. We perceive and put in contrast the voice of the mourning dove—seemingly full of sad memories—and the performance of the red winged black bird on a twig just above the lagoon, whose liquid tinkle is an echo of all the bells in fairy land.

Oh, for words to make you see, hear, feel and live a single day that is fairly running over with life, joy and harmony.

Green Lake, May 5th, 1912.

Why not become a member of the Wisconsin Audubon Society? Surely it is worth while to extend your aid to an organization which strives to protect our native birds and to spread the appreciation of them.

Tame Meadow Larks

Many towns and cities in the east may boast of their parks filled with squirrels so tame that they can eat out of your hands, but Forsythe can rival them in its meadow larks.

These birds are so tame that they will visit with one in the early morning on the back porch or sit on the sidewalks and eye you inquisitively as you pass by. The young of this season are especially tame. This speaks well for the boys and girls of the city, for to them this confidence of the birds is largely due. If the boys and girls don't chase them they are sure to be tame, and it is a very delightful thing to the stranger to see them so.—Forsyth Times-Journal.

Mazomanie, Wis.
May 24, 1912.

Dear Wayside:

I have seen more birds this year than any other year.

The first bird I saw this year was a bluebird. I didn't see a robin till late in the spring. I was so glad when I saw one because I was about the only one in our room who had not seen one. It was hopping around in our back yard. I ran in and told my sister to come out and see it too.

There is a white-breasted robin in our town but I haven't seen it yet. I am going to watch for it and see if I can't see it too.

I have seen a good many other birds this spring.

There was a wreck near town the other morning and as I was walking down toward it, I saw in a meadow close by a meadow lark and a thrush. I heard the meadow lark first and when I turned around it was sitting

on a post. I went down the track a little farther and then saw the thrush sitting on a small tree, singing as if it were the happiest creature living.

Yours truly,

Irene Voss.

Age 12.

Mazomanie, Wis., May 24, 1912.

Dear Wayside:

I have been looking out for all kinds of birds. Have seen a bird I do not know. It is all gray, but its tail is a darker gray than its body. Its tail sticks right up straight. I have been looking on the chart, but can not find it. It is as big as a robin. I thought maybe you knew what it was. There is a brown thrush building its nest in our tree. It has some sticks and hairs. Every morning I put some string out. It goes to the tree where the string is, but does not take it. So this morning I broke some sticks and put them in the tree. This noon they were gone. So I think the brown thrush took them.

Yours truly,

Frances Parrell.

Age 11.

Kibbie, Mich., April 22, 1912.

Dear Gertrude:—

I have time now, so I will do what you asked me to do. I suppose you know about the bluebird and robin, they are so common. So I will tell you about some uncommon ones. The first will be the Thunder-pump (American Bittern). When it stands up, it is about three feet high; it is mostly neck and legs. It has very large wings. It cannot fly fast, but it can stay in the air a good many hours without getting tired. It is dark brown with a few black dots here and there.

It lives in swamps and on river flats and is pretty scarce. When I was coming to school today, I scared one out of Merkle's swamp just back of our place. It stands in the swamp and makes a noise like this: thump-itie thump-thump-thump. It starts this queer noise just as the sun sets and most always keeps it up until dark.

Next on the program will be the "Bob White" or quail. On an early spring morning just after the sun is up, you can hear him telling everybody his name. He can say his name just as plainly as you or I can. It is "Bob White." Isn't that a pretty name? But later in the summer, Bobbie is gone; no one hears him. Where is he? He is in some cool, quiet place, keeping his pretty wife company through the long days of brooding. But at last one egg moves, then another and another until from fourteen to eighteen little flurry babies come creeping into the wide world. Then papa quail is noisy again; he sits on a fence post, and his call can be heard once more—"Bob White." Soon the baby quails can fly. But some of them will not fly long. They will be taken by the hunter's cruel fire-stick. But the ones that do escape, will sit on a fence post early in the next spring and call the same familiar call—"Bob White." The fire-stick, you know is a gun.

This makes two; now for another one. This is the chicken raiser's friend. It is the kingbird. It is a bird a little bigger than a robin. It is a very plucky bird and will drive a hawk away, if it comes near its home. That is why it is good to have a kingbird nest near a pen of young chickens. Its

color is grayish black above, with white underparts. I will write again.

From your cousin,

Harold.

[We have ventured to publish this bit of private correspondence not only because it shows commendable observation but also because we hope that some of our young readers will be inspired by it to try to see and hear just as interesting things as our friend has written about in his letter—Ed.]

The Birds' Summer

The summer season is now well begun. Courting and mating are now over with and the breeding season is well on. Indeed, for some birds it is nearly over with. The first brood of robins is already full grown, but has not yet lost the spotted breast which is so characteristic of the thrush family. The house sparrows, too, are well along; here and there is a flock of them. We can pick out the young. They just delight in puffing out their feathers and in making themselves as big a nuisance to their parents as they possibly can by refusing to hunt a scrap of food for themselves though they are able to fly as well as any of their tribe. Young martins and bluebirds are seen now and then flying overhead.

The whole atmosphere of the bird world has changed. Whereas in spring a certain exuberance filled the air, the birds apparently seem to have become dull. There is no longer that wanton burst of song which characterized the early May mornings. True, the pewee still proclaims his name, and the song-sparrow sings in the thicket. But the

catbird no longer sings so often, and even when he does, it is with a note of hesitancy in his melody, expressive of doubt whether he is not committing some indiscretion. There is a good reason for this silence. It will not be long before the young are out, and then



Meadow Larks

they must be taken care of, there will be but little time for song and gayety.

Because there seems to be a cessation of activity and perhaps also because the weather gets hot during the day, many people who are enthusiastic bird students in spring cease their observation for a longer or shorter period in summer. And still, this is a most fascinating time for study. To be sure, one does not see such a dazzling variety of forms as during the height of the migration, but still, the number of birds which nest in even a rather restricted area in such a country as southern Wisconsin is not small. Moreover, the breeding time is very favorable to the bird lover. What an interesting life is it that centers in the nest of a pair of

birds! Nor is it very difficult to witness it, for, with patience and care on your part, most birds will soon become accustomed to you and will go on with their parental duties just as if you were not there. Indeed, so strong is the instinct to care for the young in birds that many lose all consideration for self during the period from hatching to the point when the immature are capable of caring for themselves.

We want to urge our readers to see for themselves whether or not the summer is not fully as interesting as any other season. We are sure that once they learn, if they do not already know it, what pleasure there is to be had from an outing at the close of a summer's day, they will not find July and August quite so disagreeable as they are sometimes inclined to believe.

A few mornings ago (April 20) while eating my breakfast, I saw a bird which alighted in a neighboring yard. At first I thought it was a pigeon but when it moved I saw it was some strange bird unlike any near here. I left my breakfast and ran as fast as I could to the yard and to my surprise and joy the bird was still there, but when I approached it, it walked under the end of a building which was supported by blocks.

I kept running after the bird till I had it cornered in an ell of the house and there I caught it but I had a hard time holding it, for it fought savagely with its beak and claws.

Being very much interested to find what kind of bird I had caught, I carried it to school with me and found it to be a Coot. I kept it in a box for a day or two, where it became quite tame. I then send it to the country and gave it its freedom.

ANDREW M. DUDLEY.

OUR PLANS FOR NEXT YEAR

With this double number, *By the Wayside* ends its thirteenth year. It has not been an easy year. Editors have come and gone in quick succession. Printer's bills have been increased, and often it was hard to see where the money was coming from to pay them. **Suitable** literary contributions were not always easy to find. But it is ended; let us hope that the results have been at least fairly satisfactory to our readers.

Let us not forget this: *By the Wayside* is published by the Wisconsin State Audubon Society in the interests of the birds of Wisconsin. It brings a money profit to no one except the printer, and we doubt whether he is growing rich on it. Those who write its articles, and mail the copies, those who seek your subscription or membership and send you a receipt, they all donate their time and energy because they believe in the cause of the birds.

For next year we hope to make *By the Wayside* a better paper than it has ever been before. Plans for all the numbers have already been made in outline. In general, we intend to put into every number such material as will be interesting and useful at times after the number has been issued. We

intend to look forward rather than backward.

Every number is to be devoted in part to some special, seasonable feature. So we expect to speak of fall migration in the September number, of winter feeding in December, of Bird Books in February, etc. The "Bird of the Month" is to appear regularly. We also hope to insert in every number an outline to serve as a suggestive guide to teachers and pupils in the study of birds in the field. Still other features are not yet so fully planned. We shall use illustrations to the greatest extent that our finances will allow.

And that brings up the final point. What can be done with this paper, depends on the number of subscribers. It costs but little more to issue one thousand copies than to issue five hundred. The extra money can therefore be used for improving the paper. So you see that by getting new members for us, you are not only helping the cause of our Wisconsin birds, but also helping to increase the amount you receive for your own money.

So let us all join in, and get all our friends to join in, to make next year the best and most prosperous year of "By the Wayside" and of the Wisconsin Audubon Society.



Start for 189-0? *NH.*

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

One Year 25 Cents

FALL MIGRATION NUMBER

Single Copy 5 Cents

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SEPTEMBER, 1912

NO. 1

FALL MIGRATION

The school year has come once more and we are returning to the pursuits which occupy us for nine months out of the twelve. On the whole, the fall is a pleasant season, and after the heat of summer we look forward to it with keen anticipation. Is it not the time when we again meet our schoolmates? Is it not the time when the goldenrod and asters, the gentians, and the beautiful though obnoxious thistles are in the height of their bloom? And then, too, is it not the time when the approaching winter turns the leaves to those gorgeous colors which grace the trees of Wisconsin in autumn?

These are some of the fascinating sights which every Wisconsin boy and girl sees and knows. But there are many more equally interesting which it takes sharp eyes and an observant mind to see and it is of some of these in the bird world that I am going to write. You all have doubtless heard about the spring and fall migrations, and also you may from your own observation have learned something about the spring migration, but I doubt if you have learned quite as much about the fall movement. One does not have to seek very far for the reason; it is simply the fact that it is more difficult to make observations and to secure accurate records in fall. Not the least among these difficulties

is the obstruction of vision due to the dense foliage of the trees and bushes, the same obstacle which usually puts an end to our bird classes in spring. And another, in southern Wisconsin at least, is the difficulty of determining precisely the departure of a species. It is a comparatively easy matter to perceive the arrival of a bird which as a species does not breed in a particular locality, but it is quite another thing to note the departure of a breeding species. It is usually not until one suddenly realizes the fact that one has not recorded the occurrence of any individuals for several days or more that one begins to think that possibly that species has departed for the south. And this realization often raises that perplexing doubt in the observer's mind, "Has this species really migrated, or have I merely overlooked it thus long?"

But perhaps we can get a better idea of the fall migration if we take up the events in their sequence. In the late spring and early summer, the birds have been nesting and rearing their young. Then, at some time between the close of the breeding activities and the beginning of the fall migration, all birds undergo a moult. That is to say, the old feathers are lost and new ones take their place. And here the bird student's trouble begins,

for in many cases the new plumage bears little or no resemblance to the old. For example, the bobolink might be very easily mistaken by a casual observer for a sparrow of some kind. All the males assume the streaked appearance of the female and it is often the case that one can identify them by their characteristic note only. Then, too, with the inception of this moult, and sometimes even before, the males of many species give up singing, and thus added diligence and keenness of observation is required to detect the presence of birds which were hitherto easily found because of their characteristic song.

Moulting once past, some birds begin to migrate at once. One fine morning early in August we are surprised at flushing a flock of sandpipers which do not nest in our locality. It means that the fall migration has begun and that the advance guard of the early migrants has arrived. As a group the family of sandpipers probably makes the shortest stay of any of our summer visitants. Not that they are not seen here in southern Wisconsin until well along in September, considerably after the cowbird and the yellow warbler have left us. Their breeding ground is in the far north, even in the treeless tundras. Thither they migrate in spring, but stay there only long enough to raise their young and as soon as the latter are able to fly, return again to their winter homes.

Shortly after this, the earliest migrants among the locally breeding species betake themselves on their southward journey. The yellow warbler, cowbird, loggerhead and migrant shrikes, the cuckoos, the wrens, and the dickcissel belong to this group. And about the time that we note their

departure, there is to be observed another occurrence which appraises us of the activity of the bird world. It is the "flocking" of individuals of the same species preparatory to migration. All summer long the redwinged blackbirds, for instance, have inhabited the marshes, each family staying more or less together. But now they gather in huge flocks and make excursions into the neighboring fields. Nor is this habit limited to the redwings; grackles, yellow-headed blackbirds, robins to some extent, and some swallows, notably the martin, are found to flock in this region. The last named are known to gather from a considerable region and during the late afternoon for some days previous to their departure seem to hold a flying meet. There seems to be evidence that at such times the flock as a whole acts as a judge on the ability of its members to successfully make the migration; for birds have been seen to kill individuals which were apparently weak flyers.

Then comes September and with it, the warblers. Their presence is unmistakable, but their identity is a puzzle. We rejoice at once more seeing these restless creatures flitting about in treetop or bush and we hope to renew acquaintances. In this, however, the dense foliage together with the habits of the birds themselves and their changed plumage, disappoint us. With patience we may do much, yet we must pass over many, many warblers with the frank admission, "I can't make it out." Still there is a certain fascination about this uncertainty, especially on the moonlight nights when thousands of birds are migrating. We hear them calling to one another as they fly high up in the air made sil-

very by dispersed light in the evening mist. We strain our ears to distinguish the notes; killdeer and bobolink unmistakably announce themselves, but of the rest we get out little information.

September, too, is the month in which the majority of our summer residents begin to migrate. One by one the species disappear. With them kinglets, the white-throated sparrows, the ducks and geese come and go until at the end of October only a few unusually daring song sparrows that still hide in the thickets are all that remain. And by the end of November, the last of the ducks have been driven off from ice bound lakes, and the fall migration may be said to have ceased.

A Fall Day

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and Nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen,

with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds, flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white under clothes, screaming and chattering, bobbing and nodding and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.—From "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," by Washington Irving.

The Hawaiian Islands Reservation

The Hawaiian Islands Reservation is a group of small islands and shoal lying between 160 and 180° west longitude and between 23 and 29° north latitude. The reservation was made by President Roosevelt in February, 1909, by whose order the hunting, trapping, or wilful molestation of any birds thereon is unlawful. Laysan is the largest of the islets of this group and exhibits many unique characteristics.

In the first place it is the nesting site of thousands of waterfowl, chief among which is the Laysan Albatross (See plate, page 6). The albatrosses as a family are noted fliers and show remarkable powers of soaring. The Laysan Albatross, not behind its relatives in grace of flight and form, executes a dance as well. It is, therefore, a very fortunate circumstance for mankind that a rookery has been set aside where these beautiful creatures may have a chance to nest and rear their young undisturbed, and it is well that

(Continued on page 8)

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

The official organ of the Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year

Single copies 5 cents

Contributions to BY THE WAYSIDE are invited from all lovers of Nature and friends of the birds. All communications should be sent to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison Wis.

Organize a Bird Club in Your School

We have always maintained and still maintain that one of the very best ways for a teacher to get a hold on his or her pupils is to get them interested in bird-study and nature study in general. Bird-study is perhaps the best to attempt for the reason that children seem more ready to observe bird-life than any other form. This is only natural, for birds show very considerable variations in brilliancy of both plumage and song and hence appeal to man's sense of the beautiful.

We therefore urge you to organize a bird club in your school because we believe with Mr. Trafton that "in this way a feeling of responsibility will be developed and the children may be changed from indifferent friends, or even persecutors of birds, to their ardent protectors." This alone would be worth the effort, but there are other results which more completely justify the expenditure of a portion of the teacher's energy in the furtherance of bird-study. It is very generally the case that pupils will not dislike their written exercises so much if they have interesting topics to write about. Nature study furnishes these topics. Read the extract from one of our greatest authors, Washington Irving, and then read the letter from the little schoolgirl in Illinois. The mas-

ter and the beginner alike have found an attractive theme in the realm of nature. We merely ask, "Is it not worth a teacher's while to try to interest her pupils in bird-study?"

If you will try to interest your pupils in bird-study, we will help you. We leave it to you whether or not it is feasible to try to organize a club in your particular school, but you can always try to at least introduce it through the medium of the required composition work. We urge you to subscribe to By the Wayside, for we shall include in it much material interesting and useful to teachers; for example the "Bird of the Month," illustrations, articles on various phases of bird life and protection, letters from other clubs and the like. Next month we shall include an outline for study. To any teacher who will subscribe to By the Wayside, we will send gratis six illustrated leaflets which will be of use to her in her work.

Now is the time to organize a bird club. A suggestive circular will be sent on application to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

With the school year opens the fiscal year of the Wisconsin Audubon Society. Whether this point of time really marks a new epoch is a question, but we look forward to it as a time when we can begin again with a clean slate and with new courage and vigor. We are still far from the ideal which we have set and which we have striven, let us hope not altogether in vain, to attain. We cannot, however, continually make progress alone. We must have others to support us; will you not help us?

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of **BY THE WAYSIDE**

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary A. Hardman, Academy of Sciences, Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

Wisconsin parties should apply to the University Extension Division, Madison, for colored bird slides. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Bird of the Month The Bronzed Grackle

The bronzed grackle is a common bird in Wisconsin, but it is in the prairie regions to the west of us that it finds its real home. Any wide-awake boy in Iowa or southern Minnesota will have among his bird experiences that of seeing a narrow line of chattering black fellows, flowing like a stream across the sky to disappear in some cornfield. That will have been in August or perhaps early September. I remember one such flight lasting three or four hours, having as its destination a six hundred acre field of corn. Boy-like we went in with shot guns and played great havoc, but on the mass of birds it barely had an effect. They arose indeed in clouds but only to alight again a little farther on; the milky corn was too great a luxury to leave.

It is on account of this gregarious habit and its love for corn that the grackle is much abused. But where I

have known it to be most numerous, the farmer still waxed rich in raising corn, and, be it said to his credit, seemed on the whole not seriously inclined to keep the grackle from his portion.

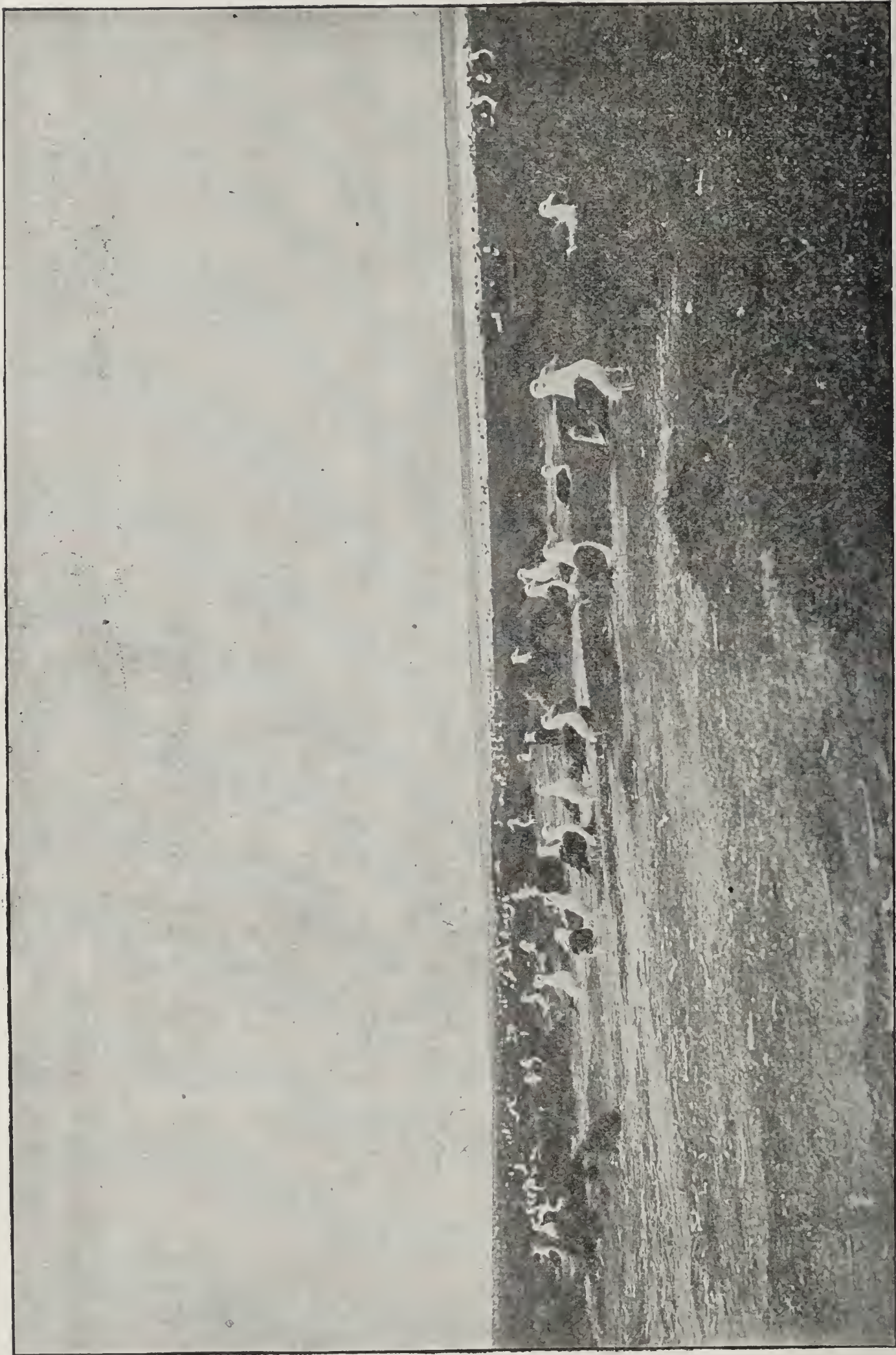
And perhaps unwittingly the farmer is right. For this bronzy buccaneer, makes up on-third of his menu from insects, and most of them injurious. And when it comes to the babies—well nothing is too good for them, and to baby birds insects are the very best thing there is. And there seems little doubt that the grackle on the whole pays well for all the grain he gets.

There may be, there probably are, times and places where the grackle must be disturbed to prevent it from doing too great damage. But unless such damage is perfectly apparent, let us give him that privilege of any other individual who stands accused—the benefit of the doubt.

Our grackle is bronzy, farther east he is purple. it is hard to say which is the handsomer. Both are worthy members of the family of Icteridae, a family that gives us the Redwing, Orioles, Bobolink, and Meadowlark. Is that not a family worth belonging to? But, like every other family, it has its black sheep in the Cowbird.

Please Note

To any teacher who will subscribe to By the Wayside for the purpose of teaching nature study, we shall send the following six illustrated leaflets: bobolink, mockingbird, killdeer, sharp-shinned hawk, house wren, bush tit.



LAYSAN ALBATROSS ROOKERY

Reproduced by Courtesy of U. S. Department of Agriculture from Bulletin No. 42 of the Bureau of Biological Survey.

Editor of the "By the Wayside."

Dear Sir: The enclosed story is the unaided work of a little girl nine years old. In Girton School, Winnetka, Illinois, of which I am principal, I offered a prize to be given on "Bird Day" for the best story having something to do with birds. This story won the prize.

About two-thirds of the little girls in Girton are members of the Illinois Junior Branch of the Audubon Society. We fill out the Audubon chart each year, keep a record of nests, etc. We identified eighteen nests this year and one hundred and twelve birds—teachers and children working together. It would give the children great pleasure if Virginia's story could be published in "By the Wayside."

Very truly yours,
(Miss) Julia S. Henry.

Girton School,
Winnetka, Illinois.

Robins in the Spring

Once upon a time up in the top of a high tree, there was a robin's nest, and in the nest there were five little eggs. On the eggs was the mother bird. She had been sitting there for some time and was getting tired of sitting there. She wanted her mate who was singing gaily in the maple tree, to come and tell her why the birds did not come out of the shell. Just then the postman came with a letter to her; she asked him if he would ask her mate to come down to her. In a minute her mate was by her side and he said very gently in his sweet little voice, "What do you want, my love?"

"Oh," sighed she, "I'm afraid we are not going to have any babies because they don't come out of the shell."

"Don't worry about that, my love, they will come out very soon; so be contented with knowing that they will come out soon."

Then the father bird flew up in the air singing as loudly and as sweetly as he could to help his mate to be contented, and she was. In just one hour she heard a little peep, peep. That can't be my children thought she. So she looked below her and saw nothing but her friend the lark, and the green grass blowing in the wind.

Then she looked above her and saw nothing but her mate, and the tree tops, and the blue sky. Then she heard it again and thought it must be her children, and it was. She got up and out came a little bird; and in four more hours, four more birds were out, and that was all. And she was so happy she flew up to tell her mate all about it and he said they must go at once to fetch some food for their children; and so they went and all the way they sang:

"Oh it is Spring and our babies are out! Oh 'tis Spring! 'Tis Spring!"

Subscribe to

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It contains:

Interesting stories.

Illustrations.

The "Bird of the Month."

Nature Study outlines and helps.

Illustrated leaflets sent to subscribers on request.

Address: Roland E. Kremers, 1720
Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

Birds in an Iowa Park

By Emerson Stoner, Des Moines, Iowa

My business calls me daily to one of the largest parks in the city and being on the grounds at present and having a few moments of leisure I take pleasure in writing down what birds I have found there.

A robin, not far off, is calling for the first place to which he is justly entitled as he is probably the best known of all our birds. A number of blue jays are flying from tree to tree, loudly uttering their "jay-jay" with occasionally a pumping note which I have heard a young boy translate as "McKinley," he knowing them as the "McKinley birds."

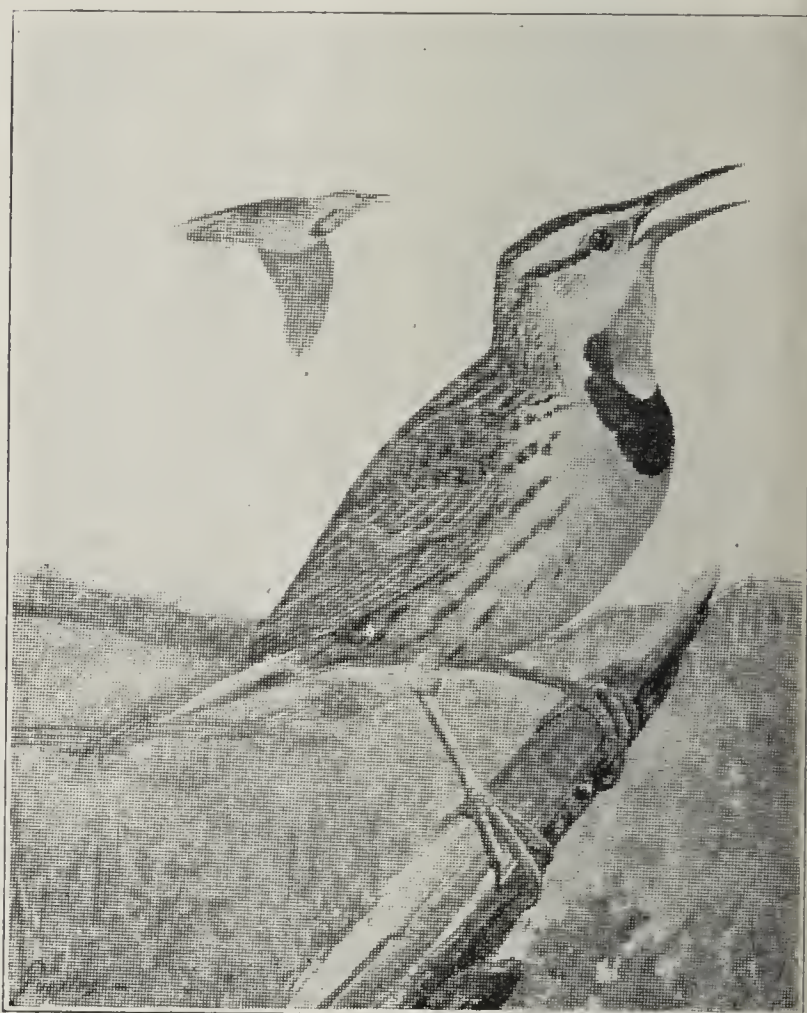
A rose-breasted grosbeak and a Baltimore oriole pause only for a short song as they are both busily searching food for their young ones. At some distance I hear a flock of grackles which I know are nesting in some evergreens farther east. The brown thrasher and catbird are common singers later on in the day and the cuckoo (although his song is usually described as course and guttural I love to hear it) is not so rare as he wishes to appear.

Down by the lake there is a pair of kingfishers and probably a few swallows are skimming over the water. Under the roof of a barn a phoebe has a nest and in an out-house, a house wren is rearing eight young.

Although I have not noted any of them today the following birds are also common inside of the park,—mourning doves, redheaded woodpeckers, flickers, crows, cowbirds, bluebirds (they are not so common this year), meadow larks, towhees, field sparrows,

and occasionally I see a ruby-throated hummingbird hovering among the flower beds. Twice this season I have noted a scarlet tanager, but a person is really fortunate to observe him.

Later on will come numberless bands of juncos, brown creepers, tree sparrows, etc., but we will leave them for a winter month.



(Continued from page 3)

this is so, for even this remote haven has not escaped the plumage hunters. In the spring of 1909 a party of them butchered thousands of birds most inhumanly, but luckily their operations were interrupted before they had completely destroyed the rookery.

For a more complete account of the many interesting objects and lessons presented by this reservation, we urge our readers to read the handsomely illustrated Bulletin No. 42 of the Bureau of Biological Survey, Washington, D. C.

By The Wayside

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VOL. XIV

OCTOBER, 1912

NO. 2

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

J. C. Elsom, M. D.

They say that any old invalid can shoot a bird, but that it takes a real live person to take the bird's picture. With this, I fully agree; and I have always thought that for real fun, and skill, with no after regrets, bird photography far surpasses hunting with a gun. The permanent record we may secure by means of the camera is likely to be valuable, and a source of pleasure ever afterward; and instead of a poor dead bird, we have a pleasing portrait, while our subject is left at liberty to pursue life and happiness and to accomplish his useful work, undisturbed and uninjured. Besides, in order to do successful bird photography, we must become somewhat intimately acquainted with our subject, must know his habits, something of his homelife, and his individual peculiarities. And this intimate acquaintanceship, if not mutually pleasant, is certainly helpful to the bird-photographer, and necessarily increases his love and admiration for his feathered subjects.

Unlimited patience is one of the requisites of the camera hunter; and patience is a good quality to cultivate. One must have plenty of time, too; we can by no means regulate the comings and goings of our bird friends, or their poses. Some of the successful bird pho-

tographers have spent hours, and sometimes days of watching for the psychological moment at which to press the bulb of their camera. But the time spent is often worth while; and we can have the satisfaction of knowing that the picture we have taken has never been du-



plicated, and perhaps possesses a scientific value.

The equipment for work of this kind need not be elaborate, or expensive. Any good camera will do, of the folding type, with good rectilinear lens, and ground glass for accurate focusing. The ordinary box fixed focus camera will

hardly give the best results. A good tripod, or means of fixing the camera to a tree limb, such as a clamp that holds your machine rigid, is necessary. Personally, I prefer plates for my work, rather than films, or a film-pack; and it is necessary that the camera and plate-holders be absolutely light-tight, as often our dark slide has to be drawn for a long time, and any leakage of the plate holder is fatal to good results. Having decided on the habitat of our bird, whether on its nest, or at its feeding ground, or its lofty perch, we must set up our camera with care, accurately focussed. Perhaps it is necessary to conceal the camera, by means of branches, or leaves, or otherwise, and to have some means of springing the shutter at the right time. For the latter purpose, a long cord attached to the shutter-release, or a long piece of rubber tubing, will be necessary, unless we ourselves are concealed in a blind, with the camera at our hands.

Nest and egg photography are comparatively simple; and perhaps the beginner should always begin with a subject of this kind. The bird on its nest, also, is often not difficult, because the mother bird is usually surprisingly gentle, and will allow rather close approach in many instances. In addition, she sits wonderfully still, and will consent to "look pleasant" long enough to admit of a sufficiently long exposure. The photography of the young bird, however, is rather more difficult, as their restless movement makes a short exposure, and good light, necessary. I have found that a partially cloudy day is best for the securing of good results.

The light is more even, and is not apt to give spotty, unpleasant results that sometimes result from sunshine. A dull light is always best for picturing nests and eggs. To show birds in rapid movement, we need of course the best of light, and a camera of the reflecting type, fitted with fast lens and focal plane shutter.

The accompanying picture of a young mocking bird was taken with a Graflex camera and a fast lens. On a trip to my old home in Virginia, I was delighted to renew my acquaintance with this prince of singers, the southern mocking bird. There were scores of them all about the garden, around the blackberry bushes, and around the porches. The little fellow whose picture is shown, seemed to have no objection to posing on the finger of a friend of mine, who seemed to be also his friend. Readers of *By the Wayside* have much in store for them, if they have not yet made the acquaintance of the mocking bird. Its song, varied, clear and musical, is wonderful; and the friendly disposition of the bird makes him an exceedingly desirable bird neighbor. It is too bad that he is so afraid of cold feet, and steers clear of Wisconsin.

Let me advise all readers of this magazine who own cameras, to try some bird portraits. Make a lunch counter this winter for the chickadees, nuthatches, and downy woodpeckers, and get a record of their table manners. It will be pleasant and interesting work for any of us, and will serve to help us in our acquaintance with our little brothers of the woods.

BIRDS WISE AND FOOLISH

John Watkins, Calumet, Mich.

Last winter 1911-1912, warning came from Jefferson Butler and the National Association of Audubon Societies of the danger of birds starving as a result of deep snow and unusually cold weather, but I had seen many cold winters and was not anxious for the birds of my neighborhood; for I felt confident the ruffed grouse would come through safely if the owls, hawks, skunks, and poachers were not too numerous.

Chickadee, redpoll, snowflake, pine siskin, I knew defied the cold; and the enormous yield of seeds of the cedar, spruce, mountain ash and birch, the chosen food of the crossbills, pine grosbeaks and jays, together with a good crop of hazel nuts for red squirrel, would, I knew, keep our wards in this snowy region well supplied, since nature has not been robbed as it has been farther south of that natural protection of the wild—the woodland.

I am of the opinion that the pine grosbeak was reported as a “winter Robin” by many who should have known better than to have seen “Winter Robins” in flocks and reported the same from different parts of the northern states.

But to return to my subject: There came soon after January 1st. reports of ducks freezing and starving on the shores of Lake Superior, a surprise to me and to many others who had not known of such a fate before. During the few years that I spent in Dakota, all kinds of ducks and geese, except tame ones, left as soon as the north winds were cold enough to freeze still

water and returned again with the warm south winds of March or April. I had never looked up the subject before; but on referring to books, I find there are some kinds that do not migrate;—well, they made good fare for the wolves that followed the lake shore and picked them up.

The question came to my mind, were these ducks driven away from marshes and inland lakes by new settlers clearing and draining land? If so, their doom is sealed; for it is not practical for any protector of birds to feed and take care of them in the deep snow on the shores of the large lakes. Those that came through the winter will have to become the progenitors of a race hardy enough to withstand the storms and cold of the winter, or else change their habits and seek safety in a warm clime.

I did not find any evidence of other birds freezing or starving, and the ruffed grouse is holding its own, although it and the red deer are the most persecuted of game animals and birds in these regions. This is what I do for the grouse: I do not allow dogs to run through the woods in the breeding season; then before the hunting season begins, whenever I see the birds, I fire off cheap cartridges to get them wild and on their guard; I also scatter brush and lop over brush and small trees that are dead or of no account,—this bothers both dogs and hunters, while the birds can “skidoo” through it. A few brush-piles, I think, are a good thing to make in the woods in autumn.

(Continued on page 14)

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HUNTING.

It is now drawing close to the heart of the hunting season, and it is fitting that we should give some attention to this practice, for it has a very important relation to bird protection and to the ends for which the Wisconsin Audubon Society stands. Have you ever formed an idea of the vastness of this "sport?" In our own state, several hundred thousand licenses are taken out annually. Every Saturday afternoon, hundreds of hunters leave the larger cities to go to their shooting grounds. Indeed the situation is well-nigh appalling. We have, on a quiet Sunday morning, timed the interval between shots within hearing and found it to be from twenty to thirty seconds over a considerable period!

But perhaps we ought give more emphasis to the relation between hunting and the ideals of the Audubon Societies. We maintain that hunting is a practice which must be abolished, especially in a region so densely settled as Southern Wisconsin. In the first place, there is a great deal of danger connected with it; during the hunting season one can hardly read a paper without coming across notices of hun-

ters' deaths. Secondly, there is in the great majority of cases, absolutely no necessity for killing game for purposes of food,—foodstuffs are far too abundant to-day and much more readily procured. But the chief objection which we have to hunting is that it fosters a brutal side of man's nature. The hunting of a bird involves the killing of that bird; and the death of any creatures tend to callous man's heart,—especially is that true when the dying creature makes so strong an appeal to our esthetic nature as do the birds.

It is a hope'ess task to try to convert the hunters who have reached their maturity, but it is a far easier, though still an immense undertaking to teach the school children to love the birds. We are, therefore, heartily in sympathy with Dr. Elson when he suggests that our readers make lunch counters this winter and try to secure photographs of such birds as come to feed. We are sure that they will be well repaid for their pains and that they will come to love the birds; and we trust that they will also rejoice in being able to secure a record of their friends while allowing them to pursue their useful life.

Nowadays one often hears the complaint from hunters that inasmuch as they pay money to procure licenses, the game warden's department should do something to increase the amount of available game. We think that Mr. John A. Sholts, the State Fish and Game Warden of Wisconsin, has made an effectual answer when he pointed out that it is the hunters themselves who are the direct beneficiaries of the activities of the wardens.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

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Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary A. Hardman, Academy of Sciences, Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

Wisconsin parties should apply to the University Extension Division, Madison, for colored bird slides. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Bird of the Month.

The Kinglet.

Really there are two of them, one ruby crowned, the other with a crown of gold, and that is really the least of the differences between them. Both are pigmies among our birds, only the humming bird is of a lesser size. Both are among our most useful of birds, for with their small size, and their skill in creeping along trunk and limb, they can seek out the smaller insects from the narrowest crevices. That is what they seem to be doing most of the time, and it is much to be doubted whether our forest and street trees have any friends more faithful or more efficient than these little fellows.

Kinglets as such are rather easy to recognize. Their small size, their tameness, and a habit of nervously flitting their wings every few minutes—not to forget their crowns—distinguish them from all their comrades. But between

the two Royalties there is an ocean of differences.

The Golden-crowned Kinglet has a crown of golden orange bordered by yellow; his mate has to content herself with a less showy coronet of yellow alone. The musical abilities of this form seem small, a soft, low *tsee, tsee*, being its most ambitious effort. It is a bird of the north, abundant during spring and fall migrations; and having but little fear of cold, some of its numbers may be found at all times during the winter. In summer, however, it seeks the North, and while a few perhaps may nest along the Wisconsin shore of Lake Superior, most of them cross this body of icy water, and seek a cooler region wherein to rear their young.

The Ruby-crown is a more regal personage; a despot with a crown of fiery red, his spouse is not permitted even a coronet, but wears the plain colors of the common herd. The male, if you do not yet know him, will treat you some day to a surprise. If you go out among the trees some early morning in April, you will surely be attracted sooner or later by a song floating down mysteriously from the tree tops, a song so clear, so sweet, that if you have even a grain of music sense in you, you must stop and listen. It is a warble, quite complicated, and so sweet, that you will seek in vain for a better performance among our native birds. Let us look for the singer. The music is so loud, we can hear it for two or three hundred feet. Surely the songster must be of some size to produce such volume. But no, we can find nothing in the trees but some little fellows flitting nervously

from branch to branch, seemingly never at rest. Let us watch them. Yes, I can plainly see it now, it is that little pigmy that is rendering all that music. It is the Ruby-crown performing his wonderful Hymn to Spring.

But now, when leaves are turning brown and the mornings are frequently white with frost, their song is gone, and yet what cheer they add to our woodland ramble. Alas, by November they will all have gone to summer climes, leaving us as an only consolation, the presence of their cousin, the Golden-crown.

The Study of Birds.

(Under this title it is intended to include each month brief suggestions to teachers and others, for use in studying the birds of the season.)

OUT-DOOR WORK: Most of the birds to be found now remain all winter. They are comparatively few in kinds, so that it is a good time to begin the study. A thorough knowledge of these winter forms is very helpful when the spring birds begin to arrive. Look for and learn to recognize quickly such birds as Juncos, Tree Sparrows, Nut-hatches, Brown Creepers, Blue Jays; don't forget to study well the characters of the English Sparrow, so that you may know him forever after from other sparrows.

Begin feeding birds. A piece of salt pork or suet will attract many forms; note which ones appear most frequently. Seeds or bread crumbs will also be appreciated, but should be placed out of reach of the murderous cat. We shall have more to say on the feeding of birds next month.

INDOOR WORK: The disappearance of birds gives a good opportunity for the

discussion of bird migration. Ask the U. S. Department of Agriculture for literature on this subject, it will cost you nothing. Any standard Encyclopedia or bird book will give you further information. Let students furnish lists of summer birds that have disappeared, also lists of birds which are found in your vicinity throughout the whole year (permanent residents).

(Continued from page 11)

I think the migrating habit of wild birds is one of the points that proves that animals and birds have more intelligence than most people suppose, and to me it is simply a habit of self preservation, an attempt to seek a perpetual summer where food is plentiful and the weather agreeable. Those that do not migrate are those whose bodies are too heavy for their wings, or whose vitality is so strong that they do not suffer from the cold. I never see any evidence of the ruffed grouse, chickadee, or bluejay suffering from cold: the last two give their merry call on the coldest frosty mornings in the most severe winters.

Some bird lovers are trying the experiment of rearing the ruffed grouse in confinement: this may be done successfully, but the nature of the birds will change just as the domestic turkey has changed from its wild state of hardness to one of our delicate fowls, hard to rear and subject to many ailments. The nearer anything lives to a wild condition, the more hardy and enduring is its nature. The bison, antelope, and elk wintered well on the western plains where cattle and sheep, owned by ranchmen who have neither brains nor conscience enough to know that they cannot winter on snow drifts, die by the hundred of thousands. The

prairie chicken had no shelter except ravines, yet wintered well on wild grass seed and weed seed; but our domestic chickens could not survive more than a week under such conditions. The wolf is a wild dog, but can go longer without food or sleep and rest than any domesticated variety, and can not be run down by a well fed dog of the chase.

If I were to have the care of a large game preserve or bird reservation, I should not try to change any of the natural ways of the wild. Can you see the difference in wisdom between the domestic geese, ducks, chickens, and city sparrows and all the wild birds of forest and field? I can.

Hart, Mich., May 31.

Editor of By the Wayside:

Dear Sir:—I have been trying to get some stories from the school children for the "*Wayside*" and have at last succeeded so am sending you some Fourth Grade efforts, and hope you'll find some of them worth printing.

All the children here in our schools throughout the county are much interested and the 5th, 6th and 7th grades have from 35 to 50 birds on their records for this year.

I have given about 40 talks on bird protection at schools, clubs, granger, etc. since last Oct. and I'm glad to notice that the sentiment against bird killing is growing much stronger each season and I find the farmers are even finding some good in the hawks, owls, and crows.

Sincerely Yours,

Edith C. Munger.

A Story of a Spring Day.

One time when I was four years old I went out doors; how sweetly the little birds were singing. And everywhere I went the birds would surely be singing. They sang so sweetly that I thought I would sing for them too so I sang and sang.

Latter I stopped singing and went into the house to get a cookie, then I came out again and broke it into real fine pieces. Then I took it and put it into a little saucer with some milk. I put it in a little maple tree and pretty soon a papa robin came and took it in his bill to his wife and three children in the maple tree where his home was.

Elsie M. Brandel,

Hart, Mich., R. No. 2.

4th Grade Hart, Mich.

Age 10 yrs.

A Little Wren.

Once a little wren and his mate were in our old tree, and the father wanted her to build in my bird house. She did not want to, but at last she did, because he coaxed her so much. The way he coaxed her was to fly in and out until he finally coaxed her in.

One day mama said, "I believe the little wrens are hatched out, I hear them," And we heard them.

One day the mama wren was under our hose taking a bath and I saw her and she saw me and she flew away. I put some bread out, but she hasn't come back this year.

Wilma M. Reynolds,

4th Grade Hart, Mich.

Age 9 yrs.

My Swallows.

Once upon a time I built a bird house. I put it on the barn and put some hay in it and made a little nest.

About a week after I built the nest two little swallows came, they flew around the little house and at last they went in. The father bird pulled nearly all the straw out, and when I looked at them they flew around the other side.

I then took some more straw and laid it by the house. Then I went in the house and got some water and bread for them to eat and then I went into the house to watch them.

The birds came back and put the straw, that I put by there nest, in the house and built a neat little nest and then got some of the bread and water.

In about two weeks I looked in the house to see if there were any eggs and I saw four little eggs in the nest.

Then I went into the house to see which way the mother bird came and I saw that she came from a tree near the barn. The next week I saw the father bird take some food in the nest.

Later the father and mother went away and then I went to look in the nest. I saw four little birds in it. After while the mother and father bird taught the little birds how to fly and they went away and never came again.

The next year some birds came back again and had some little birds.

Myrtle B. Snow,
4th Grade Hart, Mich.

Aged 10.

These birds were unusually numerous during the last two weeks of March at Madison as well.—Ed.

We have the following note from Mr. A. C. Burrill, Instructor in Economic

Entomology at the University of Wisconsin. "On September 18, 1912, a flock of sixty crows had gathered on the recent sowing of rye, about three weeks old, on the farm of C. W. Reynolds near Tomah, Wisconsin. Mr. Reynolds' son and I went immediately over to investigate. We found the marks of their feet and bills, but no evidence of their pulling rye; instead, we discovered that they were probing for the roots of weeds, chiefly milkweed, which had been plowed under, and this to secure the "white grubs." All honor to Mr. Crow in helping the farmer to get rid of his field pests."

In the vicinity of Madison the "grubs," the larvae of the June Bug, were unusually numerous and destructive during the past summer. An incident similar to the above came to our attention also. A certain farmer began to plow under a hay field which had been ruined by the pest. The next morning we were awakened by what we at first supposed to be a "cawing" match on the part of the crows of the neighborhood. They were not very numerous. We saw on the average perhaps ten in a day. We were soon disillusioned, for all the din was but the summons for the clan to gather; and gather it did. For an hour or more crows straggled in in small groups and helped spread the summons. When at last all the crows in the country several miles around had assembled, the entire flock of least a hundred individuals alit on the field and fed on the "grubs." When satiated they would fly into trees near by, only to return again and again. Thus they continued for several days, gradually dispersing. —Ed.

By The Wayside

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NOVEMBER, 1912

NO. 3

THE LABRADOR EGG-HUNTERS

By John J. Audubon

"See yon shallop shyly sailing along; she sneaks like a thief, wishing, as it were, to shun the very light of heaven. Under the lee of every rocky isle some one at the tiller steers her course.

"Were his trade an honest one he would not think of hiding his back behind the terrific rocks that seem to have been placed there as a resort for the myriads of birds that annually visit this desolate region of the earth for the purpose of rearing their young at a distance from all disturbers of their peace. How unlike the open, bold, honest mariner, whose face needs no mask, who scorns to skulk under any circumstances!

"The vessel herself is a shabby thing; her sails are patched with stolen pieces of better canvas, the owners of which have probably been stranded on some inhospitable coast, and have been plundered, perhaps murdered, by the wretches before us. Look at her again. Her sides are neither painted nor even pitched; no, they are daubed over, plastered and patched with stripes of sealskins laid along the seams. Her deck has never been washed or sanded; her hold—for no cabin has she—though at present empty, sends forth an odor pestilential as that of a charnelhouse. The crew, eight in number, lie sleeping

at the foot of their tottering mast, regardless of the repairs needed in every part of her rigging. But see! she scuds along, and, as I suspect her crew to be bent on the commission of some evil deed, let us follow her to the first harbor.

"There rides the filthy thing. The afternoon is half over. Her crew have thrown their boat overboard; they enter and seat themselves, one with a rusty gun. One of them sculls the skiff toward an island, for a century past the breeding-place of myriads of guillemots, which are now to be laid under contribution.

"At the approach of the vile thieves clouds of birds rise from the rock and fill the air around, wheeling and screaming over their enemies; yet thousands remain in an erect posture, each covering its single egg, the hope of both parents. The reports of several muskets loaded with heavy shot are now heard, while several dead and wounded birds fall heavily on the rock or into the water. Instantly all the sitting birds rise and fly off affrighted to their companions above, and hover in dismay over the assassins, who walk forward exultantly, and with their shouts mingling oaths and execrations.

"Look at them! See how they crush

the chick within its shell! How they trample on every egg in their way with their huge and clumsy boots! Onward they go, and when they leave the isle not an egg that they can find is left entire. The dead birds they collect and carry to their boat. Now they have regained their filthy shallop, they strip the birds by a single jerk of their feathery apparel, while the flesh is yet warm, and throw them on some coals, where in a short time they are broiled; the rum is produced when the guillemots are fit for eating, and after stuffing themselves with this oily fare, and enjoying the pleasures of beastly intoxication, over they tumble on the deck of their crazy craft, where they pass the short hours of night in turbid slumber.

"The sun now rises above the snow-clad summit of the eastern mount; 'sweet is the breath of morn' even in this desolate land. The gay bunting erects his white crest, and gives utterance to the joy he feels in the presence of his brooding mate; the willow grouse on the rock crows his challenge aloud. Each floweret, chilled by the night air, expands its pure petals; the gentle breeze shakes from the blades of grass the heavy dewdrops.

"On the guillemot isle the birds have again settled, and now renew their loves. Startled by the light of day, one of the eggers springs on his feet and rouses his companions, who stare around them for a while, endeavoring to recollect their senses. Mark them, as with clumsy fingers they clear their drowsy eyes; slowly they rise on their feet. See how the lubbers stretch out their arms and yawn; you shrink back,

for verily 'that throat might frighten a shark.' But the master, soon recollecting that so many eggs are worth a dollar or a crown, casts his eye toward the rock, marks the day in his memory, and gives orders to depart. The light breeze enables them to reach another harbor a few miles distant—one which, like the last, lies concealed from the ocean by some other rocky isle. Arrived there, they re-enact the scene of yesterday, crushing every egg that they can find.

"For a week each night is passed in drunkenness and brawls, until having reached the last breeding-place on the coast, they return, touch in every isle in succession, shoot as many birds as they need, collect the fresh eggs, and lay in a cargo. At every step each ruffian picks up an egg, so beautiful that any man with a feeling heart would pause to consider the motive which could induce him to carry it off.

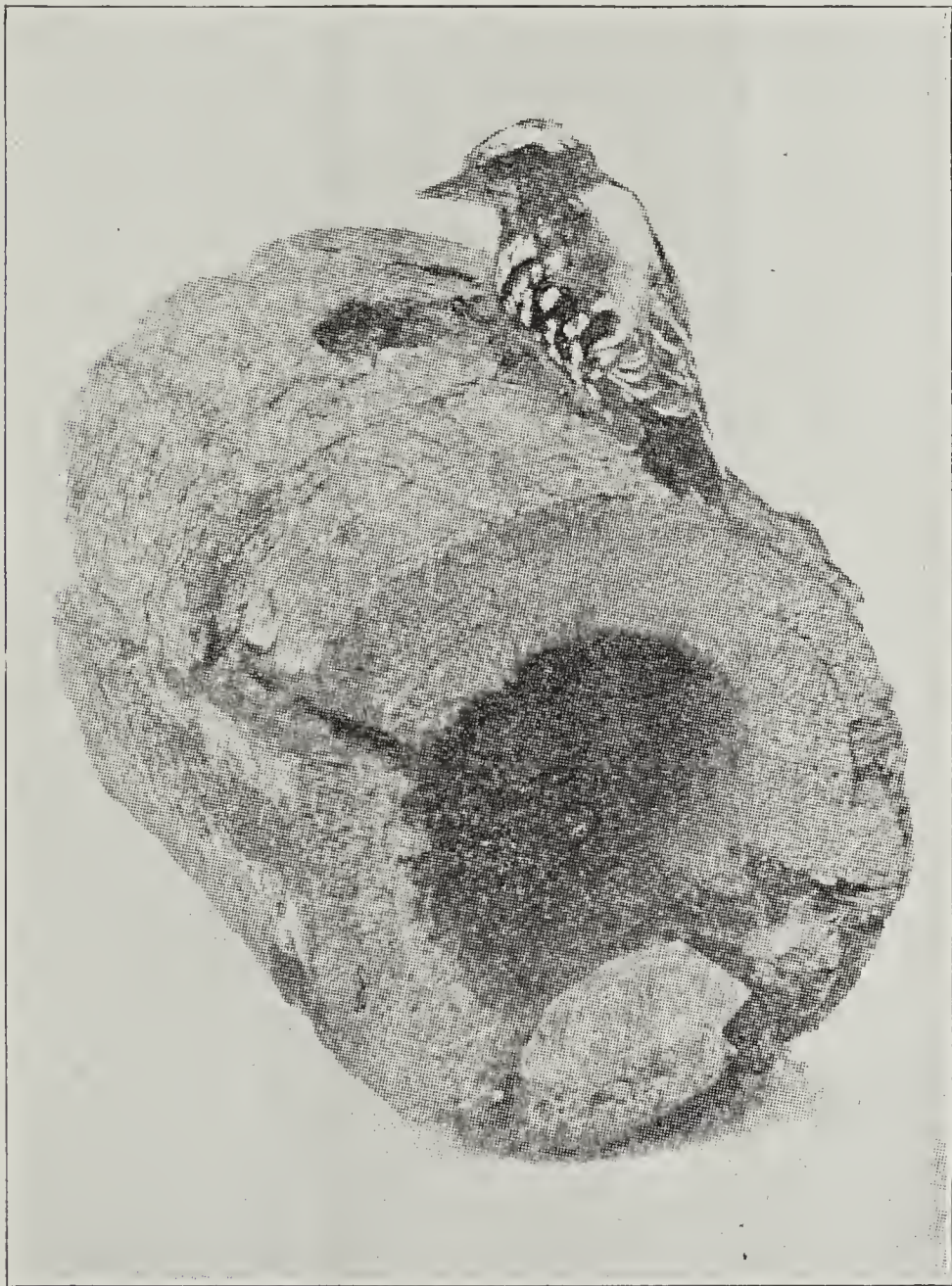
"But nothing of this sort occurs to the egger, who gathers and gathers until he has swept the rock bare. The dollars alone chink in his sordid mind, and he assiduously plies the trade which no man would ply who had the talents and industry to procure subsistence by honorable means."

Mrs. L. M. Whitcomb of Albany, Wis., writes: "A flock of Purple Finches were frequently seen about the town from the twelfth of January last until about the first of April. They were in our yard several times in March in quite large flocks, often singing on pleasant days. These were the first I have ever seen."

THE WOODPECKERS

Everyone knows a woodpecker; the very name describes the bird beyond a doubt. And indeed it is a very good name to apply to this family of birds. With the typical woodpeckers, such as the downy and the redhead, there is intimately associated the picture of a bird clinging to the bark of a tree and

at the bark, but they seldom, if ever, use their bill as a chisel, and that is what a woodpecker's bill is. The next time you see a woodpecker, especially if it be a downy or a hairy woodpecker, notice, if you have not already done so, that the bill is broad at its base, then tapers off to a blunt point; the whole



DOWNY WOODPECKER

striking powerful blows with its bill. Has it ever occurred to you that this is a most unusual performance? There are, to be sure, some other birds which climb over the bark of trees and some of these are perhaps a little more adept at it than the woodpeckers, but these are few in number. There are also some birds that do not hesitate to peck

appears a solid, substantial instrument built for hard usage.

As a matter of fact, ornithologists can trace certain features of the woodpecker's anatomy directly back to the vigor with which the bird uses its bill. It is found that in the family of woodpeckers more than in any other family

(Continued on page 23.)

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Through an oversight the names of the officers elected at the Annual Meeting have not yet been published. The following were elected:

President—Prof. George Wagner.

First Vice Pres.—Mr. I. N. Mitchell.

Second Vice Pres.—Mr. C. E. Brown.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. R. E. Kremers.

Directors—Prof. W. S. Marshall, Prof. M. F. Guyer, Mr. F. S. Brandenburg, Mr. A. C. Burrill, Miss Ruth Chase, Miss Katherine Allen.

WINTER FEEDING.

Would you like to have the birds that remain over winter pay you visits almost every day? Then you must do something to attract them to your yard. A way to accomplish this has been found out. You have but to offer food, and the birds, finding it easier to partake of your bounty, come to get a part of their food-supply in your yard. We said that the birds get a part of their sustenance from you for it is a striking fact that most birds if not all spend their time in their usual occupation of gleaning weed-seeds or destroying insects. You may ask "what is the need then of feeding the birds if they get the most of their food

through their own efforts." You will soon learn that it is not in the ordinary winter weather that our native birds rely upon your bounty, and it is to their credit that they do not. But there come times of extreme cold, of sleet-storms, or of heavy snow-fall that render the finding of food very difficult, if not impossible; do not fail the birds then, renew your offered food-supply and you will save many a feathered friend from death by cold and starvation, for they forget not where they have oft before stopped to eat a morsel of suet or grain. And so you will often have the pleasant satisfaction of knowing that you have spared some birds the necessity of going to bed hungry that night. And then, too, the very presence of the birds repays all your little expense and labor.

We most sincerely urge our readers to feed the birds this winter. Of course there must be birds in the vicinity before they can be attracted, but almost every locality has its downy or chickadee. While it is almost never too late to begin, now is the time to start. In fact several weeks ago was none too early. For further information we would refer our readers to Mr. G. H. Trafton's book "Methods of Attracting Birds"; it is a book that might well be in every library, home, school, and public. Let us urge you once more to feed the birds this winter and to feed them regularly.

In order to carry Audubon work farther, we must have more regular members to back us. All persons who contribute the sum of one dollar annually are enrolled as regular members.

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The Bird of the Month.

The Cedar waxwing.

"I saw a bird this morning, kind of chocolate brown, with a crest, and it looked ever so smooth and neat. I believe I saw a little red on its wings, and it made just the faintest sort of a little peep. It was sitting on our mountain-ash tree, eating the berries."

That is a statement brought to me, and undoubtedly to many other bird students, as regularly as the year rolls round. Say that he is the most cultured of all birds we have, and you have described him exactly. In dress and in deportment, he is all that is genteel. Cultured he is also in his tastes for travel, not following blindly like one of Cook's Touring Party, but choosing his own route and undoubtedly thus seeing much that others miss. He is a worthy member of that exclusive family the Waxwings, of which there are only three species, one in

Eastern Asia, and two (the Cedar and the Bohemian Waxwings) found both with us and in Europe. They are Northerners, though the one we are most familiar with goes often to the West Indies and Central America for the winter.

Both our forms are easily told by the well-groomed appearance of their coat, by their crest, by the small red tips like sealing wax of some of the wing feathers, and by that faint, disheartened, whistle that seems to be about the only song they know. They belong to the "singing birds," but none ever had less of a song.

The Cedar Waxwing is our common form, as it is over most of our country, nesting as far south as the Carolinas and certainly as far north as Athabasca. It comes to us—yes, when does it come to us? When it is good and ready to come, is the nearest answer I can give. We may see it even in winter, if the weather be mild, and it has no set period of arrival in spring. Then we may not see any for a year or more. About its nesting it is never in a hurry—June, July or August, it is all the same. In some safe tree it builds a large home of twigs and bark, leaves and moss, and lays therein from three to five pale blue-gray eggs, spotted with brown and black. If you wish to know what happens when these hatch, find a copy of Professor Herrick's "Home Life of Wild Birds," and you may read an extremely interesting story.

The Cedarbird's first cousin, the Bohemian Waxwing, is a larger being, and a more northern one. We seldom

see it except in winter or in early spring, and we may not see it at all for a year or two at a time. It is tamer, or perhaps more stupid, and certainly fonder of the mountain ash berries than the Cedarbird. It builds a similar but larger nest, and lays larger eggs. But it rears its family not with us, but in the lonely stretches of territory on the coast of the Arctic Ocean, in northern Alaska, on the Mackenzie River, Keewatin.

I nearly forgot to give you the ways

Suggestions to Teachers.

For the next month no better subject can be taken up than that of the feeding of birds. If a school is at all favorably located, much can be done by feeding to keep the winter birds near it. Of course care must be taken that the birds are not disturbed by stone-throwing and similar nuisances.

For feeding two very simple devices are available, among many others, and children should be urged to resort to these not only around the school house,



A "LUNCH COUNTER"

to tell our two friends apart; here they are:

Cedarbird: found chiefly in summer; smaller than a robin; under side of tail white; yellowish on belly; no chestnut-brown on forehead; no conspicuous white or yellow on wings.

Bohemian Waxwing: seen only in winter; about the size of a robin; under side of tail brown; no yellow on belly; chestnut-brown on forehead; wings with conspicuous white or yellow, or both.

It may be well to add here that in the Cedarbird at least (he's also known as Cherrybird) the red tips of the wing feathers are sometimes absent.

but around their own homes. After the first results are obtained, there is usually no difficulty in having the work kept up. The methods referred to are:

1. Raw pork rind, or pieces of suet. Preferably both should be used, and observations made as to the choice by various birds between the two. The pieces are simply hung to the branches of trees, well out of reach of cats. It would be well, if possible, to hang them where they can be observed from the class-room window, and yet not near enough to prove a distraction from regular class work.

2. A "lunch counter," a small platform, a foot or fifteen inches square,

and with a one-inch ledge around it, may be erected at any convenient place on a tree trunk or flag pole or on top of a post, in such a manner that cats cannot reach it. On this may be placed the scraps from childrens' lunch, seeds, pieces of meat, cracked acorns, and so on. The board should of course be kept clean, and food kept constantly on it. For this purpose some child may be appointed "bird warden" for a week at a time.

With care some of the children may succeed in getting chickadees and some few other birds to feed out of their hands. This requires chiefly patience and the ability of keeping quiet.

Some trouble may be experienced from English sparrows. There is no sure way of preventing these, but constantly annoying them when around usually makes them desert a neighborhood.

(Continued from page 19)

of birds is the skull a very solid structure. Not only is it true that the various bones comprising the skull are thickened and fused together, but it is also true that this thickening and fusion has gone the farthest in those species which persistently seek their food in hard wood. And there are other adaptations to the bird's mode of life. The tongue, for instance, has its muscles developed in such a way as to enable it to extract most skillfully an insect from its burrow. The tail, too, composed as it is of stiff, rather pointed feathers, is a great aid in that it helps to support the bird as it clings to the tree trunk. Thus we could go on enumerating many special developments, for the typical woodpecker is a highly specialized bird.

Just as we can distinguish woodpeckers by their structure, so we can separate them from other groups of birds and even from one another by their habits. As a rule, they are rather solitary birds, found most often alone, but not infrequently in twos and threes. Their flight is not over-rapid, is not like the arrowlike flight of a goose; it is rather a leisurely, billowy progress, "wellenartig" the Germans picturesquely term it. Then, too, the woodpeckers seem to be a happy cheerful lot, although one might be led to think otherwise because of their ceaseless search for food. Yet the jerky movements of a downy as he hitches himself up a tree trunk on a winter morning, his querulous calls, his erect carriage, the sharp blows delivered upon the bark from time to time all give the observer an undefinable sense of cheerfulness and optimism; the very bearing of our feathered friend seems to say, "Clear cold air makes the hard earned food taste good to a downy and makes him feel right happy and cheerful." This exuberance they seem to express in another way also; woodpeckers are not gifted songsters, though their calls may be rather expressive, but they are musicians. Often one sees a woodpecker perch upon a dry limb and drumb upon it, and the more resonant the wood, the more he performs. Civilization has furnished them with better instruments and nowadays the telegraph or telephone pole, the house top, windmills both wooden and metallic, and other fixtures afford more attractive drumming-places.

The family of woodpeckers is a large one and is found in almost all parts of the world. On the whole they are birds of the trees, but not always In

South Africa, the ground woodpecker is found by day in the valleys literally stuffing himself on ants; at night he retires to the rocky hillsides where he sleeps in holes or pockets. In the Pampas of South America is found the genus *Colaptes* whose members are noteworthy for their habit of seeking the ants that live beneath the sod. Our own flicker, a member of this same genus, illustrates this tendency, for whenever possible he finds his food on the ground. Other representatives live above the timber line in the Cordilleras of Bolivia and find their food by climbing over the rocks. Thus we can find other striking exceptions in other habits. A certain species in India lives very largely on ants that build colony-houses out of their secretions; this particular woodpecker not only destroys the ants but hollows out their abode as well and himself uses it for a nest or shelter. Yet as a whole the woodpeckers are dependent upon trees for their food and for shelter; and, strange as it may seem, the trees are not a little dependent upon the woodpeckers to keep their trunks and branches free from the destructive ravages of certain insects upon which the latter feed.

Suggestions: To the older bird students we would suggest that they verify to their own satisfaction the statements in the above relating to the relation between the woodpeckers' mode

of life and their structure. Observe for yourself the shape of the bill, notice the tail feathers and their use. By looking at a picture in some bird-book or at a skeleton in a museum convince yourself that the skull has been adapted to resist the shock of hammering. Something should be done in the way of personal observation and in the way of reading the results of scientific research to determine the rôle of the woodpeckers in economic relations. Questions addressed to the Editor will gladly be answered.—Ed.

We have maintained that subjects in Natural History make good topics for compositions. We should like to have teachers who are trying this to submit some essays for publication.

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EDS

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THE SHORT-EARED OWL

The woods are leafless, the rivers, lakes and marshes frozen; the fields and hillsides covered with snow; to many bird friends the situation seems barren and observation fruitless. But it is at such times that I have learned most of the short eared owls. *Asio flammeus*, the fiery, eared owl, is the name which ornithologists have given it. The ear tufts or horns are very inconspicuous and you will probably have to look twice to see them, but the glances which it bestows upon you, if you can only get close enough to see the expression of the yellow iris, certainly make the species name appropriate.

It may be distinguished from the other owls by its general coloration of tawny and brown and especially by the fact that its belly is streaked and not barred or otherwise patterned. The length which it is said to attain is placed at about fifteen inches.

The short-eared owl, which in southern Wisconsin is a resident throughout the year, is one of the winter birds whose presence in a particular marsh

near my home I always keenly appreciate. When the rays of the winter sun begin to cast long shadows, these owls begin to bestir themselves. At first they do not undertake long flights, but perch on stumps or other eminences. From such a point of vantage they survey the immediate vicinity with their sharp alert eyes. But as the day grows feebler, they become more active till at dusk they are on their noiseless patrol of the marsh. Woe then to the unsuspecting field mouse. Should the owl pass his way, a swift silent swoop, a thrust of the claws, and the creature is borne away to some perch, it may be a muskrat house, stump, or even a heap of hay left from the summer's cutting, where the owl can make his meal in comfort. Then the search for more mice is renewed. With nightfall, one loses them, but on moonlight nights one can follow them fairly well. Now their shrill cry is heard first from this side of the marsh, then from that and occasionally a shadowy form glides in and then out of the observer's range of vision.

OUR WINTER ALLIES

It is fitting that at this time we again call the attention of our readers to the service which some of our winter birds are rendering us. Much has been said and written on this subject, and many people are aware of the value of birds as a whole to us. We are not going to open the whole question of the economic relations of our birds, but we are going to attempt to show by citations from the works of authoritative students, the valuable aid which a few of our common winter birds are giving us.

All summer long the weed plants have been growing in an attempt to mature seeds, and so to perpetuate their species. This you must know is the law of their existence, and the effort to fulfill it is a very determined one as every farmer and gardener will attest. In the meadows and pastures, these "plants out of place" strive to maintain themselves even though mowed down several times a season; and usually in the end they mature enough seeds to start the infection anew next spring. In the grain fields the story is the same. At first the weeds are held in check, but once the grain is cut, they no longer have to compete with their domestic relatives, but can appropriate all the sunlight, air, moisture and food to themselves and usually for a whole month they grow unrestrained. What a crop of seeds then! Well is it for the farmer that not all of them get even a chance to germinate.

The fall is a period of migration and our summer residents gorge themselves to fatten up for their journey. A goodly number of the birds that

breed with us devour weed seeds. However, many of them leave early when some plants perchance are still maturing. Hence it devolves on others to dispose of a portion of the plentiful crop of weed seeds which matures each fall. Many finches and sparrows nest in the far north. The intense cold and deep snow of these regions deprive the birds of winter food and the latter come south each fall, some staying over winter with us, others going to milder regions. Of the latter class, the fox sparrow and the white-throated sparrow may be noted as types. These spend from about 2 to 5 weeks with us and during that period consume quantities of seeds about the thickets.

But it is the winter residents that must destroy the greatest number. Of this class we may mention the junco and tree sparrow. Of the tree sparrow, Dr. Judd says in his work on "The Relation of the Sparrows to Agriculture", "The value of the bird lies chiefly in the fact that barely one per cent of its food consists of grain, while more than fifty per cent is made up of weed seed. As it is one of the most abundant species, fairly swarming in the hedgerows that skirt the fields, it is capable of rendering considerable service to agriculture." This is a summarizing statement of its food the year round. The over fifty per cent of weed seed content is consumed chiefly during the tree sparrow's stay with us, for insects and wild fruit which usually enter into the summer diet, are of course largely unobtainable in winter. Hence the fondness of this bird for weed-seeds helps our farmers more than anybody else, for it spends the winter on

their land. The junco too, winters with us. Of it Dr. Judd says: "The effect of the junco during its stay on agricultural land is that of an unmixed benefit, because the good done by its extensive consumption of weed seeds is not counter-balanced by any real harm, even the slight tendency toward grain eating is practically harmless, since most of the grain eaten consists of waste kernels."

We trust that you will make an effort to watch these birds in the field this winter as they feed on the weed seeds. Unlike many other sparrows, the junco and tree sparrow feed more or less away from the thickets and out into the open fields. There is on record the case of a tree sparrow whose stomach contained 700 seeds of pigeon grass by actual count! A hearty meal for so small a bird. Yet it requires no figures to inform a careful observer of the fact that these birds do dispose of a large quantity of seeds. In order to give us a more tangible idea of what our winter birds do for us, Prof. F. E. L. Beal studied the situation carefully and placed the figure for the winter's consumption of weed seed on the part of the tree sparrow alone at 875 tons in the state of Iowa. A farmer can appreciate this when he realizes that ragweed, pigeon grass, crab grass, sorrel, lamb's quarter, amaranth, chickweed, and the like are among the seeds frequently eaten.

Is it not of some consequence whether these winter laborers of ours should work upon our land or not? At least let us not harry them off the land or permit others to do so, or to forbid them the privilege of scratching for food in the barn yard or about the haystack when the deep snow drives them from the shelter of the thickets. Let us, however, do more than this. Let us

encourage them to visit us by feeding and protecting them. This cannot, however, be done, as for the birds of the wood and orchard by merely hanging up a bit of fat or suet. We must meet the bird's tastes in this and provide a little grain. Millet is said to be the tree sparrow's favorite food and bird lovers have succeeded in bringing together quite a flock of juncos and tree sparrows by setting aside a straw pile with millet and other seeds scattered through it. The snow is blown off more readily from the sides and the birds are thus enabled to secure their food. For shelter, a natural thicket or dense shrub will often answer, but when none is at hand, a "birds tepee" may be built. This is a tepee like affair built out of bean poles to which the vines are still clinging. Any other structure which will afford protection against the cold winds and the drifting snow may be used. Let us all try our hand at attracting our winter friends and let us hope for success.

Mrs. Sage Purchases Island for Birds

Mrs. Russell Sage has purchased Marsh Island, Louisiana, for a bird refuge, with the intention of dedicating it in perpetuity to this purpose and of placing its control in whatever hands will best accomplish her object—the federal government, the State of Louisiana or some association organized for the purpose.

The island which cost about \$150,000, is southwest of New Orleans. It has long been known as a famous winter feeding ground for ducks, geese and other migratory birds, and is probably the most popular resort in the South for shooting. It is about eighteen miles long and nine miles wide at its broadest part, containing approximately 75,000 acres.

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Contributions to BY THE WAYSIDE are invited from all lovers of Nature and friends of the birds. All communications should be sent to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

NOTICE

The English Sparrow is one of our greatest nuisances. It is very desirable that we should all know more about it. To encourage young people in observation and in recording observations, *By the Wayside* hereby offers a prize of a copy of Reed's Bird Guide to the Landbirds, to the child, under 14 years of age, who sends us the best account of this bird as it occurs in his or her home locality. The following conditions are attached to this offer:

Each essay must be accompanied by a statement from the teacher of the child, stating that the child is under fourteen. All essays must be sent by mail to Mr. Roland Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis., before April 1, 1913. The essay must be based on what the child has observed, not on what he has read in books. The prize will be sent to the winner on or before May 1, and the prize essay will be published.

Who will win? As suggestions let us state that we want to know such things as the abundance of the sparrow, its favorite nesting places, damage it is known to do, or good; what has been done to reduce its numbers; peculiar habits observed in it; etc., etc. And the whole thing should be put into good English. Now, go to work!

Save the Wild Life

Last summer we spent a few weeks in the Superior National Forest, in northeastern Minnesota. It is a region almost without inhabitants, and hunting is by law forbidden. As a consequence of this law, ruffed and spruce grouse can be seen daily; the smaller birds, if you are not too noisy in camp, will come to see you daily. A young hawk fairly haunted us for a week. A mink was observed a number of times near our boat landing. One of us saw nineteen moose at close range within two weeks, one of which he spanked with the canoe paddle. Deer, though by nature more wary, we saw several times. Within three miles of our camp was a beaver colony. The uncanny cry of the loon resounded everywhere. Chipmunks were regular boarders with us.

Can you see all this, or even a small part of it near your home? Never. But there is a chance to get much of it back. Once large tracts of land are closed to hunting, and only a little encouragement given to the wild creatures, many can be brought back and some of their confidence in man restored. Hunting, even under present restrictions, will before many decades be a thing of the past in Wisconsin. But the pleasures of seeing wild things *alive*, can be preserved for all times to come, if we begin now.

We are glad to see that the State is to fence a large tract of forest land in northern Wisconsin, and is both to protect the wild life now in it, and to add new forms from without. Let there be more of such work.



SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of **BY THE WAYSIDE**

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary A. Hardman, Academy of Sciences, Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

Wisconsin parties should apply to the University Extension Division, Madison, for colored bird slides. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

THE BIRD OF THE MONTH

The Junco

Early in November, as I was walking from my home to the University, I suddenly spied a flock of birds flying from a small tree just ahead of me. I noted the spread tails, with their white outer feathers, and, without really being half aware of it, I said to myself: I must not forget to take my overcoat to the tailors, to be put in shape for winter before it is too late." Queer, wasn't it? But if birds can remind us of our important duties, are they not worth protecting even for that.

And the junco keeps us reminded that the real winter will be with us before long. They remind us too, that just because its growing cold is no reason at all for complaining. Don't they enjoy it? So why should not we? Are there not birds to study in winter as well as in summer? Cheer up!

In summer the junco (meaning *our* junco, which is the slate-colored junco) lives farther north, on the shores of

Lake Superior and from there to Arctic waters of Alaska. Here it builds its nest of grass and moss, and rootlets; often it lines it with hair of rabbit or fox; and here it rears its brood of young. The eggs are four or five in number, white or blueish, speckled and blotched with brown. And here undoubtedly it is happy.

But the cold comes early in those northern regions. I have myself chopped ice from the canoe seat in northern Minnesota during the middle of September. That is no climate for a bird to hang around in. And so Mr. Junco (and Mrs. Junco, and the kids), pull out for balmy climes. Their demands as to balminess are not very exacting. Some go as far as Florida and California, others stay right here with us. They are busy all day, looking for the scanty winter fare. No one seems to have studied their food habits in detail, but we may feel very sure that they do their full share in reducing the supply of weed seeds. They are very tame, come often into our dooryards, and a little encouragement will bring them to the window sill for food.

The juncos are of those birds, with whom the mother is dressed less gaily than her mate. To be sure gay is no word to us in describing the color of Mr. Junco, largely slate gray, with white breast. But even so, Mrs. Junco's dress looks more rusty, as one author accurate but somewhat impolitely put it.

With us the junco produces only a *tsip, tsip*, for music; in his summer home he is to have a somewhat more pretentious song.

Suggestions for Bird Study

Of course the feeding of birds should be continued, not only this month but throughout the winter. Children should be urged to spread the gospel of winter-feeding among their friends, and to report their success and their failures to their class.

This is a good time to start a record of birds observed, because there are only a few species present. Either on the blackboard or in a notebook may be written the names of common species, and notes made of the dates when children report seeing them. Notes might also be kept of food or other habits observed. Such a notebook, well kept, would be of very great value to any teacher for work in later years, even though such work might be in other localities.

By the time this appears Santa Claus will perhaps have come and gone.

Would it not be well to have any children who received bird-books for Christmas, to bring them to school for exhibit?

In connection with geography, it would be an easy task now to point out, at least in a general way, the regions where our summer birds are passing the winter.

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PRIZE LETTER.**OUR BRAVE BIRDS**

Once I saw a pair of birds build a nest in a large elm tree. They were robins. After the nest was made the mother had four little blue eggs.

The mother would stay at home and sit on the eggs while the father would go out hunting for food. When the mother would get tired of sitting on the eggs she would call for her mate to come to sit on them while she went out for a rest.

By and by the mother had four little birds, and every day they grew larger. The parents brought bugs and worms and grasshoppers to feed to their babies.

We had a cat that liked birds. Every day he would go out under the tree and look up at the little birds. He watched them from day to day.

One morning the mother saw him watching her babies and she knew he was waiting for a chance to get one, so she flew down and nipped him right on the top of the ear.

The cat was so frightened that it never went near the tree again.

That shows how much a mother thinks of her family and we are glad the cat didn't get the young birds.

It is the most interesting thing to watch a family of birds and all their ways. We should think of all the good that comes from a little bird; and we should feed them when they come our way and not drive them away, but try to keep them with us.

Ruth M. Barr,

Muskegon, Mich.,

321 W. Webster.

Age 10 years.

SUNSHINE HUMANE SOCIETY.

When the Michigan Humane and Audubon Societies held their annual meetings in Traverse City last month, your President said to one of the members, "Write something for the Sunshiners about the birds in the Upper Peninsula!" How pleased she was this week when such a cunning little poem came to her from your grown-up friend. It is called:

The Fall Migration.

Said the swallow to the chickadee,
 "Where do you go this fall,
 When the cold and frost is every-
 where,
 And snow is over all?"

"I go into the thick woods,
 Where the spruce and balsam grow,
 Where the tall pine and green hem-
 lock
 Shelter give, tho' wind may blow."

"But what do you eat in winter,
 When there are no gnats or flies,
 When the clouds hang low and dreary,
 And snow falls from out of the
 skies?"

"The birch and poplar tree buds,
 The seeds from cedar trees,
 Insects in bark and branches,
 Are then the foods that please."

"You must get cold in winter,
 I should think you'd freeze your
 toes,
 When the coons and bears are sleep-
 ing,
 And a man might freeze his nose."

"I am always warm in winter,
 And I do just what I please,
 My toes are not like peoples'
 And I have no nose to freeze."

"I go south in stormy winter,"
 Swallow said, "across the sea,
 Where all is warmth and sunshine,
 Won't you come along with me?"

"Oh, I love my home in winter!
 And I would not go away.
 'Chickadee!' I call most gladly,
 In December as in May."

"Well, I must be off to Southland,
 Before your north winds blow.
 I will see you in the spring time,
 I must say good-by and go."

"Good-by, my friendly swallow,
 In that land so far away,
 Think of me in spruce and cedar,
 And come back some warm spring
 day!"

How many of you boys and girls know what the birds eat in winter. It would be well worth your time to watch the cunning chickadees, nut-hatches, brown creepers, and wood-peckers, and all the other familiar winter birds. How cheery it is to see them, when the trees are bare of leaves, and the skies are gray! Your President believes she loves the brave winter birds even more than the summer ones with their sweet songs!

—By John Watkins.

Bird Protection in Alaska

The United States Bureau of Education is cooperating with the National Association of Audubon Societies in an educational campaign to save the birds, game, and furbearing animals in Alaska. Bird study will be inaugurated in all the schools and other measures will be adopted to accomplish the end sought. The National Association has announced that it will spend the sum of \$7,500 in this work during the coming year.

Hunting the Wild

One Christmas, over forty years ago, my grandfather sent to me, from Colorado, a real Indian bow and arrows. It was a beautiful bow with a sinew string and wrapped in the middle and at the ends with sinews. The arrow heads were iron spikes, bound in place with wrapping of fine sinews. The eagle feathers tips were also bound with sinews.

It was a beautiful, snow-clad Christmas morning, and I remember how I yearned to go with this bow and arrows into the cedar grove to shoot the birds feeding there. This yearning must have expressed itself in some way, for I distinctly remember how a man with my bow and arrows led the way, and I in restrained delight followed him to the cedar grove. I remember how he maneuvered among the trees, and with keen eyes watched for an opportunity to make a shot.

He stopped, whispered to me, pointed to a bird in the trunk of a cedar. Raising the bow, it bent taught under his firm, cautious pull. "Whiz" went the arrow, and there, pinned to the tree with the iron spike, fluttered a hairy

woodpecker. To my wondering child-mind it was a great feat—my inherent instinct for hunting the wild approved and applauded.

That very phase of human nature is what we are now trying to eliminate from the present and coming generation.

Pittsburgh Parks as Bird Sanctuaries

Prof. F. S. Webster, formerly Superintendent of the Newsboys' Home and taxidermist to the Carnegie Institute, has been appointed working ornithologist of the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. Part of his duties in his new position will be to encourage birds to remain in the city parks by providing food and nesting places and taking such other measures as may be necessary.

It is worthy of notice that the North Dakota Agricultural College has devoted its November "Extension" bulletin to a guide for bird study.

We are not receiving enough letters from youthful observers.



THE GOVERNMENT HAS A NUMBER OF RESERVATIONS MARKED AS THE ABOVE CUT SHOWS. HOG ISLAND, IN GREEN BAY, HAS BEEN SET ASIDE AS A BREEDING GROUND FOR GULLS.

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SPRING SHOOTING

That the supply of birds has been materially reduced in the last century is a fact which is admitted by all impartial persons who have any knowledge of the facts. Nor are the true causes far to seek, and these too are recognized by all who have no interest in a perversion of them. The general statement of the case is embodied in the two words, changed conditions, and to this all will agree. And indeed there is well nigh universal agreement as to the factors which make up this change, it is only in the matter of their relative importance that disagreement is met with.

All factors may be grouped under two heads,—the presecution of the birds themselves, and the destruction of the breeding and feeding grounds. The latter is in a measure unavoidable. The clearing of land and the contamination of streams and ponds attendant thereon, the building of cities and the tilling of the soil are all factors disturbing to the native birds and are steps necessary to the advance of civilization. Yet this is not the most serious problem to be dealt with, for the mere presence of human beings is not in itself obnoxious to bird life, and hence the effects of these factors can in a

considerable measure be counterbalanced. (See article, "The Sanctuary."—page 36.)

It is the effects of the persecution of the birds themselves that cause the most trouble, for a bird once killed cannot be brought to life again, and a species once extinct is banished forever from the face of the earth. This same persecution, moreover, is always wanton, the outcome either of a desire to kill, or of greed, or of a short-sighted policy. In the case of the hunter, his desire to kill or his short-sightedness, or both, manifest themselves in several typical demands he makes of the legislators. Most pernicious of these, because many people are inclined to grant it, is his demand for spring shooting.

Of all the seasons in which shooting can be done, this is the worst. To kill and molest birds just before and during the breeding season is not only to kill the parent but to destroy the progeny as well. For although by no means all of the birds may be killed off in any one season, yet mates may be separated and bird homes thus broken up, and when this does not happen, the survivors are often so harassed that they cannot give proper

care to their home life. So, if this be permitted season after season, ultimate destruction is the certain end.

It is no argument for a "spring shooting" measure to say that it proposes an open season for only such birds as do not nest in the vicinity. Any such assertion does not overthrow the above considerations. Furthermore birds nowadays do not breed where they formerly bred because

they have learned that in the past to breed there was to court destruction. Hence, we repeat, it is either from a desire to kill or from short sightedness that a hunter urges an open season in spring. We assert furthermore that, if there is to be any hope of restoring our bird-life to a safe number, *spring and summer shooting must be abolished forever.*

STATUTORY GAME PROTECTION

One not infrequently hears the complaint that "the more laws for the protection of birds, the fewer birds there are in the country-side." But as Mr. Forbush points out, this sentiment is a reversal of cause and effect, and that the real state of affairs is rather, "the fewer the birds, the more laws concerning them." And this case is not without its parallels in other matters of human concern.

If we go back in the annals of our country, we find that at the time of its discovery a great abundance of wild life flourished. Indeed, the birds especially were so numerous that the reports of early observers, travellers, and settlers, seem incredible, and those of us who are acquainted only with present day conditions, find difficulty in conceiving of the former hordes of bird life. It may be said without fear of contradiction that, not more than three or four centuries ago, the region of North America was endowed with more bird-life than any other continent.

It is not surprising that, with such a wealth of game, fowling should have been unrestricted and carried on on an ever increasing scale as the colonies grew, for that has ever been characteristic of the American people. Even from the first our avifauna has been considered as a resource belonging to the state, and its exploitation subject to the state's statutory control and supervision. But this control has not always been exercised judiciously. For many years shooting and the consequent destruction of wild life continued unabated and unrestrained. Wholesale shooting, snaring, and netting at all seasons had their inevitable effect,—the marked decrease of bird life. Then began a long struggle between the forces of protection and the forces of slaughter. With varying fortunes, the battle went on. Protection would be granted one year by the legislatures, only to be removed at the next session. Often such protection as was granted was given only at such times of the

year as the semi-annual migrations took the birds out of the state wherein this species of "protection" was granted.

Needless to say, such a course was worse than no protection at all, and the one possible good that it can now do is to prevent other states from following a like course. From a consideration of the problem of Statutory Protection and of past experiences, the following are evident deductions. All spring and summer shooting must be stopped, and a closed season for a term of years is often not only desirable, but imperative to prevent the extermination of individual species or even groups of species. All birds whose flesh is not eatable or whose carcass does not afford more than a tidbit should be declared non-game birds and should be absolutely protected at all times. Furthermore the sale of game birds, and the possession, sale, and importation of the bodies or parts of bodies, plumage, nests and eggs of all non-game and absolutely protected game birds should be forbidden except for legitimate scientific purposes.

Provision for the establishment of sanctuaries, that is the reservation of lands on which all forms of life may multiply unhindered and unmolested, should be made. The methods of hunting, the issuance of licenses, the number of birds which may be lawfully taken in a given time are all subjects which the legislatures may properly deal with and have dealt with. Above all, if the past means anything, it means that scanty and vacillating protection are of no avail. If need for protection

arises, it is always better to give the species in question the benefit of the doubt. For a species once extinct cannot be brought back to life; in fact the case is not unlike the truism that a scrambled egg cannot be unscrambled.

But the cardinal point in the matter of Statutory Protection is that all laws are effective only to the extent to which they are enforced. So, too, a state may have the very acme of game legislation, but the whole is worse than unrestrained slaughter unless these laws have the hearty support of the citizens and of the officials whose duty it is to enforce them. Wisconsin has achieved much in legislation and in the enforcement of the enacted laws. Let us strive to the end that we may have an even better set of statutes and a much better compliance and enforcement.

OUR ATTITUDE

While the Wisconsin Audubon Society has always striven for the enactment of good legislation for the regulation of hunting and the protection of game, that has not been its chief aim. We have believed and believe today that a person can get more real pleasure in studying wild life alive than by hunting it. Furthermore, we have realized how acute the present crisis is and have advocated the same measures which enlightened sportsmen have, for of a necessity our present avifauna must be conserved if future generations are to enjoy it. Hence it is that we have often supported the projects of hunters even though we condemn hunting.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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THE SANCTUARY.

The idea of a "Sanctuary," a place where birds may come, remain unmolested, and find food, drink, shelter, and a place to rear their young, is not a new idea either in this country or abroad either in theory or practice. Conditions have changed enormously since the time when North America was an unsettled land, and it is not surprising that bird-life has decreased as it has. We can only bemoan the short sighted policy of our ancestors and exert ourselves to the utmost to make reparation, and endeavor to avoid committing equally serious follies. Just as the causes may be grouped under two heads, so the remedies are of two general groups. Efforts must be made to check the slaughter of surviving species, and they must at the same time be given a chance to recuperate. The cessation of hunting does much, but the restoration of favorable surroundings is needed in addition.

It has been shown conclusively by actual experiment that the establishment of sanctuaries is a very efficient

means of restoring bird life. For many sea-fowl it has only been necessary to set aside unused islands, where the peace accorded the birds has caused them to return in great numbers.

To the readers of *By the Wayside*, these acts are a cause for enjoyment and satisfaction, yet they are on too large a scale for them to take part in. Still there is no reason why every land owner should not make his property a sanctuary. Indeed in the long run it is more important that the property holders should do their part in restoring suitable conditions than that restricted areas be here and there set aside. For, in the first place, the birds will not spread out from these larger sanctuaries if persecution threatens them everywhere else, and secondly the individual people receive more pleasure and enjoyment from personal contact with the birds that visit their yards. Let, then, everyone who has the opportunity endeavor to make a sanctuary of his own by first of all prohibiting and refraining from shooting the birds, and then by the planting of suitable trees and shrubs, by the placing of nesting houses and by the feeding and sheltering his feathered tenants. Also let no one think that his labors will not be repaid, for the incidental beautification of grounds, the faithful economic service rendered by the birds, and the joy and inspiration derived from their mere presence repay a thousand fold the paltry outlay.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

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Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary A. Hardan, Academy of Sciences, Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

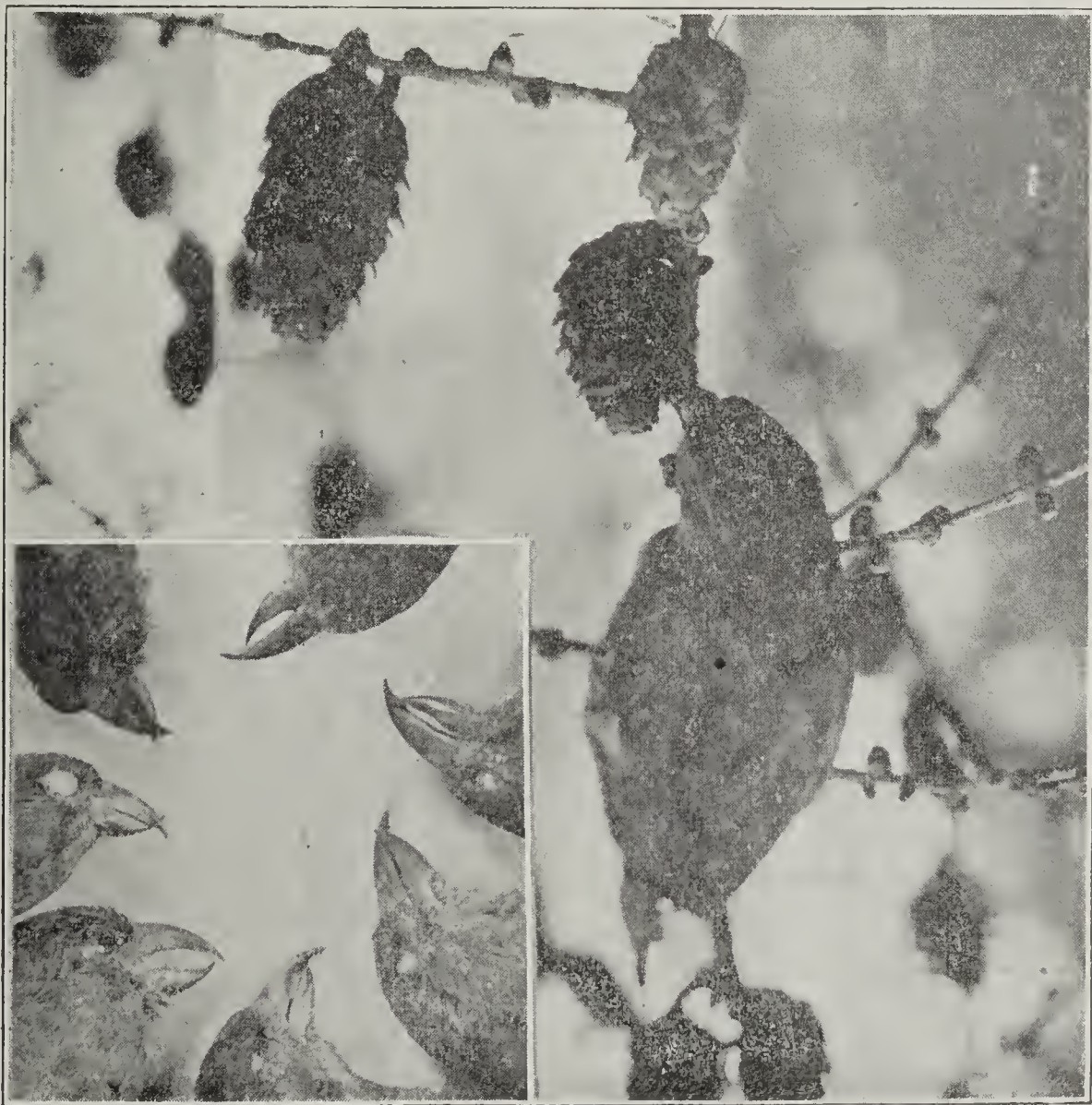
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Wisconsin parties should apply to the University Extension Division, Madison, for colored bird slides. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with pattern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

THE BIRD OF THE MONTH

The Crossbill

Surely one of the most interesting structures about any bird is its bill. Having no teeth, but covered with a horny sheath it is still in every case beautifully adapted to handle the food the bird delights in. In ducks it forms a splendid sieve to strain out the edible material from a mouthful of mud—except in the so-called fish-ducks where it is quite changed in appearance, and made to hold the slippery fish. In hawks it is hooked to tear the flesh from rabbit or mouse. The



parrot's bill is that of a hawk that has taken to eating only fruit. The sparrow's bill is meant for seeds, the woodpecker's for drilling into bark, and so on. But, Oh, horrors! here is a bird that surely is misshapen. Its bill is actually twisted. The upper part does not fit on the lower at all but passes to one side of it. The poor thing must have had an accident. But no! here is a whole flock on the pine tree, and all have twisted bills. So it must be a normal condition in this kind of bird. But how can such a misshapen mouth be good for anything.

My friends, it is the crossbill and strange as it may seem, that twisted bill *is good for something*. More, it is so built that it may serve a very special purpose.

The natural food of the crossbill consists of the seeds of evergreen trees; pines, spruce, and so forth. To get the seeds the scales of the cone must be broken away, and for this purpose there is no better tool than this same twisted bill. To watch a flock gathering this peculiar food is very interesting, for the birds have a faculty of climbing quite parallel to that of parrots, and they make full use of it. While so engaged they are usually quite fearless of man, unconcernedly uttering a short whistle.

Of the American crossbill which is the common Wisconsin and Illinois form, the male bird when full grown is a beautiful dull red in color, somewhat brownish on the back; the female however is a dull olive-green. The young birds are colored much like their mother, but show some red and

green. So you see it makes a rather motley family.

No bird is more of a tramp. They never appear anywhere with any regularity; they may appear anywhere at any time. Even for the nesting season, which comes early, they have no regular place. Their nests are usually in evergreen trees, and high up. They lay three or four eggs, greenish in color, dotted with brown or lavender. For the winter many of them migrate as far south as Florida, many however stay right here with us in Wisconsin, and seem just as happy; which ought to be a lesson to those of us who cannot go to Florida.

The white-winged crossbill, whose wings are really black and only tipped with white, is often seen in northern Wisconsin and occasionally finds its way to Illinois.

Before I close, I must tell a story that shows what funny things may happen sometimes. On the eastern shore of Lake Michigan is a cape known to sailors as Point Betsy. But it was no woman who was honored by that name. The old French explorers saw flocks of crossbills here, and so they called it "Point au Bees scies," for "bees scies" is their name for crossbills, and when the "Yankee" replaced the Frenchman along these shores "bees scies" became Betsy which is funny, don't you think so?

By the Wayside is sent gratis to members of the Wisconsin Audubon Society. Write to Roland E. Kremers, Secretary, for terms of membership.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

This month our state legislature meets, as do those of most states. It is a busy time for us, for we must watch closely every bill concerning fish and game, for fear an attempt to destroy some of our most useful legislation may succeed. The danger lies not in any bad intention of our legislators, but in their want of special knowledge or interest. Here education only can help. You teachers can do your share in making this work easier in future days by arousing a proper interest in the subject on part of your pupils, who are the citizens and the legislators of tomorrow.

At this time of the year, observations can easily be made how the birds that remain with us live largely on weed seeds which careless farming and gardening has left at their disposal.

Other birds may be seen to gather the insects (and in our region such insects are almost always injurious) from even the smallest crevices of tree or fence post.

To obtain material for supplementary work in class, write to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and ask them to send you literature on the economic value of birds as weed and insect destroyers. It will cost you nothing.

Of course general observations on birds started earlier should be continued and children should be especially urged to learn to recognize well the winter birds, including the English sparrow both male and female, for before long the early spring arrivals will show up, and the problem will become more complicated.

We have just received the following letter and are printing it because the topic treated is important from several points of view. We have an article in preparation on the subject of the protection of fruit. We are anxious to hear from horticulturalists even though it may not be possible to publish all letters received.—Ed.

My dear Mr. Kremers:

During the past summer the fruit growers complained several times of the depredations of robins, especially in the raspberry patches and in the cherry orchards. As I do not remember to have seen any more careful es-

timates than those I secured, I thought it would be of interest to some of your readers to have me set down the known facts. In doing so however, I want to be understood as thoroughly in favor of the robin and its protection.

Mrs. R. A. I. of Lancaster, Wisconsin, told me about her father's farm where they had many fine cherry trees and two wild mulberries. The robins and other birds gorged themselves on mulberries but never seemed to touch the cherries. This relation of the birds to the fruit went on for several years, but the lady added that she, herself, upon discovering how

well flavored were the mulberries, decided to can some of them one year. She covered the trees with cheese cloth to keep the birds off and so saved her mulberries for canning. But to her chagrin, the birds shifted their attack at once to the ripening cherries and took more than half. The next year the mulberries were left to the birds, and the cherries were unharmed.

On my visit to this same lady's farm, July 18th, last, I saw nearly a dozen robins actively engaged in pilfering her four acres of red and black raspberries. All along the rows were gobs of seeds disgorged by the birds after getting the juice. This is a familiar sight to every berry grower, as, also, the large numbers of injured berries from which a peck or two had been taken. The same conditions obtained in many other berry plantations in Baraboo, Sparta, Tomah and elsewhere, and in the opinion of the growers was more serious for the large number of berries injured than for the less number eaten whole. Some of the birds kept at work all day long. I noticed young birds of the year as late as 6:30 p. m., one of these speckled youngsters being unwilling to get out of my way. He would not have done so when I was almost upon him if it had not been for a half grown pullet who chased after him for some small worm he had just picked up. This Lancaster lady thinks she loses whole quarts of berries but is thoroughly convinced that the birds clean up most of her fruit pests while moving about her fruit farm. My own observations lead me to believe that the birds might

have had something to do with the local great scarcity of blackberry and raspberry leaf miners, raspberry cane girdlers and plant lice.

Very truly yours,

ALFRED C. BURRILL,
Lecturer on the Econ. Relations of Birds.

A WORD TO THE LEGISLATORS.

We do not know whether or not there will come before you at this session a bill designed to make an important change in our statutes relating to fish and game. It has been our experience hitherto that almost every session had before it some bill of importance relating to fish and game; and such as related to birds were of course of special interest to us. We are making an effort to deal in this issue with the more important branches of bird-life which are subject to legislative action. We wish to emphasize here that we firmly believe that a law permitting spring or summer shooting is a sure means of exterminating our avifauna, and that we consider our belief to be a sound deduction from indisputable facts. Wisconsin holds an enviable position in the matter of the protection of its bird life. It rests with you, the legislators to uphold or to destroy our State's achievement.

Beginning with the February number we offer the remaining issues, five in all, at the subscription rate of fifteen cents. By this reduction we hope to secure the introduction of *By the Wayside* to persons, and especially to children and school-teachers, who do not now subscribe to it. We trust that the members of the Society will aid us.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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THE BIRDS' WORST ENEMY

The pot hunter is a despicable creature, but the law, state and national, is rapidly restricting his activities. The sportsman does his share of the murdering yet, but one by one his kind are seeing the light, and exchanging their guns for cameras and field glasses. The cat is being gradually recognized as the humbug she is, although only two years ago I knew one to bring in nine killed birds in an afternoon. The nest-hunting small boy has turned Boy Scout and is the birds' warm friend. All these give us little concern. But one enemy the birds still have, the most implacable, the hardest to reach, the most difficult to convince, enough to drive any but the stoutest hearts to despair.

Who is this monstrous creature? you ask. Not monstrous at all, far from it. Very charming indeed, at times. Who? The woman who insists on wearing feathers on her hat. But what can a few feathers on her hat have to do with the millions of birds the world possesses. A great deal. In the few months of a strike of dock workers in London there accumulated on the docks feathers for millinery purposes, representing five million birds. To supply aigrettes the heronries of our south have been depopulated. The

aigrettes have been torn from the backs of still living birds; the birds left to die a slow and awful death; their young left to starve in their nests. The only parrots that were known to inhabit North America (yes even up to Wisconsin) have been exterminated.

Those magnificent sailors of the air, the gulls, have been slaughtered by endless thousands. Nine hundred skins of pretty humming birds were only a few weeks ago taken from one dealer in New York.

In our country the law largely forbids it. But madame must have her feathers, because she can pay for them. She probably would resent it severely if one should call her not law-abiding. But if she is willing to pay for and wear that which the law forbids, or that which can be brought to her only through the violation of the law, **is she law abiding?** And if she, with money, education, refinement, is willing to ignore the law, can you blame the plume-hunter, who has none of these if he defies the law, both human and divine, to get that for which she is willing to pay.

There are of course feathers, such as ostrich plumes and others, which can be legitimately procured, without

wanton slaughter. But the woman who will wear aigrettes, or gulls wings, or bird-of-paradise skins, or humming birds, must take her place in the prisoner's box with the plume hunter and the law defying milliner and be adjudged "guilty."



THE WHITE BADGE OF CRUELTY

And if the women who ought to know this, and **do** know it, would rise tomorrow and vow never again to wear these murder-stained things, the problem of bird protection would be simplified by about one thousand per cent.

Aigrettes in Colorado.

By order of the State Game Commissioner, James A. Shinn, the sale of aigrettes in Colorado will not be permitted after December 1, 1912.

Notes on the English Sparrow

Decrease.—On January 8, 1911, the agents of the state entomologist reported to the New York Herald that in Dutchess County there was a rapid disappearance of the English sparrow from unknown causes. It was there connected up with the decrease in game birds on the surmise that an infectious disease might be sweeping through bird land. In the Milwaukee Journal of January 19, 1911, both the writer and Mr. H. L. Ward denied any decrease in sparrows hereabouts. However, a parasitic disease of English sparrows is known and has been found at Madison, Wisconsin, by Professor L. J. Cole. (See Bulletin of the Wisconsin Natural History Society for April, 1911, pp. 42-8).

Nesting Sites.—The question of nesting sites has been much discussed because of the nuisances committed by the birds about the eaves, also, because they drive other birds out of nesting points. Has anyone a reason to offer why the English sparrows nest amidst purple martins and tree swallows in the eaves of the University Observatory here at Madison, and in the eaves of an old building on University Avenue, without the usual war between combatting families? Although passing one or the other buildings nearly every day during the past year, I have failed to see a pitched battle between families of two or more species.

Insect Food.—In an article soon to be published,—“Notes on the Lake Michigan Swarms of Chironomids”, of the writer will tell of many orb spider webs broken down from numbers of Chironomid midges catching in the webs whose shreds hung like living ropes. For several mornings in May, 1910, the

writer was awakened at his lakeside resort by the pattering of birds on the roof of the bungalow between 4:30 and 6:00 in the morning, noise enough to awaken the whole household. Inasmuch as early rising on several previous mornings had awarded him a view of flicker rattling his bill on the tin capping of a nearby chimney, he decided to find out if this same woodpecker was making the present disturbance on the wooden roof. After some failures he was able to surprise the birds in question, and discovered that they were English sparrows foraging for these midges all along the ridge pole, but more especially was he amused to see them leaning over the porch eaves and pulling in mouthfuls of these spider web ropes loaded with midges. In watching them peck along the ridge pole, it was estimated by the second hand of a watch that the rate of pecking was about 22 times in 10 seconds and as the birds kept constantly at work, this would equal about 130 midges per minute. Another record was that of a female which made about 25 separate pecks in ten seconds or at the rate of 150 midges per minute. Most of the birds, however, seldom exceeded 15 to 20 seconds steady work before they changed positions. These observations which are supplemented by the previously heard noises of the birds pattering over the roof at early hours on so many mornings, must speak favorably for the bird's retainment of its insectivorous habits. As the birds were brought to America partly to gobble up the canker worms of our eastern orchards, and as they in turn began to neglect pests in the orchards, their value has considerably depreciated in the popular mind. The

insects mentioned are not of great economic importance but it is likely that widespread observations throughout the country will show the bird still reverts more or less to its native trait of eating insects.

Grain Stealing.—S. Gaye, 1893, (The Great World's Farm, London), gives some interesting notes on sparrows, position in the old world. They are accused of stealing corn and fruit, and destroying crocuses to get the unformed seeds. Sparrow clubs encouraged by the farmers, kill him by the thousands and destroy his nests. In contrast, some naturalists say a sparrow saves one bushel of corn in 9 months of the year by the grubs he eats, one pair taking 4300 grubs and other insect pests to their young in one week.

On August 1, 1912, the writer saw bronzed grackles and English sparrows in company, raiding a rye field at W. H. Black's farm, north of Ft. Atkinson on the river road. I would not care to make an estimate of the amount of grain taken in the parts of the field where the birds settled, but it was very noticeable to even a casual observer.

Extermination.—Mr. Charles Tesch of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has told me that the Government formula for poisoning sparrows by strychnine soaked wheat was too weak. In his opinion, 2 drams of strychnine in 2 ounces of boiling water will break into the finest of white powder, which is easily held in suspension. 1 tablespoonful of starch dissolved in some separate water so as to make a jelly is then mixed with it, and wheat added to use up the poison applied as a smear on the outside of the kernels. Dry thor-

(Continued on p. 44)

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Bird-Lore's Motto: "A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand."

Please report all failures to receive copies of By the Wayside promptly. Unless you do so, we have no means of knowing whether or not you have received them. We are always glad to send missing copies.

Heron Protection in Egypt.

The Egyptian Department of Agriculture has issued a circular calling attention to the importance of protecting herons.

The Fourth Annual Report of the State Ornithologist has just been published as a separate by the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture. Mr. E. H. Forbush in his report deals with a variety of subjects. The beneficial influence of birds upon orchards, bird protection and bird sanctuaries, the English sparrow, and educational work all receive treatment and are illustrated with attractive cuts. Letters and photographs from observers show how keenly Massachusetts folk are interested in birds and bird life.

The frontispiece is a reproduction of a photograph of a flock of aquatic fowl as-

sembled on Jamaica Pond, near Boston. This pond is located in one of the Boston Public Parks and on it is kept a flock of tame mallards. These, by their presence, and because all birds are here protected, have attracted a considerable flock of wild fowl,—black ducks, coots, and a single ruddy duck are shown in the photograph. Would it not be well worth while for Wisconsin cities to attract wild fowl by this simple expedient and at the same time to add a truly picturesque and beautiful feature to their public parks?

We are glad to note that the E. H. Forbush's new work, a "History of game Birds, Wild-fowl, and Shore Birds" is ready for distribution. Copies may be had at cost by applying to the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, Boston, Mass.

(Continued from p. 43)

oughly and keep for use. In Mr. Tesch's experience, many are killed so that even the young English sparrows which come with their mother to the bird's bath dish seem now to be very nervous and distracted to get away at the least sound. They act as though afraid of death itself, and do not loiter around the premises.

I send these random notes to set other people thinking if possible, especially the young people who may wish to take part in your contest and may be wondering what they can best write about.

Yours cordially,

ALFRED C. BURRILL,

Instructor in Econ. Entomology & Lecturer on the Econ. Relation of Birds.

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THE BIRD OF THE MONTH

The Horned Lark

What is a lark? is a question that may well be asked by most Americans. Some years ago, while travelling by train across the western prairies, a meadow lark was singing its cheery lay outside. (Any one who has travelled over the prairies in summer will know how often that occurs). But the meadow lark's song seemed to have no beauty for the man ahead of me, for he remarked, in a rather depreciating tone, to his wife: "and that's the celebrated skylark that so much poetry has been written about!" All of which goes to show that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing!"

Of course we all know that a meadow lark is not a lark at all but a grackle, or a blackbird, or, if you will an oriole; they all belong to the same family. But blackbird means more to most of us. The skylark is a European bird, which has been intro-

duced several times in this country, and seems to be holding its own around the unpoetic regions of Flat bush, New York.

But we have some real relatives of the skylark among our native birds, though they possess but little of the skylark's power of song. They are the Horned Lark or Shore Lark, and the Prairie Horned Lark. The Horned Lark is so called because on each side of the head it has a tuft of elongated feathers, looking for all the world like the horns of Mephistopheles himself. I shall not try to describe the other



PRAIRIE HORNED LARK

markings of this lark, you must look them up in your bird book. This bird comes to us only in winter, between November and April, and then chiefly in the prairie regions only. Commonly it travels with its Arctic companion, the Lapland Longspur. Its home (that is, the place where it rears its three or four young) is far to the north, even as far as Boothia and James Bay. (Now find your geographies and see where those places are).

The Prairie Horned Lark, is somewhat smaller, and its face has much white where the Horned Lark has yellow. It is also much more of a Wig-

consin bird. Only in the coldest part of the winter does it occasionally seek the balmy clime of Illinois. But it soon returns, and often by the middle of March it has built its nest, and is busy hatching. The nest is an artless affair of grass, placed on the ground in some pasture lot, and very hard to locate. The bird itself, against the dry grass of the early spring or late winter is none too easily seen. It is very strictly a ground bird, runs instead of hopping, is practically never seen perching higher than a fence post, and soars much in the manner of the skylark, singing as it goes.

A cheery, unpretending, companionable fellow, taking his surroundings with cheerfulness at all times, the Horned Lark is well worthy of our study, or respect, and our protection.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Before the next number of this journal appears, the spring migration northward of birds will have commenced. The proper work for schools then is the subject of this migration. As before, much information on this can be secured from various bulletins of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, which may usually be had for the asking. Most bird books have something to say on the subject also.

As to field work, children should be encouraged to watch for the earliest appearance of such forerunners of spring as the blue bird, meadowlark, robin, and red winged blackbird. Some information can often be obtained thus as to the earlier appearance of these birds in certain favored locality. Something can be done also

in observing the places of shelter these "early" birds seek during cold spells. Feeding at his time should be specially encouraged.

In places where there are open meadows, the Prairie Horned Lark (see Bird of the Month in this number) may be frequently seen. It builds its nest and deposits its eggs by the middle of March.

Mazomanie Wis., February 5, 1913.

Dear Wayside:—

We have been looking for birds and Monday we saw the Evening Grosbeak sitting on a hack berry tree. The father grosbeak is brownish yellow. His wings, tail, and crown are black. The upper part of his wings are white. The grosbeak has a song something like a robin's. The grosbeak's length is about six inches. The grosbeak has a cone-shaped bill. It gets its food from the hackberry tree.

Yours truly,

HELEN PARMAN.

Age 10 years.

Mazomanie, Wis., Feb. 5, 1913.

Dear Wayside:—

Monday afternoon some of the boys saw a flock of birds out in one of the big trees near the school house. They called Miss Roberts out to see what kind of a bird it was. When she got out there she saw that they were Evening Grosbeaks. We only saw the father bird. The father Grosbeak is brownish yellow. His wings, tail, and crown are black. The upper part of his wings are white.

Yours truly,

LAURA PARMAN,

Age 9 years.

Mazomanie, Wis., Feb. 5, 1913.

Dear Wayside:—

The Evening Grosbeak is a brownish yellow bird. I have seen it quite a few times in a hackberry tree near the school house. Its wings, tail and crown are all black. The upper wings are white. It is six inches long and its song is something like the robin's. It has a cone-shaped bill.

The female is a brownish gray tinged with a little yellow. The Grosbeaks do not like hot weather. It is a pretty bird I think. It does not go down any farther south than southern Wisconsin or Illinois.

Yours truly,
WILLARD SHANOTT.

Age 10 years.

Mazomanie, Wis., Feb. 5, 1913.

Dear Wayside:—

I have been studying about the Grosbeak. One noon one of the boys came in and said, "There is a queer bird out there in the hackberry tree." The teacher went out and we followed. It had black wings, tail and crown, with a little white in the upper part of its wings. I like the bird very much. That is what the father is like. The mother is a brownish gray bird tinged with yellow. It is six inches long. It has a song something like a robin. It has a cone-shaped bill.

Yours truly,
ALICE DIMENT.

Age ten.

"ISN'T THIS SLAUGHTER PERFECTLY TERRIBLE!"



THE DEVIL DECEIVED

Once upon a time, many many years ago, there lived in the German city of Bonn, a man who liked birds very much. All his life long he had studied them and had killed and stuffed so many that the walls of every room in his house were covered with them. He had grown old and could no longer make excursions. Yet he wished more than ever to make journeys into strange countries to find and collect new and strange birds. One day as he was thinking how unfortunate he was, there suddenly stood before him a man, grinning broadly and wearing a feather in his hat. The old man knew at once that it was Mephisto who had come to him.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to show you all the birds on the earth in five years," Mephisto answered.

"And what must I do in return?"

"At the end of five years I shall demand your soul. Just sign this agreement and I will be your servant."

"And will you tell me the name of each bird?"

"Certainly."

"Is that a part of the written contract?"

"No."

"Add that to it and I shall sign my name."

Mephisto did as he was asked and the old man signed the contract with his own blood, for that was the way they made contracts with the devil in those days.

At first the old bird-lover was a little afraid that he hadn't done right, but Mephisto came each day and brought such wonderful and beautiful birds that the old man forgot his fear and became very happy.

The five years were soon gone. The day came when Mephisto was to claim the soul of the old bird-lover. Early in the morning the old man rose. He took his youngest grandson and dipped him into a barrel of syrup, so that he was sticky all over; and then he took from the stuffed birds many hundreds, even thousands of feathers. All these bright colored feathers he stuck over the little boy until he looked just like some strange bird from a far away land.

Pretty soon Mephisto came and told the old man to follow him. But the old man said to him, you promised to tell me the name of every kind of bird, and here's one that you've forgotten. Mephisto was puzzled when he saw the queer bird. He looked at it sharply and then walked around and around it. He stopped to scratch his head, and then walked around it again, but he could not think of its name. At last he said, "oh well, I'll look it up in my books, and if I can tell you its name before midnight, your soul is mine anyway."

He disappeared, but never came back again.

(Adapted from Stern's "Geschichten von Rhein.")

By The Wayside

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NO. 7

THE MIGRATION OF OUR BIRDS

By F. H. King

During the winter months, save the partridge, prairie chicken, quail and a few other species, Wisconsin has no birds. Our door-yards and gardens, our fields and orchards, our woodlands and meadows, our streams and lakes are silent and deserted. But as soon as the bare ground begins to appear and the warm rays of the sun to loosen the soil, setting free beetles and caterpillars, so soon there appear among us the robin, the blackbird and the gull. Where did they come from? Early in April the little brown creepers are clambering like woodpeckers over tree trunks and limbs, the purple finches are plucking buds from various trees, and the golden crowned kinglets are driving a vigorous business among the village shade trees, in groves and in thickets bordering marshes and streams, but in about thirty days these have vanished as mysteriously as they came.

Then come the early May mornings, and somehow with them that wonderful group of woodland warblers, clad in inapproachable wedding robes, evolved during the centuries in the solitudes of American forests. But in about three weeks nearly every species of this beautiful train vanishes. Year after year they come and go as regularly as the tides. But the warblers do not reach us alone. With them come the swallows, the green-

lets and many of the finches as well as numerous other species, some to remain during the summer to build their nests and rear their young, while others pause for a day and then hasten on.

On the other side of summer, during the later days of September and early October, those birds which come suddenly in the spring, and as quickly vanish again, reappear but only to set off in a few short days.

These sudden appearances and disappearances of birds have, from the earliest periods, attracted the attention of people, both civilized and uncivilized. So stoutly and persistently has it been affirmed that swallows hibernate in the mud at the bottom of ponds and streams, as frogs do, that it is still believed to be the fact by some people both in this country and in Europe; and yet it is a well-established fact that the great majority of birds in the cold and temperate zones of the northern hemisphere make longer or shorter journeys regularly twice each year.

Every spring a vast throng of feathered forms turn their faces poleward to repopulate nearly a full third of the land and shore waters of the northern hemisphere. With heads full of plans, breasts full of feeling and throats full of song, they turn their backs upon the

sunny south with all its luxuriance, and move, like a great army, out of South and Central America, out of the Caribbean islands, out of Africa and out of India with its adjacent islands, toward frozen lands and frozen seas. With this grand movement toward the colder regions of the north, it is probable that, from the southern lands and southern seas of the other hemisphere, a similar though smaller, throng of birds is moving toward the Equator to remain while winter is upon their summer homes.

The robin, meadow lark, snow bunting and bluebird, purple finch, tree sparrow, butcher bird and pewee reach us in small numbers as early as the first week in April, and early in May the center of the great flood of birds is nearly over our latitude; its front somewhere in the British possessions, and its rear not far from the latitude of southern Illinois; its eastern flank is gleaning in the surf of the Atlantic, and its western skirmishing among the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains. Day by day this great army grows smaller as its members arrive at their old homes and settle down for the summer; but do you realize what they are doing for the country as, day by day, they forage in field, meadow, orchard, garden, and forest? Out from their winter abodes have come all manner of insects, and these are on the eve of depositing eggs potent to fill the summer full to overflowing with crawling and buzzing life; but down upon them out of the still sky, for thirty or more consecutive mornings, drop these hungry birds; and when I tell you that Professor S. A. Forbes found, by actual count, in each stomach of seven cedar birds living in an orchard infested with canker worms, from 70 to 101 of these caterpillars, you may be able to realize, per-

haps, what terrible enemies to insects birds must be; and especially if you bear in mind that, during the period of migration, the number of birds per square mile of land must be, in our country, more than one hundred.

The distances over which birds migrate vary between wide limits and are often surprisingly great, especially when we considered the small size of some of these animated beings which transport themselves twice each year across the interval between their homes. The bobolinks, which rear their young on the shores of Lake Winnipeg and then go with them to Cuba and Porto Rico to spend the winter, must twice each year traverse a distance exceeding 2,800 miles, or more than a tenth of the circumference of our earth. The kingbird breeds as far north as the 57th degree of latitude, and is found in the winter in South America. The biennial pilgrimages of the little redstart exceed 3,000 miles, and those of the tiny humming bird, whose body would make a scant thimbleful of flesh all told, are scarcely less and certainly exceed 2,000 miles.

But that beautiful little summer yellow bird, which occasionally builds its nest under our chamber windows, sends some of its kin even to the white seafoam of the Arctic ocean, where they arrive the last of May, only ten or fifteen days after the sun has begun to ride continuously above the horizon, and yet these have come all the way from Gautemala, over a distance of 3,800 miles, leaving members, even of their own species, to spend the summer among those tropical scenes. Wonderful mechanism that, which in a stomach no larger than a pea and an alimentary canal about six inches long, will manufacture from two or three slim caterpillars, a fly, a moth, or

a spider, its own fuel and use it with such incomparable economy as to transport itself through the air during the whole night at the rate of about fifty miles per hour and at the same time maintain its temperature at about 104° F in a surrounding medium not exceeding 50° or 60° ! And yet this is what the summer yellow bird does during its extended journeys. It has been estimated that some of the swallows are capable of doing seventy miles in an hour.

But what emergency could have induced a summer yellow bird to leave the luxuriance of a tropical climate and make such an extended journey into the polar regions? How did it find the way there in the first place? Why did it not stay when it reached there? How did it find its way back over 3,800 miles? Why do some of these birds, year after year, continue to make these long journeys, while others of the same species do not?

(To be Continued)

Now is the time to be making your bird-houses and to be planning how you will place them. If you can, take a look at some of the pictures in Mr. G. H. Trafton's "How to Attract Birds." This book contains a good deal of information for those interested in bird protection. Have you ever tried to attract the birds to your home? Bluebirds, wrens and various swallows are readily induced to build in houses. Of course if you provide nesting places you must protect the birds from some of their enemies. Do not let human beings disturb them too much, and above all keep your cat in doors during the breeding season, or perchance she will eat the whole family. The English sparrows, too, may be a nuisance and if so, should be driven from the neighborhood or intimidated.

The Saw-whet Owl.

De Wayne Townsend.

To-day we are going to look for the Saw-whet Owl. Our search will lead us into the depths of the snow-laden tamarack marshes and tangled willow thickets. We need not be very cautious for the snow muffles our footsteps, and these little owls are anything but shy. Although a fairly common resident in certain localities in southern Wisconsin they are seldom seen, and are therefore wrongly classed as an extremely rare bird. Their small size, protective coloration, and retiring habits may account for this apparent scarcity. Their silent flight is also a factor, for if we do not see them we certainly will not hear them. The bright yellow eyes are the most conspicuous thing about them, their general coloration of olive, white, and brown, blends perfectly with the snow covered trees, and unless a movement betray their presence they are likely to pass unnoticed. The length of this little earless owl is less than eight inches, and it must be classed as the smallest Eastern representative of the Bubonidae. Its food consists almost wholly of mice, though I have noted a few instances in which Juncos and Tree Sparrows, and once a Nuthatch, fell victims to its hunger.

Like others of the family it seeks hollows in trees for nesting sites, and its small size enables it to use Flicker and Woodpecker holes for this purpose.

The Saw-whet is one of our most interesting bird neighbors, and one always willing to sleepily pose for us, providing we do not get *too* near. Let us visit him more often—he is always at home, although we are likely to find him "out" unless we search carefully.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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Contributions to BY THE WAYSIDE are invited from all lovers of Nature and friends of the birds. All communications should be sent to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

In this issue, there appears the first portion of an article by the late Prof. F. H. King. We are very glad to be able to publish this article for it should interest both student and teacher.

Our Need.

There is no doubt but that the Wisconsin Audubon society has in years past accomplished a great deal of good. But we suspect that of late years its influence has not been as great as might be desired. Our predecessors have accomplished most of those achievements which may be and are often best attained by agitation. Their work has been well done, and it is our duty to uphold their results and to make more advancement. This can best be done by education. This process is slow and the results attendant upon our labors often pass unnoticed. It is often easier to secure the needed support in a time of strong feeling than in a period of quiet endeavor, even though popular opinion is more favorable. Many of our former supporters have failed to realize this and have left us. Hence we appeal to our members to endeavor to get more people to support us by being faithful members. A program of quiet education must have regular support if it is to bear any fruit.

We trust that you, are our fellow members, will realize the urgency of this appeal even though it is addressed to you collectively.

I wish the Audubon Societies might make another effort to keep hunters from utterly destroying our game birds that are left, and those that we are trying so hard to establish. Several years ago I took some quail from our State Game Commissioner and now am trying to get some pheasants to live in Ogle County, in our neighborhood. But even the little children run every living thing down and try to shoot it with their toy pistols and guns. Several years ago quail had increased all over Ogle County, owing to the care given them by those who took some from the shipments to our County Game Warden, but the hunters spare nothing. It is a shame and a disgrace upon our boasted civilization.

Wishing you success with your fine work, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Rebecca H. Kauffman.

It often happens that the spring migrants encounter severe snow or sleet storms. Accustomed to warmer weather and robbed of their food supply, they are at the mercy of the elements. Do not fail to supply them abundantly with a variety of foods. They will fare wretchedly enough with it and many will perish without it. There comes to our mind the picture of such an occurrence. The migration was well under way when the ground was covered with half a foot of snow. Crumbs and grains scattered over the snow after the storm had ceased attracted numbers of Juncos, Tree sparrows, Fox sparrows, White

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary A. Hardman, Academy of Sciences, Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

Wisconsin parties should apply to the University Extension Division, Madison, for colored bird slides. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

throated sparrows and song sparrows, which usually never came nearer the house than a block away where there was a considerable thicket. It was the evening of the second day of the storm, the snowfall had ceased some hours before; just at sundown the clouds parted in the west, letting in on the dreary world a flood of brilliant light. What a cheering sight and how full of promise! The birds feeding in the yard were touched too and gave vent to their feelings in ecstatic song. And our family rejoiced that the birds of the field had a good supper as we did, and certainly there was no question in our minds whether or not it was worth the effort to give comfort to our feathered friends.

We are always glad to receive letters from school children,

THE BIRD OF THE MONTH

The Cowbird

I was really going to write about the Redwinged Blackbird this month, but all of our American lovers of nature have written about this cheery messenger of spring, so that I could find nothing more to say. Hence I selected a regular vagabond of a bird, one whom nobody really had any love for, and who would certainly not call for any poetic praise. And that is the cowbird. There is no mistake about it. If he were human, his whole tribe would be in the penitentiary most of the time. Let us have a look at him.

He is a blackbird to start with. Mr. Cowbird has head, neck, and breast a coffee-brown; the rest of his garb is a glossy black, Mrs. Cowbird is a dark brownish grey, as if she were wearing the cast-off, faded clothes of her husband. The children look as shabby as their mother. You find members of the tribe almost anywhere from Canada to Texas, both east and west. And this would be the place to tell about the Cowbirds' nest. But, alas there is no nest.

When other birds are joyously, with much or little art, constructing nests to house their eggs and young, the cowbirds are roaming about the country with no set goal, uttering a most unmelodious squeak. When eggs must be laid, the mother cowbird finds the nest of some other birds, such as a yellow warbler, and during the absence of the rightful owner, deposits her egg therein and leaves it to be hatched by the unwilling foster mother.

The egg is hatched, and the baby Cowbird soon shows his rightful character by grabbing most of the food of the family, and often by cruelly crowding his nest-companions out of their home.

Not always, however, does this heartless method of the Cowbird, of throwing the responsibilities of housekeeping on other people, succeed. Occasionally the victimized warbler will detect the crime, and will promptly build a new nest right over the intruding egg. Three of such eggs have been found imbedded in the substance of a warbler's nest. Let us hope that the brave mother was allowed to rear her brood in the fourth nest undisturbed.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT BIRDS.

It is not my intention to talk about all the books on birds that I know, nor even about all the *good* books. Space is too limited for that. I wish here only to point out a few books that will prove helpful, especially to the beginner. And I certainly do not mean to say that there are not others which may be equally helpful. Of course one may want bird books for quite various purposes. But if knowledge of birds is what we want, then such a book should have certain features in its make-up, to be of value. First, it should be clear in style, so that one may always understand its meaning. Second, it should be accurate, so that one may always rely on its statements. And third, it should always be careful to make it clear as to how much in its contents is fact and how much is theory. This we can demand of all books. For each special purpose, however, there are other things needed. But let us look at some of the various types:

A Beginners' Book. For any person, young or old, who knows practically nothing of birds (and it is surprising how many such there are) it is best to start with a few common forms and to learn as quickly as possible the main facts about them. For this purpose I know no better book than Neltje Blanchan's *Bird Neighbors*, published by Doubleday Page and Co. This book treats of about fifty very common birds, giving the chief facts about each in very attractive manner, and illustrating many of them on colored plates, very true to life.

A field book. After mastering a book like the one just mentioned, the next thing to do is to get acquainted with the birds of one's own neighborhood, beyond the fifty or so of *Bird Neighbors*. For this we have had for some years now an almost ideal book, Mr. Chester A. Reed's *Bird Guide*. It appears in two volumes, one on the smaller land birds, the other on the larger land birds, and the water birds. Both volumes form a small load for an ordinary coat pocket. But the great value of these books lies in the fact that they contain exactly colored pictures of all birds occurring in the United States, east of the Rockies. We have used this work extensively in bird classes and can recommend it most highly. It is also published by Doubleday Page and Co. By the way be sure to get the *revised* edition.

A larger field book. Having progressed so far, a student will soon feel the need of much technical information. He has in fact reached maturity, become an expert to a degree. At this point he will be ready for one of several books. On the whole, however, we would recommend Chapman's *Handbook of Birds* of

Eastern North America, *revised edition*. and we would particularly recommend the morocco bound edition for field use. It still will go into the coat pocket, and occupies but small space in the camper's pack. It covers about the same ground as Reed, but while less richly illustrated, contains much more printed information, also useful keys for determining species, etc.

If the student cares not so much for a pocket field book, as for a longer reference work, then Coues Key to North American Birds fifth edition, (Dana, Eschscholtz & Co.) may perhaps be recommended. It is in two large volumes, somewhat expensive, and rather technical.

There are several other works on birds, of a rather general nature such as Finckh's American Birds (Scribner), and the Cambridge Natural History volume on Birds (Macmillan & Co.) which are good. On the other hand there are some good books on special groups, foremost among which is Chapmans' The Warblers of North America. Another is Merriam's book on The Passenger Pigeon.

And if you have proceeded so far, you will need guidance no longer. What you will now feel in need of most is a long pocket book. At least that has been our experience.

Observations on Some Rare Minnesota Birds.

During the past year I have had the good fortune to study several species of birds which some years are entirely absent in my locality. Early in the spring yellow-bellied Sapsuckers were very numerous. They were mostly males, a few females and a few which appeared to be immature birds. When I first began to notice these birds I consulted all

my bird books as to their food habits and they were pronounced as beneficial. My observations were to the contrary however, as their food consisted for the most part of the sap of trees. Holes were drilled by the birds around the trees near the ground sometimes completely encircling them and often several birds would be clinging to one tree drinking its life blood as it trickled down its sides. The trees attacked were maples, boxelders and mountain ash. The trees for the most part were not injured to any great extent although several mountain ash were killed as a result of its ravages. As the season advanced the birds disappeared and I have seen none since.

The scarlet tanager is another and more desirable bird which was more abundant than usual. I had seen it only during migrations and occasionally heard its song, altho I did not recognize it at the time. But this year I had the good fortune of making a closer acquaintance. The first bird, a male, was seen on May 15. From then on until nesting time I heard its song many times and found that the tanager was no poor ventriloquist. These birds seem to prefer open groves near water. While passing through a grove of scrub oak on June 1, three tanagers were heard singing at once. The song once heard will never be forgotten. On June 9, with slight hope of success I started out in search of a tanagers nest for I thought the birds must be nesting or they would have moved on by this time. I entered a pasture which was covered with scrub oak and which had little under brush. I had not gone far when I saw a male tanager in a small oak. He had evidently seen me first and was eyeing me with some suspicion. The female was soon discovered in the same tree with the male. Hoping they might

have a nest near, I leaned against a tree and waited to see if the birds would give me some clue as to its whereabouts. The longer I stood there the more certain I felt that they had a nest, for the birds appeared to be much excited and continually gave their characteristic chipp-chipp or chipp-chirr. After I had stood there for some time I happened to look up watching the birds fly over my head when I discovered their nest in the tree under which I had so long been standing. It was made of twigs and lined with rootlets. The two eggs could be seen from below, so loosely was the nest put together. Not wishing to disturb the birds any more than possible I left at once and on several subsequent visits found the birds at home and one egg had been added. But I found the nest

deserted on June 14 and the eggs gone. I feel sure that this was the work of Jays. On several other occasions I saw the tanagers in the vicinity and they may have made a second nest. I am hoping these birds will return next year to breed.

During the fall and early winter pileated woodpeckers were seen several times. They were then in the timber but on Jan. 15, one was in a tree in the yard. It was busily engaged in searching for insects and showed to what use its powerful bill could be put by throwing down chipps several inches in length. This bird is very scarce at present although I am told they were formerly abundant.

Harry B. Logan,

—Aged 17.

Royalton, Minn.

WINTERING IN HOOD RIVER, OREGON

Mrs. Rebecca H. Kauffman

Twelfth Night of last year brought with it a marvellous sight where the rushing Hood River empties its glacial waters into the cleft canyon of the great Columbia. Snow had fallen for thirty hours, and lay thirty-three inches deep in a calm level along the mouth of the stream; while farther up the river in the Upper Hood River Valley the big snowflakes piled themselves up to the depth of five feet! The snow had come down in such a quiet, steady, gentle, effective manner, just as the rain, too, does along the Pacific Coast, attending strictly to

its own business. We were literally and truly "snow-bound", as the trains of the O. W. R. & N. Co. were stalled at various places along the tracks between The Dalles to the east and Cascades Locks to the west, and one big engine had run off the rails in front of the Hood River station. The mercury dropped to zero, though it did not stay at that point long. The sun rose on the Sunday morning after the snow ceased falling upon one of the most beautiful, brilliant, pearly-white landscapes it has ever been the lot of mortals to see!

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NO. 8

THE MIGRATION OF OUR BIRDS

By F. H. King

(Continued from March Number)

If we ask ourselves why so many birds make these long biennial flights, the immediate answer would be, they are impelled to do so by force of long established habit; then, if we ask how such a habit could have been fixed upon them, the answer must be, the habit was the outcome of an effort to live comfortably and prosper. Alfred R. Wallace accounts for the origin of this habit essentially in this way, and we are inclined to agree with him. The habit of wandering in search of food, common to all animals, has been exaggerated among birds, whose powers of locomotion are exceptional. Something like the incipient stage of this habit we see exhibited by our blackbirds when they gather into flocks in the fall and move, in the morning, from the sloughs in which they were bred, out onto the prairies in quest of food, returning again toward sunset. Pigeons, too, have the same habit, and extend their flights in search of food over much greater distances than do the blackbirds. It is only a short time ago, speaking in units of geologic time, when the climatic conditions of Central Greenland prevailed over the North American continent as far south as into Pennsylvania and Southern Ohio on the eastern side. This was an epoch of much lower mean

annual temperature for Central and Southern North America, and the soil, deeply buried beneath glacial ice and snow, could have contributed no support to insect or seed-eating birds. Vegetation may have been nearly or quite up to the front of the melting ice, as it is now in glacial regions, and here too we may believe certain species of birds were found during the summer. As this cold period faded insensibly into our warmer epoch, the ice front retreated at the same rate toward Greenland, closely pursued by the mantle of verdure.

With the snow receding northward, and vegetation, with its accompanying insects, advancing at a rate possibly much less than a mile in a century, the inevitable overflow of species from their natural breeding grounds would be more than likely to occupy the newly verdure-clothed territory as fast as reclaimed. But insect-eating birds could not survive during the winter in the newly occupied territory for want of food, and to fly in any other direction than southerly would fail to better their conditions. Now such of these ice-frontier birds as did move southward on the approach of winter, would, as it passed into summer, find the climatic conditions unfavorable to them; but to escape from these would

require a northward course and this would, we have no doubt, be determined also by the remembrance of and fondness for home.

Perhaps the most urgent need of birds which spend the winter near the equator and the summer in higher latitudes, which impels them to their long journeys, is to be found in the impossibility of rearing the young in low latitudes. Something like this certainly occurs in our own species in various parts of the world. The English, for example, in India, can hardly be said even yet to be acclimated there, for they find it necessary in order to raise the children to take them into the mountain districts for a considerable part of every year, between the ages of six and sixteen. Now if anything like this were also necessary with any of the birds, all such, except those who comply with these requirements, would be exterminated, leaving only those with established migratory habits to continue into our time.

If birds did not move from the lower into the higher latitudes with the approach of summer, a vast territory, capable of sustaining bird life, would be unoccupied, and when we associate with this fact two others, namely, first, the young of a large majority of birds must be reared mainly upon insect food, and, second, the number of insects so consumed in a few weeks is very large indeed, we have an abundant reason why even those species which can successfully rear their young in the low latitudes often send some of their kind as far poleward as it is possible for bird life to exist. So intense has been the struggle for insect food among birds that we now find an extensive division of labor among them, and groups, like the woodpeckers and swallows, have become profoundly fitted

for their special modes of securing food.

We must look upon this migratory habit of birds, then, as having been established by insensible steps, extending across centuries of time, and in obedience to the laws of self-preservation which dominate animal life.

In Europe, where the movements of birds have received a much more extended and careful study than in this country, it has been found that there the feathered throng appears to divide up into streams which follow well marked courses. Of these streams nine have been pointed out by Herr Palmen. Some of them lead from island to island and along coast lines, others along great water-courses, as up the Rhine valley and over into that of the Rhone. Others still lead from one inland sea or lake to another. Certain species appear to move habitually along one of these courses, while other species as persistently choose another, and this, too, even when the summer home of the two species may be in the same locality. Do birds then have certain landmarks which serve as guide-boards on these long journeys? But some birds pass over extremely long intervals without even stopping. The bluethroat, which breeds on the moss of northern Norway and which spends the winter in Egypt and the Upper Nile country, is not found during the migrations between these two places of abode, and yet the distance from the southern shores of the Baltic to the northern coasts of Africa is more than 1,300 miles.

Again, there are two cuckoos which spend the summer in New Zealand, one supposed to come from Australia and the other occurring widely distributed throughout Polynesia, and yet an islandless ocean of more than a thousand miles must be crossed twice each year by the

birds. What guide-boards can direct the course of these birds during the hours of darkness and light through which their flight must continue? Do you say that the two islands of New Zealand present a linear extent of 1,000 miles against which the Australian cuckoo flies in a line nearly at right angles, and that, possessing any sense of direction at all, he ought not to miss so long a mark? This may be, but birds do hit smaller marks than this, and that over a longer range than 1,000 miles. They come back to the forty-acre lot occupied the summer before and even to the old nest, I have no doubt.

There are two varieties of the meadow lark, one with which we are all so familiar, and the other living west of the Mississippi, whose voice sounds very different from that of our bird and whose color is lighter. Six miles west of River Falls, just across Lake St. Croix in Minnesota this western variety breeds year after year on the very banks of the lake, and yet in the eight years we have lived here we have seen but a single pair of these birds on this side of the river. The soil, climate, vegetation, and topographic features even, are the same on both sides of the river. Now, unless these birds know very definitely the fields in which they were hatched and in which they have lived, you would scarcely expect a stream of water to mark so sharp a boundary for their dwelling places. Do you suggest that these birds have simply to remember that their home lies to the westward of the Father of Waters, and that during their journeys they have simply to keep on the right side? Even if this be true, must we not still grant to the birds an extremely vivid memory picture of the old home and its surroundings to enable them to pass tributary

after tributary, grove after grove, and field after field, and single out the cherished spot from all the rest?

To me it seems beyond all question that most birds have the faculty of forming and retaining memory pictures of localities in far greater detail and vividness than human beings ever do, else how could they find their nests after the long excursions made for food? What one of you will lay down a precious article among the grass in the midst of a meadow, where the long waving heads are of the same height and all so nearly alike, and fly away to some distant field, making no trail nor setting up conspicuous marks, thinking to come back to the spot again without difficulty? And yet this is what many a bird does, and does it without apparent difficulty.

The case of our tiny humming bird which carefully sets its diminutive nest upon one of a hundred limbs in a tree which is itself one of millions, seemingly like it in a vast forest, and then takes great pains to deck it all over with the lichens growing on the boughs of the tree in order that it may be still less conspicuous, is even more wonderful to me, for these birds wander far away from their nests into open fields and meadows, where flowers abound, in quest of insects and nectar; and yet, two small eyes, scarcely larger than cockle seeds, form the pictures of all those, to us, monotonous scenes, and a brain outweighed by a grain of barley must register and recall them as occasion demands.

But how do these birds determine the proper time of starting upon these long journeys in order to arrive with such promptness at their distant places? Nothing can be more certain than that they do know the times, but how they

(Continued on p. 62)

THE BIRD OF THE MONTH

The Cowbird

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

The official organ of the Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan Audubon Societies.

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Contributions to BY THE WAYSIDE are invited from all lovers of Nature and friends of the birds. All communications should be sent to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

The new tariff act is being readily framed and there is pending before Congress, at the suggestion of the New York Zoological society, the following proposal:—

“At the end of Sec. No. 438 of the new Tariff Law, add the following:

“Provided, that the importation of aigrettes, egret plumes or “osprey” plumes and the feathers, quills, heads, wings, tails, skins or parts of skins, or wild birds, either raw or manufactured, and not for scientific or educational purposes, is hereby prohibited; but this provision shall not apply to the feathers or plumes of ostriches, or to feathers of domestic fowls of any kind.”

The avowed aim of this proposal is the purpose of stopping the “plume trade.” The cause for its enactment is the rapidly approaching extinction of many of the most beautiful birds on the earth. The cruelty of the “trade” is a byword. It is no legitimate trade for it employs the outcasts of civilization and savages to do its butchering. Such skilled workmen as are employed will find positions in the every increasing industry centered about the manufacture of ornaments from the feathers of domestic fowls. We have largely

prohibited the slaughter of our native birds for millinery purposes, why should we make the enforcement of Law more difficult in other countries by keeping our markets open to an illicit trade which we ourselves condemn? Write your congressman that you want this provision included in the next tariff bill,—this is your opportunity. Or if you are too busy to write *at once*, clip this and send it with your endorsement.

Australia has already done what we propose. Similar legislation is pending in Great Britain, and many people on the continent are in sympathy with the plan.

Shumway, Ill., April 4, 1913.

Dear Wayside:

I would like to write you my notes on the Cedar Waxwings. I had long wished to see them and to study their habits, and so you can imagine my delight to see a flock of fifteen or twenty cedar waxwings feeding on the last of our cherries. They were a little smaller than a robin and a kind of grayish brown in color. Their wings were tipped with red and the tail was edged with yellow. The breast was a lemon color fading into white. They had a kind of insect chirp, like two wires scraping together. When I approached the tree, they left with a loud swish but no frightened sound. The waxwings stayed a few days feeding on the cherry trees which were quite an attraction for the bird neighborhood, but none were as welcome to me as the cedar waxwings.

The robins arrived here about a month ago and the wrens are already singing their cherry song.

Yours Truly,

Age 14.

Mamie Laue.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

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Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary A. Hardman, Academy of Sciences, Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

Wisconsin parties should apply to the University Extension Division, Madison, for colored bird slides. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Bird of the Month.

The White-throated Sparrow.

Those of you who have ever spent a summer in the woods in the northern part of our state, will be sure to know one bird song very well. You will have heard it long before sunrise, all day long, and well into the night. If you have the true naturalist's spirit you will have spent much time trying to locate its owner. And perhaps you will have succeeded;—perhaps. But whether or not, the mournful cadence of the song will have haunted you long after the summer's end. It goes: (slow) "sow wheat, (very fast) Peabody, Peabody, Peabody." And an old New England story says the Peabody followed the advice, and reaped a bounteous harvest. And so the bird bears the name, Peabody, which is considered quite an aristocratic one in New England.

But White Throat is better for it helps us to remember his looks. Like the White Crowned Sparrow, this one also has a white crown, but the male also has a pure white chin and throat, which in the female is a duller gray. There is also a very characteristic yellow spot between eye and bill, and some yellow on the bend of the wing.

In the southern part of our state this bird is mainly a migrant, going north in April and south in October. Then we may observe him at his funny feeding habits. Some day you will hear among the brushes, a rustling of dead leaves as if an animal of some size were digging away for dear life. Approach carefully, and you will see the White Throat, jumping at the rubbish with both feet, and thrusting it aside with great vigor. The noise he makes about it is remarkable, I hope the result's are as great.

His nest the White Throat builds most often on the ground, occasionally on a bush, but always well hidden. Four or five bluish or greyish white eggs, thickly covered with reddish brown markings, fine and coarse are laid; and often two broods are raised during the season.

In winter the White Throat goes to the southern half of our country. Coming and going they travel in flocks of a dozen or a hundred, feeding along hedges, the wayside shrubs, or the edge of the woods, and cheering the gray landscape with their quaint (to use another reading): "Sweet! sweet! Canada, Canada, Canada."

(Continued from p. 59)

know them cannot be answered, now, at least, in any positive way. For my own part, however, I believe they see it in the sky and in the fields about them, smell it in the air, and taste it in the food they eat. What I mean is this: At the time these birds leave the south in the spring or the north in the fall the sun rises in a definite place in the east, has a definite altitude at noon and sets in a definite place at night. Certain stars fill the sky after sunset and certain others before daybreak. Certain flowers are in bloom and fill the air with their fragrance, certain fruits and seeds are ripe, and certain insects can be found for food. Now all of these, recurring as they do, leave memories with each and every bird which are associated one with another and with the periods of migration. When these scenes and events repeat themselves in the birds' experience the great law of association of ideas brings up the thought of the journey, they feel sure the time to go has arrived and are off.

That odors, for example, do in our own case, turn the mind back upon experiences there can be no doubt. The fragrance of hay almost invariably carries me back to my boyhood days, and I rarely catch the odor of apples without going back to my mother's middle bureau drawer where apples from Grandmother's orchard lay mellowing; and yet, that summer, with no apples for the children, is thirty years away.

Do you say young birds of the year can have no such memories to be jogged by the events the season of migration brings before them, and therefore they should not move with the others? This may be true, and yet animals inherit from their ancestors in more directions

and in greater amounts than we realize. Who tells the robin how, of what, and what place to build its first nest? How does the cowbird, always reared by foster-parents and unknown to its mother, know that it may shirk the responsibilities of motherhood by stealthily depositing its egg in the nest of some other bird? Do you say instinct guides in these cases? True, no doubt, but what is instinct more than inherited experiences or memories?

We have yet to consider the very difficult question, how do birds direct their courses over these long journeys? Many birds, like the bobolink, execute most of their migratory flight during the night, and others traverse leagues of trackless sea. How is it possible for tasks like these to be brought to successful issues by so many thousands of aeronauts, unaided by either chart or compass? After having expressed the belief that birds have keen powers of observation and great memories, which they put to service in their domestic relations, and that, in obedience to the great law of association, they are started on their journeys at the appointed times, you will perhaps expect no less than to have it here said that birds make their way northward and southward in the same coolheaded, observant way that a man, grown old in traveling in uncharted regions would do. This is, in short, my belief, though of course I express it as an opinion and not as something demonstrated. I have no doubt that birds are able to "orient themselves" even more skillfully than we do, and that, by using their eyes in unclouded weather, they are able to determine which way is north and which is south to a certainty. If you ask me, how? I should reply, in the same manner that the roving Indians do. Little

as we know of the relative positions of the stars, I have no doubt that if we could be unconsciously transferred to the southern hemisphere and allowed to look at the unclouded sky at night, there would be such an incongruity between what we were looking upon and the old picture, so many times photographed upon our memory, that it would startle us and perhaps breed in us the feeling that we were lost or crazy. Now birds have eyes which form pictures of whatever stands before them as our eyes do, and if we admit, as I think we must, that the great law of repetition affects birds as it does us, I see no impossibility in our night-flying migrants directing their course, on clear nights, by the very stars in the heavens as the mariner does. Indeed it appears to me quite the easiest and most natural thing to do.

It has frequently been noted that on dark, cloudy nights, during the season of migration, a heterogenous concourse of birds is heard over large towns and cities, the birds seeming to behave as if they were lost. Lighthouses, too, have always proved very destructive to birds during migration; and this destruction is greatest, so far as we have been able to learn, on, if not confined to, cloudy nights. These cases appear to show that birds direct their courses at night by what they see, either in the heavens or on the ground. Having been once pretty thoroughly lost myself, and knowing what resolution is required under such circumstances to use the helm effectively, I think I can realize how birds, on a very cloudy night, approaching the lights of a great city looking like stars but in such incongruous places, might very easily become bewildered and do some reckless things.

It is maintained by those best qualified to judge, that the "homing" of geons is accomplished through a knowledge of landmarks gained solely through the sense of sight. Both Sir John Lub-

bock and George J. Romanes have experimented critically with ants and bees to determine the "homing faculty" with them, and they agree that these insects depend upon their knowledge of landmarks, gained through an acquaintance with the locality, to make their way home. There is not space here to enter into details as to how birds may use landmarks and celestial bodies in directing their long flights; but to me, if we grant to the birds the power of memory and ability to observe which our knowledge of what birds do, appears to demand, and admit that what is popularly denominated instinct is in reality inherited experience, the accomplishment of these tasks is not so mysterious after all.

How to Study Birds in the Field.

It is now the season when bird lovers should be most active in studying their friends, and a few notes of advice based on experience, may not come amiss.

Birds appear much later around our dwellings than they do in less conspicuous places. Hence if you want to see the early arrivals you must go to the park, or into the country. The best places are those near water and with plenty of bushes, trees, or reeds. A combination of all of these, such as can be found along almost any lake in Wisconsin, is the best. In going do not ask too many of your friends. In fact, it is best to go alone; and do not spend too much effort trying to follow the birds. They do not like bustle and disturbance. Find a favorable place, seek a comfortable spot that gives you a good outlook, and sit down. When you move, move slowly, calmly, without excitement. You will be surprised how close birds will come to you.

About books I wrote last month. Of course you will want a field glass, although much can be done without it.

What field glass you will want, depends largely on the condition of your bank account. They can be had of useful character, at from four dollars to a hundred. We have a glass in use with our classes that can be bought for four dollars and a half beside shipping charges, and that is fully as good, *for bird work*, as one costing three times, as much. It magnifies about three times, and has a large field. The new binoculars, magnifying as high as twelve times are magnificent—and costly.

There are certain birds so characteristic, and so unlike all others, that to see them is to know them forever after: such are the Blue Jay, the Robin, the Humming bird. But often we find three, or four, or a dozen species so nearly alike that it calls for some study of detail to distinguish them. Here we must resort, when studying the living birds, to "field marks." We can usually find in each of several very similar species some mark, or characteristic action, which is easily seen and distinguishes it from the rest. Perhaps the most difficult group we have to contend with in our region are the sparrows, and certain birds that resemble them, and so we may use them as examples. The following are the ones we have to consider, omitting those which are rare; for each is given a field mark, or several field marks where more than one is necessary:

English Sparrow: Male has a black chin and throat; a white wing bar ashy-gray in female.

Vesper Sparrow: shoulder (bend of wing) chestnut; two outer tail feathers white and very conspicuous in flight.

Savanna Sparrow: a yellow line above the eye; yellow at bend of wing; breast streaked.

Grasshopper Sparrow: Similar to Savanna Sparrow, but *breast not streaked*.

Lark Sparrow: Small black spot in center of plain breast; head striped with chestnut, white, and black. Tail white-tipped.

White crowned Sparrow: Broad, white crown, bordered by black; *no yellow*.

White-throated Sparrow: see Bird of the Month; *yellow*.

Tree Sparrow: Black spot on center of plain breast; crown reddish-brown; *no black on head; two white wing bars*.

Chipping Sparrow: Somewhat like Tree-Sparrow, but smaller and no black spot on breast; *black line through eye*.

Field Sparrow: *bill reddish yellow*, much lighter than in other sparrows. Somewhat resembles Tree-Sparrow, but no spot.

Song Sparrow: Streaked everywhere with brownish-black; a large spot on middle of breast.

Lincoln Sparrow: Like Song Sparrow, but less reddish; no spot on breast; streaks finer.

Swamp Sparrow: Forehead black; crown chestnut with gray middle stripe; no streaks.

Fox Sparrow: much larger than any other sparrow; general color reddish breast and sides heavily spotted.

Oven Bird: This is a warbler, but is sometimes confused with the sparrows; the fact that it ordinarily *walks* instead of hopping will always distinguish it.

Of course you will not be able to learn all these in one field trip, but they will help. There is one other important field mark, and that is the song. I have said nothing about it, because it is practically impossible to convey any idea of it in print. It is one of the things you must learn for yourself in the field, and this learning will prove one of the pleasantest things in the work.

Next month I shall take up the field marks of some other group of birds.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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No. 1

THE CARDINAL

J. C. Elsom

The Editor of By the Wayside has asked me to give him some notes concerning some of my southern bird friends, and this I gladly do, because of the very vivid recollection which I hold of many of the birds that were familiar to me during my early life in Virginia. I suppose that most of us who love the birds have an especial favorite among them; and while we may find pleasure in them all, yet no doubt, as in my own case, some one species seems to stand out preeminent in our regard. This may be due to sentiment, or to some early recollection, perhaps; and it may be quite natural that some appeal to our admiration more than others. After all, the birds seem to have very human traits and characteristics; and just as we find congenial friends among our companions, being attracted to some and repelled by others, so it may be that the birds affect us in some similar fashion.

My earliest recollection and regard holds steadily to the "Redbird," as we called him, the Cardinal Grosbeak, or Virginia Nightingale, as he is sometimes called. When once you have met my conspicuous and aristocratic friend, with his bright cardinal coat and black neck-tie, you will never for-

get him. His decided crest, his stout red beak, and his active, energetic movements set him apart from all other species; and when we have once heard his shrill piccolo-like notes, we are not likely to forget his fine feathers or his song. His vocal abilities, however, seem limited to a few notes,—a flashy prelude, as it were, to a song which he never sings. His cheerfulness, however, and his apparent enjoyment of life, seemed to be his strongest characteristics. I remember him best in my childhood when the wintry snows would cover the fields and foot-hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains; for he did not leave us in the winter time. To see his flashing color against the white background of the snowy landscape was a joy indeed; and as their food supply became scarce, I remember how the cardinals would come around the house, and even feed nearby, with the chickens. Generally, However, they are rather shy, and not particularly desirous of a close acquaintance with their human neighbors. Indeed, they are too frequently a target for the small boy's rifle, and their "fatal gift of beauty" too often brings them to an untimely end. A slight wash of gray on their

wings somewhat dulls their winter dress. The female bird is not nearly so brightly colored as her mate, and it must be said that her housekeeping habits are not of the best. Her nest is rather a poor affair, loosely constructed, usually placed in the holly, laurel or other evergreen shrubs which the birds seem to love to frequent. They appear almost as brilliant in the dark evergreen background as they do in the snow; and when there is the combination of the snow, the evergreen, and the cardinal bird, we have a picture that surely one is justified in holding in his memory throughout many years.

Ornithologists tell us that the cardi-

nal seems to be coming farther and farther north, and while I have never seen one in Wisconsin, they are sometimes seen in northern Illinois. I have had occasion to renew their acquaintance in northern Indiana.

Often they are captured when young, and sold as songsters and pets; but it seems a pity to rob of their freedom such joyous birds, who seem to so delight in their free and vigorous life. I wish that all of the readers of *By the Wayside* could make the acquaintance of my favorite bird friend, the southern aristocrat who ought to be pardoned for his apparent self-conscious superiority.

IN MEMORIAM

We cannot pass over the death of Mr. I. N. Mitchell, which occurred at the close of the school year last spring, without saying a word about his study of birds of Wisconsin. Since the days of the Kumliens, Dr. Hoy, Prof. King, Grundtvig, we do not recall of anyone who has spent a fair share of his time in the interest of Wisconsin Ornithology. By this we do not mean to say that there have not been in recent years plenty observers scattered all over the state, and many of them are accurate in their reports. But Prof. Mitchell made an attempt to reach out over the state in order to gather together the results of various local observers. This unassuming task has been crowned with considerable success. We are told that of late as many as one hundred and fifty individuals were

sending their migration data to him, to be compiled and the tabulations published in the *Arbor and Bird Day Annual*.

Being a teacher of Birds and Bird Study. Prof. Mitchell realized how much pleasure and instruction was to be derived from that source. Hence he tried to interest others in our feathered friends and to this end he promoted the feeding of birds in Milwaukee Parks, supported the Wisconsin Audubon Society, and above all devoted considerable time and effort to making the *Arbor and Bird Day Annual* a success. In this latter undertaking his wife was his collaborator.

Important as these projects were in themselves or in the fruits they may bear, we do not consider them the most significant feature. This we consider

to be the fact that Prof. Mitchell did his work in the capacity of a Normal school Teacher. If we inspect the activities of a science teacher at one of the German Gymnasias, we find that he is carrying on in his spare hours a good deal of research work. True it is often local work,—a study of local flora, avifauna, mamalia, fishes, insects, and so on all thru the long list of natural sciences. The fact that it is local deprives it of none of its interest or significance. Furthermore, he is in touch with some professor who in turn communicates with several or many other teachers in various gymnasias. Thus a wide territory is intensively studied to the mutual advantage of teacher and professor. When the teachers in our public schools carry on such activities, we shall have a state of affairs which will be more attractive to abler men and women.

In conclusion, we would endeavor to set at rest an ugly rumor current shortly after Mr. Mitchell's death. Close friends inform us that he was not estranged from his wife, and that his death was accidental, due to an overdose of a medicine he was in the habit of taking.

Do Birds Fear Us?

By Andrew M. Dudley

That our common birds have little fear of us there is not the least doubt. They rather prefer building near our homes, providing we are kind to them. Some birds permit an examination of their nests and one may make notes of incubation, feeding, etc.

Last summer while grubbing in the fields I came upon what appeared a

flicker's nest. No sign of life could I see anywhere, I gazed downward into the nest but all was dark, believing there were no birds about I shook the old stump and pounded it with my grubbing hoe but still no sign of life.

Having never thoroughly examined the nest of a Flicker, I thought this was my chance. I clipped and broke away enough of the opening to admit my hand and then thrust my hand into the opening. When I reached the bottom of the cavity my hand came in contact with something alive. When I brought the creature out into the light I found, I had in my hand the mother Flicker.

To say the least I was very sorry I had molested the nest. I held her for some time trying only to be kind and to think what I ought to do. At last I put her back into the hole leading to her nest and she instantly descended to her eggs. I hastened away, but had scarcely left the stump when she came out and flew away to a hedge about a hundred yards away.

I counted the eggs and was surprised to find so many. There were nine eggs in the nest. During the afternoon of the same day, I was again in the pasture and was delighted to see that the bird had returned and was hopping about apparently examining to see what damage had been done.

These birds cared for the eggs; I say these for the male bird takes part in the hatching and care of the young, and before long nine little birds flew away.

I trust I'll be able to write you many little sketches of birds but I am glad I have never before or since caused a bird to suffer. Let us care for them, they are our friends.

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Roland E. Kremers, Editor, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

Dr. Victor Kutchin, Secretary-Treasurer, Green Lake, Wis.

Nature Study

Most authorities on primary education admit of the fact that nature study is essential in the development of a child, but hesitate to introduce it into the curriculum because of the lack of sufficiently well trained teachers. This is a sad state of affairs, but it is true. Until the time shall come when enough of such teachers are available, there will be a place in the school and home for such periodicals as *By the Wayside* aims to be. To this end we have set apart a portion of each issue which we designate the school or children's department. Here we publish each month an article on some bird of interest. Also suggestions for teachers and students. It is difficult enough to arrange and present any subject so as to make it interesting and easily understood, and still more difficult to adapt it to students of various ages and abilities. Hence the matter which we will endeavor to insert each month will have to be more or less adapted by each teacher to the

needs of his or her own class, and its value will vary according to the skill and ingenuity with which this adaptation is made. In other words, we shall endeavor to provide teachers with interesting and instructive material and let them do the teaching. With the co-operation of teachers we shall try to fill the gap which separates our ideal of nature study in schools and its fulfillment.

The Literary Digest of November 1, 1913, has an interesting article entitled "A Plague of Cats" which is a translation from *Cosmos* (Paris, September 25). It is generally known that as a general proposition it is an extremely dangerous thing to introduce foreign species into a land,—witness the European House Sparrow in our own country and the mongoose in India. The Australians too have realized this lesson. Their first move was to introduce rabbits for hunting, there being no native species. Not checked by any natural enemies they rapidly increased until they are a pest in the land. Cats were introduced to exterminate the rabbits. They too are now as wild creatures and do everything but kill rabbits. Then dogs were brought to destroy the cats, and reports come from some quarters that they are becoming a nuisance. As the Digest remarks it might seem as tho here we might have an endless game of the House that Jack Built; and the writer in *Cosmos* remarks "that the Creator, in his goodness, has organized things better than our learned agronomists."

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Wisconsin parties should apply to the University Extension Division, Madison, for colored bird slides. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Fall Migration

Many times have the editors of *By the Wayside* had something to say about the migrations which many of our bird friends make twice each year. Just last spring we published an excellent article by Prof. King explaining some things about them. So often have we called attention to these trips of the birds that we are almost afraid that some of our readers are tired of hearing about them, but we hope not. To the lover of birds, each succeeding migration brings more joy and happiness, and more things about which to think and marvel.

So once again we are venturing to say a very few words about the Fall Migration. Why the birds migrate and how they acquired the habit we do not know; we can only pick out a few suggestions, theories, which seem to explain what we know to be fact at the

present day, and what we know of the earth's history. The first question you will probably think of, is, how do we know that birds migrate? Possibly your second thought will be,—oh that is a foolish question, why we can see that birds migrate, we can see that they fly from one place to another. True, that was probably the first observation which lead people to think about the travels of the birds. Then, too, it was noticed at a very early date in man's development, that some birds are not to be found the entire year at certain places. The Indians for instance, made special trips in fall to gather wild rice and to shoot ducks; because the ducks could not stay in the cold northland in winter, and so the Indians had to hunt them while they were to be found.

But these observations do not prove that birds migrate in the sense in which we now think of their migrating. Just because certain birds came in spring and left in fall did not mean much more than that they hid themselves. In the middle ages it was thought that birds hibernated in caves in the mountains and in hollow trees. Didn't bears hibernate? then why not birds too? so reasoned the simple minded people of that time. They had even found caves in which they saw birds sleeping. This surely is a strange statement, for we know of no bird that sleeps any length of time. But we can explain it for we now know that bats were considered as birds at that time.

There were many other queer notions in those days. Perhaps this one seems the queerest to us. Swallows, they be-

lieved, dove under water and staid buried in the muddy bottom until spring! They saw swallows flying hither and thither over the ponds in quest of insects and darting down every little once in a while to capture an insect at the surface of the water. Then one fine day in fall, lo and behold no swallow was to be seen in the whole countryside! Accordingly they must have all disappeared beneath the water. Many many years the people believed this and it was not until two Italians set out to prove this theory. They captured a swallow and held it under water. Of course the poor bird died in a few minutes, but its death proved once and for all that swallows cannot and do not spend the winter at the bottom of the ice locked lakes and ponds. Yet, so firmly did people believe this theory that many of them refused to be convinced, and I suppose some ignorant people do not know any better even today.

The conclusions that bats were not birds and that the swallows could not live under water put naturalists at a loss for a while. It was not long before they studied birds a little more carefully. They differentiated the species and found out at what places they were to be found at different times of the year. For many generations now, men have been studying the problems of migration. Given localities have been studied intensively and also larger areas have been observed. In Germany the local teachers have organized and report their observations to central workers. In this country, the U. S. Bureau of Biological survey (Washington, D. C.) is the central body for reports on bird migration. The large number

of observers sending their records from so widely separated localities gives the experts of this bureau exceptionally favorable opportunities for the study of migration.

Data covering large areas is now at our disposal and so we can tell much more about the travels of our feathered friends. Each spring the data show how fast and how far each species travels northward, and again the return in fall can be shown by reports from successive stations. Thus we know indeed that birds travel, some of them for long distances and for a goodly share of the year. We even know in a general way what routes a given species follows. We know their summer home and their winter home. Still no method of observation that has been made extensively has shown us what routes the birds from a given locality follow. That is to say, what we know concerning the route of migration and distribution applies to species and not to individuals. How much our notions of migration will change when we can follow the movements of individual birds, as we hope we some day may do, we cannot venture even to guess.

A word of apology is necessary concerning the delay in issuing *By the Wayside* this fall. Under the division of labor effected some years ago, it became the duty of the secretary to look after all subscriptions to *By the Wayside*. Last spring, it was found impossible to secure the services of a competent secretary, which condition lasted until just recently. Hence our mailing lists were not made up. It is hoped that from now on, the issues will appear regularly.

Grand Junction, Michigan.
August 4, 1913

states, the catbird feeds upon destructive insects.

Dear Wayside:

I am going to write about the catbird. I recall one summer afternoon while hoeing in the garden, of having a female cat bird fly over me and alight on the ground almost at my feet and pick up the worms and insects that she could find. I honestly believe that she was the most distressed looking wild bird that I ever saw. Whether she had been sick or had grown thin by brooding the eggs too long, I know not; but it hardly could have been the latter case, unless the nest had been despoiled, for she did not carry away any food, but swallowed whatever she found.

I stood still, and she came still closer and I then noticed an appealing look in her eyes that moved me to pity. I stopped my work and allowed her to gather what food she needed. Poor bird! For who could tell what trouble had been hers?

The catbird has rightly been called the northern mocking bird; and so it might well be, for its size, shape and coloring so nearly resemble its more gifted southern cousin that the name well applies. Having never heard the mocking bird, I cannot judge as to the musical ability.

Although the catbird sometimes does considerable harm by destroying small fruits and berries, the bird cannot be considered injurious. On the contrary, in most parts of country it does far more good than harm: Outside of the small fruits, which consist mostly of wild berries in our eastern

Yours truly,
Hugh Barnes.

Age 13 years.

Grand Junction, Mich.

Suggestions to Teachers.

The article on Migration may suggest a number of things for discussion in class.

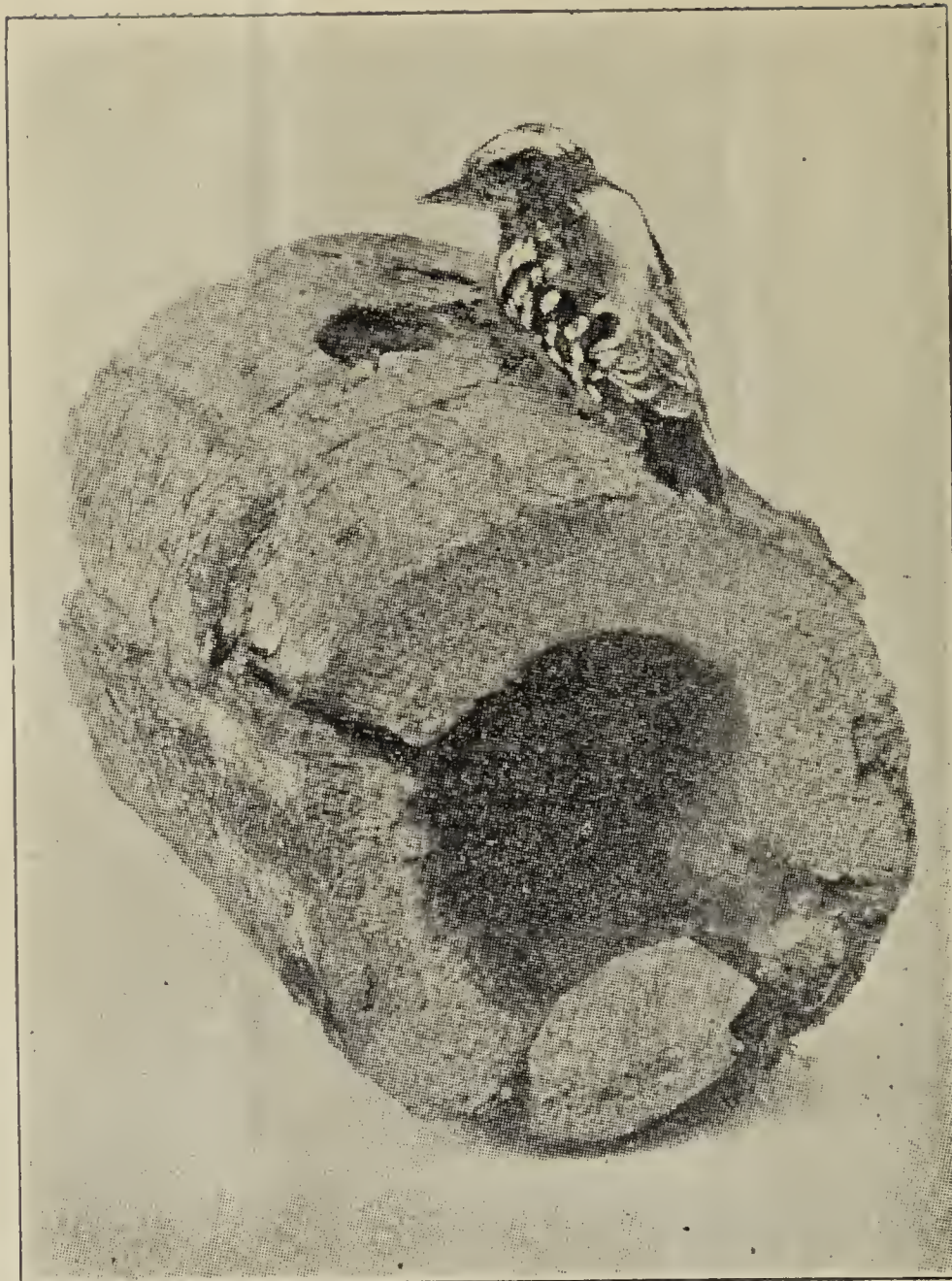
Meaning of word migration?

Do other animals migrate? Yes, ex.: seals, eels, salmon, and some other fishes; deer; does man? Do plants migrate? Periodic migration is a striking characteristic of many birds.

How do we know that birds migrate? Keep a record of the birds seen in your locality and compare birds found now, found in midwinter, in spring, in summer. Conclusions. Make a duplicate copy and sent it to the editor of By the Wayside.

Do all birds migrate? No. ex.: House (English) sparrow, Blue Jay, Bob White.

Owing to the delay in issuing we can announce the election of Dr. Victor Kutchin, of Green Lake, Wis., to the office of secretary-treasurer. He was the unanimous choice of the Directors held October 17, which was called for the purpose of filling vacancies by Vice-President Cleasby. Dr. Kutchin is anxious to do his best in promoting the welfare of the society and deserves the hearty support of every member.



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.

THREE FALL FRIENDS.

The above three pictures represent three of our fall and winter bird neighbors. Next month we will print their names; in the meantime try to identify them by your bird books. No. 1 is a woodpecker. Colors: black and white; male with red patch on head; two similar species, length 6 and 9 inches. No. 2, a passerine bird; back pale vinaceous, under parts whitish, throat yellowish; length 7 inches. No. 3. A sparrow. Characteristic markings as shown; streak in front of eye, yellow.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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VOL. XV

OCTOBER, 1913

No. 2

JUST BIRD TALK

H. L. Skavlem

"A bit of old Pasture."—

"A disreputable bit you say? Well perhaps from a thrifty farmer's point of view. But this particular bit is not selected for utilitarian purposes; but for its color, its wildness and waywardness, for its vagrant beckoning to feet weary with useful plodding."

This is the introduction to a bit of charming word painting by Frank H. Sweet, in the August number of "Outers' Book". I would gladly yield my space in the Wayside for its reprint—indeed, I am "almost persuaded" to request its appearance in some future issue of your little magazine.

To any true bird lover and nature student that one little sketch of the "Old Pasture" is worth more than the price of "Outers' Book" for a year. Now understand me: I say, any *true* bird lover and right here be it understood that I bar from this title all those who everlastingly chatter about the "utilitarian" and "economic" value of this, that and the other kind of a bird,—now that I have the floor I'm going to "speak right out in meetin'".

The average utilitarian and economic arguments in favor of bird protection

are fifty per cent nonsense, twenty-five per cent wild guesses, and perhaps the most of the balance selfevident truths that require no arguments. Isn't it about time that we let up on pickling the stomachs of wrens and swallows, sparrows and woodpeckers—crows, hawks and even owls, that our scientific economic ornithologists may give us crazy-quilt tabulated statements of grasshopper legs and snout-beetle heads,—pigeon grass and blackberry seeds with a generous sprinkling of buckwheat, barley, oats, and wheat,—if the "collecting" has been done at that season of the year when these grains have become palatable to the birds.

We have enough silly assertions and half-baked theories on the money value of bird life to last us for generations to come. I would not write a word nor whisper a syllable that I thought would in any way blunt our appreciation of bird life, or tend to a false estimate of their value to man, but this penny valuation of a bird by the supposed—and often glaringly unreliable—estimates of the quantities of various seeds or the number of bugs and creeping things—good, bad or indiffer-

ent—that constitutes its daily rations, is doing more harm than good.

Our young bird students soon get the idea that our birds must pay for their keep in visible \$ marks, or they are “no good”.

With this \$ diplomacy ever uppermost in our discussion of bird life, we educate the young bird student to a standard of bird values as irrelevant as would be the same standard applied to the flowergarden or an oil painting. And those who have learned to value birds according to their penny income I am afraid must lose the very best there is in Mr. Sweet’s “old pasture lot.”

“How d’ye do! How d’ye do!” comes the breezy voice of a brigadier vireo welcoming us as it were into this land of gypsying; and from somewhere beyond, among the huckleberry bushes, follows the meadow lark’s tantalizing, “I-see-you! You-can’t-see-me!”—How many copper pennies is there in this bird music for you?

Apply your \$ mark valuation to this: “ ‘So glad, so glad’! So warm, so warm! Sweet, sweet sweet,’ carol the birds, and we linger in our passage across the wall into the land of shiftless delights. There is so much to be seen and heard * * * ‘Twere a pity to lose even the passing note of a cricket. * * * ‘Here-here-here! Hee-del-dee-del-dee’ laughs a jolly titmouse breaking unceremoniously into our reverie; and ‘Ha! ha! ha! I-must-have-my-fun-if-I-break-every-heart-in-the-pastu-r-r-ree!’ joins in a rollicking bobolink.” What! bobolink? why

that’s the rice-bird and according to the \$ standard they are below par.

To the waste basket with your “economic ornithology”,—your tabulations of seeds and bugs and creeping things,—your cussing and discussing, this, that and the other species of birds,—cussing my little city friend *Passer-domesticus* and recommending special protection for *Lanius borealis* the greedy pirate that had the baby vireoes and Indigo bunting gibeted on the thorn-apple tree. Give our young bird students a “look in” to the forest, field and glen,—to the orchard and the wood lot, and with Frank Sweet “Listen to that exquisite trill of a goldfinch to his love, you know him, the little yellow bird gracefully tilting upon a mullein stalk. Bright of feather, his golden coat is tipped on wing and tail with black velvet to match the pretty cap upon his head. Wildly sweet he pours his love song, as he dips and rises upon the mullein stalks. ‘Hear me, dearie; hear me dearie!’ ”

Birds are the flowers of the animal kingdom and they can no more be rightly valued by the \$ marks of income than the pansies of our flower gardens,—the fragrance of the wild rose in the Old Pasture lot,—the delicate fern in the rocky glen. They are the bright jewels in nature’s studio, where color and wildness and waywardness beckon to sleepy brains and “feet weary with useful plodding;” where recreation, rest and sweet communion with nature makes for the betterment of life—a life worth living.

A Good Friend of the Birds

In the autumn of 1871 Horace Greeley, the great journalist, delivered a lecture in Janesville, Wis., for the benefit of a local literary society, and during his stay in Janesville was the guest of Harmon S. Conger, then Judge of the 12th Judicial Circuit. The Judge and Mr. Greeley were old friends, as was also an invited guest, a neighbor of Mr. Conger. Grapes from the Judge's garden were served at dinner and in commenting on the fruit, Mr. Conger's neighbor complained of the trouble he was having in trying to save his berries from the birds. "I have shot them and shot them", he said, "but it is simply impossible to keep the birds away from the vines". With a shocked expression upon his genial face and a piteous look in his eye, Dr. Greeley silently gazed at his old chum; then he exclaimed, "What! do you mean to tell me that you would shoot the birds to save your grapes?" "Why not?" replied Mr. X, "I can't raise grapes to feed the birds."

The great journalist looked long at his old friend, then spoke with suppressed feeling "Oh! my God, how happy I could be if I lived where I could raise grapes for the birds."

The above narrative illustrative of the *true bird lover* is given to me by my friend, Horace McElroy of Janesville, Wisconsin, who was at that time a member of Judge Conger's family.

H. L. Skavlem.

It seems as tho a concerted effort were to be made by various depart-

ments of the University of Wisconsin to maintain the flora, fauna, and the natural beauty of the University's grounds. Missing indigenous plants are to be set out and nesting sites maintained for the birds. Various individuals and departments have been doing this for some time. Much of the credit for securing concerted action belongs to Mr. A. C. Burrill. Conservation, like all other things, should begin at home. We can all lend the University our moral support at least, and many should do more.

The following passage is copied from a prospectus of an English book on the Pigeons and Doves of India.

"* * * At such times as this I have seen a flock of birds run the guantlet of seven guns,—my own, alas! amongst them—and finally vanish with their number complete and nothing more than a few feathers fluttering slowly to the ground to show that one shot amongst the seven has been more nearly successful than the rest. Up to about nine thirty the fun is fast and furious, * * *" We venture to say that it is about time that men who claim good standing among zoologists and ornithologists should realize that sentiments such as the above do not add anything to their credit. It undoubtedly requires a certain skill to be able to hit a mark with a gun, and it may also be a legitimate field for human endeavor to perfect oneself in this way, but to use one's skill to wantonly destroy life where necessity is no factor in the attendant circumstances is well nigh disgracing.

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Contributions to By the Wayside are invited from all lovers of Nature and friends of the birds. All communications should be sent to Roland E. Kremers, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

Roland E. Kremers, Editor, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

Dr. Victor Kutchin, Secretary-Treasurer, Green Lake, Wis.

An Appeal for Help

The Wisconsin Audubon society herewith appeals to the public for help in saving the remnant of our vanishing wild life, especially the birds. First of all we wish to correct the false belief, that some way has gone forth, that this society is a Madison affair, connected with the state university, for the scientific study of birds. This does not happen to be true and as a matter of fact the university has shown very little interest in it, always excepting the earnest effort of a few professors and students, who, outside of their regular duties, have done grand work in keeping the society alive.

The Wisconsin Audubon society, as its name indicates, belongs to the whole state and is the only organization in the state having for its sole object a *campaign of education*, on the value of our wild birds and their protection. Of all questions of Conservation there is not another of equal importance to all the people and not another that is receiving so little atten-

tion. This country is suffering a billion dollar loss annually from the depredation of noxious insects and our wild birds are nature's check upon the ravages of this awful army of destruction. Bird life is doomed unless all the people become active in its protection. We want both you and your money. Is your interest worth a dollar? The Wisconsin Audubon society needs fifty thousand new members and needs them now. This is a modern Macedonian cry. Will you come across with your dollar and help us? That amount pays for an annual membership, also, subscription for "By The Wayside", the organ of the society for one year.

Victor Kutchin,
Secretary and Treasurer,
Green Lake, Wis.

Birds and the Kaiser

There are many who seem to think that bird-protection is a subject beneath the notice of grown-ups. The German Emperor evidently thinks otherwise. He has shown his keen interest recently by subscribing twelve thousand five hundred dollars (fifty thousand Mark) to the Society for the Establishment of Nature Preserves. This Society is engaged in securing large areas of land in various parts of Germany, in which wild plants and animals are to be thoroughly protected at all times. This new idea in Conservation is spreading rapidly everywhere. Germany is at present engaged in the establishment of just such preserves in its African colonies.

George Wagner.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary A. Hardman, Academy of Sciences, Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

Wisconsin parties should apply to the University Extension Division, Madison, for colored bird slides. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

Winter Feeding

The fall gives us many indications of the coming season. It is, like spring, a forerunner, a prophet of what is to come. That is to say, September, October, and even a part of November are months of transition,—months wherein Nature prepares herself for a rest, for that is what the winter is for most living things. The first indications of the change are to be noted even as early as August when the shorebirds begin to return from the far north where they have reared their young. The early grains have ripened and are harvested. But it is in the month of September that the signs become unmistakable. One by one the crops mature and the fields are cleared. Along the roadsides the asters and goldenrod bloom profusely. The birds, too, know that there is a change in the air, for they are very restless by

day, flying from one place to another to gorge themselves on the abundance of seeds and insects. The woods, too, tell us that winter is coming, for the wild-grape clusters are ripe and the squirrels are busy storing nuts of all sorts. It is at this time that the trees assume their brilliant colors. We say “ ’tis Indian summer,” and tell each other that Jack Frost has sent his warning to all the trees in the forest.

By the end of October, all will have changed. Killing frosts have stopped the growth of plants, the bright autumnal colors have faded, and the landscape looks bare. It is a striking contrast to the picture of a month previous. Do you realize that a change almost equally as great has taken place in the situation of our birds? Not only has the climate so changed that a great many species are absent altogether and others present in much fewer numbers because the cold is too severe for them, but the scarcity of desired food has also had its effect on our avian population. In the first place, the insects which were so abundant in September have either perished or sought shelter. The wild fleshy fruits which have been maturing all summer have either fallen to the ground or dried up, both circumstances rendering them undesired food for birds that ate them for the juicy substance they consisted of. Hence we see that species which winter with us in some years because of an abundant food supply are absent in other years.

Since the food supply is one of the factors which influences the presence

of at least certain birds, one naturally asks, "is it possible to induce birds to frequent ones premises by feeding them?" Yes it is possible to do so. Indeed it is a rather easy matter in certain instances. There are probably but few localities in the state where chickadees, woodpeckers, nuthatches, or creepers are not to be found for the greater share of the winter. A rind of steak fat, or almost any other fat, or suet, bones with gristle or marrow all form attractive foods for this class of birds. A moments consideration will reveal the fact that the above birds are more or less tree-dwellers and in winter subsist on dormant insects or their eggs which they glean in various ways. Their natural diet being of animal origin, it again seems only natural that they should relish fats and meat.

If you are fortunate you may find other birds in your immediate vicinity, the prairie birds,—the prairie horned lark, and the longspurs; the field birds,—juncos, tree sparrows, and bob white; other woodland birds,—cross-bills, siskins, redpolls, and kinglets. The prairie and field dwellers are adapted to a different mode of life than the woodland forms. They feed on seeds for the most part. Therefore in trying to attract them we should offer them grains. Some bird-lovers have raised millet for this special purpose and then left the pile out in winter. A pile of hay or straw often attracts these birds. It is often a good plan to place some sort of shelter over food intended for this purpose.

Having seen how the climate and food supply affects birds and that in

attempting to attract them care should be taken to select a food suited to the birds desired, the question remains, how to dispose of it in order to attract the birds attention. The first thing to consider is the selection of a safe place. If cats, dogs, or other enemies, mischievous boys or hunters can or are allowed to molest the birds, any success is to lure the birds to their destruction and failure is almost sure to follow. The attraction of the chickadees and kindred birds is easiest, so we will give a few pointers with regard to feeding them. strips of suet, fat or bones may be tied to the under side of branches, or nailed to posts or trunks. This prevents in a measure the sparrows, jays, and squirrels from pilfering your stores. Shelves may be erected on window-sills on which crumbs, grains, fat, a dish of water, and other odds and ends may be placed as they accumulate. If birds come to these shelves it is possible to pursue the fascinating study of their tastes and preferences.

In conclusion we want to urge our readers to at least make an attempt to attract birds to their homes and to the school houses. Any success will repay you one hundred fold the little trouble you expended. And if no other birds can be attracted, a few jays and a flock of house sparrows will enliven the winter landscape and afford opportunities for study enough to fill all your spare time this winter.

References: *Methods of Attracting Birds*, Gilbert H. Trafton.

Useful Birds and their Protection, E. H. Forbush.

Suggestions to Teachers

Prepare a food shelf or tie pieces of suet to branches. Keep a list of the birds observed to visit your feeding places and the food chosen, in case a variety is offered. Read Whittier's *Snow Bound*. Have the pupils tell or write of some bird or of some incident connected with birds which they have observed in fall. Ask the pupils to look for seeds, nuts, berries, and all other things that might serve for bird food in winter.

Do all trees lose their leaves in fall? The evergreens and some oaks retain them and thereby furnish shelter to certain birds. Mice are favorite food of certain owls and hawks; try to locate their runways and tunnels in the snow. What do mice feed on? What other animals are found in your locality in fall and winter.

We have the following interesting sketch from abroad from our president, Professor Wagner. It is instructive to note that though different nations may take different methods, the end is often the same. So in Germany we find a healthy, aggressive movement for the protection of nature in all her forms.—Ed.

One way for Raising Funds

One great and everlasting problem for those who are fighting for the welfare of the birds, is that of securing the funds that are always necessary for such work. There are probably plenty of people who would aid if they only understood the need. But how to find these people, and how to make them understand the need, that is a

real problem. A final and ideal solution has yet to be found.

To Americans a lottery is a forbidden and a criminal practice, and rightly so. But in Germany it is quite otherwise. In Bavaria for instance, a lottery is the normal method of raising money for any philanthropic purpose. The lottery is permitted for no other purpose, and each project must obtain a government permit, and must be carried on in a definitely prescribed way. If any man buys a ticket, he can, if he has any understanding of mathematics, figure out for himself what chance he has of winning anything, and what chance to win the Grand Prize which may be a very large sum of money. In both cases the chance is very slim, as we shall see.

The Bavarian society for the protection of birds is just now raising a large sum of money for this purpose, and every sign board in Muenich contains large yellow placards announcing this fact. The drawing will take place next week (November 6). There are 180,000 tickets to sell, but probably not all will be sold. In that case some of the prizes may fall on unsold tickets, to the further profit of the Society. The tickets sell for about twenty-five cents each, or about forty-five thousand dollars in all. There are sixty-seven hundred prizes in all, or about one for every twenty-nine tickets. The chief prize is five thousand dollars. Most of the prizes are only seventy-five cents each. It is easy to see that the chances for winning anything are very slim. It seems an odd way to raise money. Let us hope that the officers of the Wisconsin Audubon Society may never have to wish for the possibility of such a scheme for them.

Answers to Last Month's Bird Pictures

No. 1 represents either the downy or the hairy woodpecker,—they both have the same pattern of coloration and differ chiefly in size, the latter being much the larger. Several other woodpeckers bear a more or less general resemblance to these two, but downy and hairy are the only ones to have an unbroken white back.

No. 2 represents the horned lark, which is also represented in Wisconsin by its subspecies, the prairie horned lark. Probably the latter is the form more often met with. The two black horns, whence its name serve to distinguish it. Do not confuse this bird with the meadowlark which is closely related to the blackbirds.

No. 3 represents the white throat-ed sparrow. The conspicuous white throat is distinctive and also gives the species its name. A closely related sparrow, the white crowned, has an ashy throat, a more conspicuous white crown, and also lacks the yellow streak before the eye. This head possibly represents more nearly the white crowned in color value.

Non-Importation Law of Australia

The Minister for Trade and Customs of Australia has instituted inquiries into the enforcement of the law prohibiting importation of the plumage of certain birds into Australia, it having been reported that while every case of interdicted plumage goods brought to New South Wales is opened by the customs officials. there is every indication of great laxity in some of the States.

The Tariff Plumage Provision

The Tariff Bill signed by the President on October 3, 1913, which became a law immediately, contained the following provision:

Provided, That the importation of aigrettes, egret plumes, or so-called osprey plumes, and the feathers, quills, heads, wings, tails, skins, or parts of skins, of wild birds, either raw or manufactured, and not for scientific or educational purposes, is hereby prohibited; but this provision shall not apply to the feathers or plumes of ostriches, or to the feathers or plumes of domestic fowls of any kind.

This, it will be observed, is identical with the measure proposed by the bird protectionists. This result was attained only after a hard struggle, in which, at several stages, success seemed beyond hope.

The Plumage Bills in England

Two plumage bills have this year been introduced into the British Parliament. One of these proposes to prohibit the sale, hire, or exchange of the plumage or skin of any species of wild bird individuals of which have had their habitat during the whole or part of the year 'within any part of His Majesty's Dominions outside of the United Kingdom or in any British Protectorate or in the island of Cyprus.' The other, which is called the Hobhouse bill, after its introducer, and which seems to have been introduced later, proposes to prohibit importation of the plumage and skins of wild birds, excepting 'the plumage of wild birds ordinarily used as articles of diet and imported for that purpose.'

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VOL. XV

NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 3

A WORD FOR THE SWALLOW

France is, like all Latin countries, somewhat behind hand in the matter of bird protection, but the English Royal society for the Protection of Birds is doing her share to change that. The following editorial from the London Daily Mail is interesting enough in its contents, and charming enough in its style to be well worth reproducing here:

George Wagner.

“Political understandings often have results not included in the original schemes of those who brought them about. Just at present France and England are happily on terms of mutual good will, and the friends of one are of necessity the friends of the other. Our Foreign Office, doubtless mindful of this fact, and prompted by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, has lately taken the opportunity of a lull in European politics to say a good word to our neighbors for the swallow and his kind. Everyone will be glad to see the swallow admitted to the Entente Cordiale. A bird so loved on this side of the Channel deserves consideration on the other, and the government of the Republic, with its

usual courtesy, has promised to give the matter its immediate attention. Not a moment too soon are we interesting ourselves in the fortunes of the charming migrants during those double pilgrimages which it makes each year, northward in spring and southward in autumn. With us the swallow is safe enough; poets and lovers of the country have long ago thrown the aegis of sentiment round about “the sea-blue bird of March.” It comes to us in the time of daffodils and primroses; it is the emblem of an awakening season, the associate of returning sunshine and flower-bestrewn hedges. It is the spirit of the country lanes and meadows at the most beautiful time of the year, and none ceases to marvel at that wonderful instinct which brings the identical birds, the same co-mates of previous summers, from far-away Egyptian temples, unfailingly to some well-known English cottage porch. The swallow carries good luck with it; even the hand of the egg-collecting urchin is stayed where it is concerned; the villager who destroys a nest is a graceless member of society, one unworthy of the trust the swallow has placed in his

hospitality. Delicate and graceful in form absolutely harmless in its life, everyone knows the services which the swallow performs in return for the protection it claims amongst us. But the trouble is that our neighbors' appreciation of the bird takes another direction. To them it represents, in common with almost everything else that wears feathers, something which can be captured, especially during the seasons of migration, with little difficulty, and afterwards may be made to contribute a toothsome item to a pie or stew. It is shocking, but nevertheless a fact, and in spring and autumn anyone may see in the French market-places scores and hundreds of luckless little birds, swallows, chaffinches, robins, sparrows, indiscriminately strung up by their necks and offered for sale at a few pence a dozen.

The result of course, is that small birds are non-existent in French towns, and far scarcer in the country districts than in England. This is bad for French agriculture, for corn and vines and every kind of crop; for, although it is true that a great many birds take a modest share of the agriculturist's harvest, yet it is equally certain that at other seasons they more than repay these depredations by the amount of harmful insect life they destroy. Swallows are an especially easy victim to the French fowler who caters for the market. On their northward migrations in spring they cross the Mediterranean in a steady stream, flying low over the surface of the water, and the French Sportsman, knowing this habit, erects miles of fine netting, supported on light poles, along the beach. Into this snare the weary birds plunge

headlong, the net collapses over them, and the fowler and his assistants are kept busy running up and down the line extracting and strangling the unfortunate strangers. In Corsica and many other islands in the Mediterranean the brush-wood of the hillsides at certain seasons swarms with birds, which are netted and shot ruthlessly, their mangled bodies being afterwards tossed into wicker hampers and consigned to Marseilles and other centers, where plucked and disguised, they figure on many menus under more distinguished names than those which really belong to them. It is no good for England, or for Germany—which latter country has been honorably associated with her in this matter—to protect beautiful and harmless birds, if France, which lies across the path of their annual wanderings, destroys them wholesale. But if France and Italy join with us, then the fortunes of the swallow and its kindred would be mended, and agriculture in general greatly benefited. Almost every civilized country, recognizing that sentiment and human advantage go hand in hand in this matter, is falling into line with England, which has led the way in bird protecting; and is today rewarded by a wealth of feathered life such as no other country in Europe can boast of. But the swallow particularly needs guardianship at the present moment, and it is to be hoped that this will now be provided through the initiative of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds and a friendly exchange of opinions between the governments of the countries in which it makes its summer home."

A GOOD TIME

"Am I going hunting this season?"

Well, really, I may as well say,
That hunting is not on my program.
I have found a more excellent way.

I can see no sport in the killing
Of innocent creatures for fun,
And leave them wounded and bleeding
When the day of the shooting is done.

Am I then to have no vacation,
And miss the best time of my life?
Why bless you, you don't understand me!
I've planned to take baby and wife!

We'll roam o'er the hills and the valleys,
We will stroll o'er the meadows so fair;
We'll rest in the cool, shady forest,
With the dear little brothers of air.

And when we return to the city,
With faces and hearts all aglow,
We'll bring back some memory pictures—
They will last us a lifetime I know.

We'll find we've drawn nearer to Nature,
As along her sweet pathways we trod;
And loving the least of her creatures,
Somehow we'll have drawn closer to God.

Submitted to "By the Wayside"
By E. A. Cleasby.



BARK OF WHITE OAKS WITH ACORNS PLACED IN INTERSTICES BY RED-HEADED WOODPECKERS.

O. G. Libby, Madison, Wis.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

The official organ of the Wisconsin Audubon Society.

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Roland E. Kremers, Editor, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

Dr. Victor Kutchin, Secretary-Treasurer, Green Lake, Wis.

Owing to the increased cost of printing the subscription price of By the Wayside has been raised to fifty cents per year, with a special rate of forty cents to schools and libraries.

The Editor of By the Wayside wishes to receive from all observers all information obtainable on the distribution, numbers, and habits of the redheaded woodpeckers wintering in Wisconsin this year. Information regarding past years will be welcome also. If possible, the results will be published later. All data will be turned over to the Department of Zoology of the U. W., which has means of caring therefore.

We congratulate the Department of Zoology of the University on its decision to take up the work of studying the avifauna of our state. It is an undertaking in which it should have interested itself long ago, and doubtless it would have done so had the members of the staff had time therefore. It is to be hoped that success

will attend their efforts. Blanks will be sent to all who care to observe on application to Mr. A. R. Cahn, in care Zoology Dept., U. W.

One of the stumbling blocks which those who urge legislation to protect birds frequently encounter is the argument that other states do not always protect the birds whose range is not local. This may be epitomized as the "what is the use?" argument. How this often works out is shown by the case of the Bobolink. To quote from Mr. Forbush's Firth. Ann. Rep.,—Mr. J. H. Rice, Jr., chief game warden of South Carolina says:

"The destructiveness of the bobolink to rice I do not question, but I deny the necessity of killing them, and assert of my own knowledge that the birds were *never killed to prevent the destruction of rice, but for market*. Thus we see under what guise at the present time at least the slaughter of the bobolinks, and it is wholesale, is fostered. Rice growing in South Carolina is now a negligible industry because the rice-field negro is one of the most shiftless types of his race. He would rather shoot "reed birds" than work. The traffic in bobolinks must be stopped, for the species is being sadly depleted in the eastern states. Indeed, the bobolink industry is already following the rice industry because there are not enough bobolinks left to make it pay at a dollar for a dozen birds! It is about time that the facts become more widely known and all who can are urged to read Mr. Forbush's review in his Fifth Annual Report.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of **BY THE WAYSIDE**

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary A. Hardman, Academy of Sciences, Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

Wisconsin parties should apply to the University Extension Division, Madison, for colored bird slides. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

The Redheaded Woodpecker

The redheaded woodpecker is doubtless one of your summer friends, for you need no other introduction to him than his name; he is all that it says and nothing more. Perhaps you have not met him as often in winter. At least we who live in the vicinity of Madison, Wisconsin, do not often see him in this season. The older ornithologists tell us that this bird is increasing gradually yet markedly. In summer it was found none too frequently and in winter scarcely at all. Now we find it everywhere in summer and frequently in winter.

In this vicinity we occasionally get reports of the presence of individuals during the winter, but it is an unusual occurrence to find them almost wherever you look for them. You will doubtless wish to know why this is. A

plausible explanation seems to be as follows:

The redheaded woodpecker has in common with other members of his genus a strong liking for acorns and beechnuts. This is shown by observation, for it has been noted that in years when mast was abundant the redheads remained in unusual numbers. That is just what has happened this year. Last fall the oaks were loaded with an abundant yield of acorns. Apparently the birds took notice of this fact and have remained here in unusual numbers.

Not only is this an interesting example of how some birds will remain in localities which they ordinarily leave when nothing more than an unusual abundance of a favorite food seems to cause them to do so, but also we note some very instructive relations. You will remember that oaks do not retain their acorns over winter as some do their leaves, so that if the woodpeckers did not take precautions, they would soon find their food under the snow beyond their reach. This, however, does not bother the redheads, for they have learned to hoard nuts just as the squirrels do.

All fall the redheads in our neighborhood have been storing acorns and we have had much pleasure watching them go back and forth to gather and to deposit their food supply for the winter. All conceivable nooks and corners are employed. Now it is a cavity in a tree which they fill, now the furrows in the bark of a burr-oak; per-

chance they drill holes in some limb in which they wedge the acorns; or if they be in the vicinity of dwellings, the cracks and crevices of posts, discarded boxes, or a loosened shingle serve them as repositories.

It seems, too, as though the individual woodpeckers have their favorite perch for eating their acorns, their dinner table as it were. For instance we very frequently have seen a woodpecker engaged in opening acorns in a certain tree whose crown has been cut off, thus affording a comparatively flat space, wherein an acorn can be lodged and easily disposed of. Two instances of telephone posts serving as tables have been noted.

Elaborate as these preparations for winter are, yet the cunning of the red-heads is not sufficient to prevent their hoards from becoming the store-houses of other birds as well. The blue-jays for instance have discovered that the acorns of the woodpeckers is just as good food for them. Indeed, like the bright school boy who will spend many more hours to elaborate a skillful pony than it would be necessary for him to learn his lessons honorably, we may suspect these roguish fellows of the bird kingdom of taking peculiar delight in despoiling their inoffensive neighbors instead of going about their own business. This often leads to quarrels and I am sorry to say that the redhead is not always able to hold his own. If a single jay be caught, his cries soon attract his fellows, but the woodpecker can seldom summon help so readily.

In conclusion we wish to ask our readers to keep their eyes open for Mr. Redhead. He is quiet now and his

rasping cry will no longer attract your attention so you will have to look for him. The editor wishes that all who can will write their observations to *By the Wayside*. The presence of so many redheaded woodpeckers this winter is unusual for Madison and its vicinity. If it is unusual elsewhere we want to know it, and if not, we want to know that also. Let us make it the occasion for getting together as much as possible of our knowledge of the redheaded woodpeckers occurrence, range, and habits in winter in the state of Wisconsin.

Suggestions to Teachers

The winter months though seemingly barren of material for interesting study, present a field for study so different that many people think there are no birds around so what is the use of studying. Then too, it is not as easy to go afield on a cold winter day when the snow lies deep on the ground. Furthermore, the birds are not as numerous as at other seasons, so it often happens that people get discouraged because they do not return with as big a list as they like to have. But then for what after all is it that we study birds? Is it not primarily for the pleasure we derive therefrom and for the knowledge we have of the birds' behavior, adaptations, food and habitat. These are by no means all the subjects, but surely a list of species is only a means to an end; so let us not be disheartened by the few birds we find in winter.

One of the first things to do in bird study and in other sciences as well is to try to learn something of the sys-

tems of classification and nomenclature employed. Right here is a use for lists of species. If the pupils are already familiar with some winter birds, have them make a list of such species. Then take any descriptive bird guide such as Chapman's Birds of N. E. United States, Cory's Birds of Illinois and Wisconsin, Reed's Bird guide, and write after each bird the family to which it belongs; then arrange the families in the order in which they come in your guide and under each family place the names of those birds known. In this way it will become apparent what birds are related to each other. A step farther would be to group the families together under the larger divisions known as orders. In the lower grades the pupils would not be ready to grasp the significance of such work. Their instruction should therefore be very elemental in this respect. All that is desirable is to take a few easily known winter birds and tell them something of the habits of related species and in that way to indicate something of the larger groups of birds.

In the grammar grades, however, the pupils should be able to comprehend the elements of classification. Have them by the use of pictures or printed descriptions pick out distinctive characteristics first of the orders, then the families, and lastly the species. In other words, have them make their own artificial keys or systems of classification. It makes little difference what characters are used so long as the keys are workable. Thus, for instance, you could not distinguish between ducks and gulls by saying that the gulls were aquatic and the ducks web-

footed, for both statements apply to each family; but the distinction that gulls have round, hooked bills and that ducks have flat bills that are not prominently hooked will separate the two families.

If instead of structural differences as the above characters based on habitat, song, manner of obtaining food, habits of migration, or any other character be chosen as the basis for your classification, some notion as to the diversity of birds' habits and behavior may be learned. In fact, so important is the matter of classification and of learning to classify that we venture to state that it should occupy one of the foremost places in nature study of any sort. That is because so many things depend on the various classifications for their successful pursuit.

Summary:

1. Make a list of the winter birds you already know.

2. Use this list according as the abilities and interests of your pupils admit in any or all of the following ways:

To teach the classification of birds.

As a starting point for learning more birds by filling out the families with the names of species known to occur in your locality as *you* identify them.

To teach habitats etc. by using appropriate characters for your key.

To teach migration by making it the basis of a classification based upon records of species in summer, fall, winter and spring respectively.

Suggestions for nature study not related to birds:

Start an aquarium, even a mason jar will do very well for a vessel, by gathering a few algae and aquatic plants

which you will be almost sure to find in any open spring. If you have only either plant or animal life, you will have to change the water frequently. If you have both you can balance the one against the other so that change of water is not necessary. For animal life aquatic snails, minnows, or tadpoles will do.

Cocoons of moths and butterflies may be gathered and placed about the room to hatch in spring.

Flowers in the room or house plants may be made the subject of interesting studies. Out of doors the conifers are an excellent group of trees for study.

“It is not a wholesome spectacle for our children during their summer vacations on the beaches to see full-grown men shooting harmless little birds.”—Forbush Fifth Ann. Rep.

“At home, in Norway, we do not murder any of our song birds. Our children have for years banded themselves together in clubs to protect the birds’ nests. But what we gain in this for our fields, gardens, and woods, is as nothing in comparison with what we gain for the education of our children in weaning them from cruelty and making them the protectors of the little birds. It teaches them to control their feelings and awakens enthusiasm for worthy causes. Their love of destruction we change to magnanimity. In Norway it is the school that teaches children their duty to song birds, and

in the schools they form their societies for bird protection.”—Bjornson.

The fifth annual report of the Ornithologist for the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture is an interesting document as are all reports by Mr. Forbush. In Massachusetts the authorities have realized that the mere enactment of good game laws even though well enforced is not enough. To make them a success there must exist a healthy public sentiment in their favor. This the authorities are trying to build up. We note that Mr. Forbush delivered forty-one lectures in the year 1912. In addition, pamphlets on important subjects are distributed. And above all, Massachusetts through Mr. Forbush has issued two splendid treatises of a more comprehensive nature,—*useful Birds and their Protection*,” and “*A History of Game Birds, Wild Fowl, and Shore Birds*.”

We note that educational work is being done in the schools, which we believe to be one of the surest ways of attaining success in the matter of bird preservation.

Hunting with a pure desire to kill seems to be just as bad in New England as here and the foreigners also cause as much if not more mischief in the east by their ceaseless destruction of song birds by shooting, snaring, and other devices. The evidence now seems to be conclusive that even what we ordinarily term “protection” is effective in increasing at least locally the abundance of wintering wild fowl in New England.

By The Wayside

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DECEMBER, 1913

No. 4

A DIFFERENT BLACKBIRD

By George Wagner

Have you ever met some one on the street who looked strangely familiar, yet of whom you felt certain that you had never seen him before? I have, many times, but never in so interesting a form as recently in that beautiful Munich park known as the English garden. The stranger was a bird, a black bird, yet not quite a blackbird. Somehow it seemed to me that his swagger way, his short but merry chirp, his wellfed roundness, were familiar, and yet he was no bird that ever occurred in my own country. The next week I saw him again, with his wife (as she evidently was) way up the magnificent valley of the Isar, "rolling rapidly" (Remember the poem?). I watched them until I saw one of them suddenly grab a worm. "Why, if you were not so like a chimney sweep, I'd say you are a robin," I said to myself, and then it dawned upon me. He was like our good old robin, in everything but color. His flight, his round shape, his size, his manner of running over the ground and of deftly catching worms, all were the same; even (in a manner) the difference between man and wife. For he was glossy black, she wore a sooty

grey, yet the difference was not great. Of course I looked him up in my book of German birds. The Germans call him *Amsel* or *Schwarzdrossel*, and he is about as close a relative of our robin as can be found. No wonder he looked familiar. The English call him blackbird, but he has nothing to do with our blackbirds whatever.

The *Amsel* is found over most of Europe, central Asia and north Africa. In all but the most northern regions and the Alps, he stays throughout the year. Like our robin he has left his native forest, and has come to live as the close friend and neighbor of man. Like our robin also, he lives mainly on worms and insects, but when berries are ripe, he demands his fair share. Why not? He's earned them. He has been *accused* of throwing young birds out of their nests, but has not been convicted of the crime as yet.

The nest is much like that of the robin, rather coarse, and in it are laid and hatched four to six blue green eggs, spotted with rusty brown. And as with our robin, two (sometimes) even three broods are hatched during a season.

SOME FOREIGN COMMENT

As was to be expected, the great forward step taken by the United States in forbidding plumage importation, gave new courage to the friends of such a move in other countries. The following clipping, taken from a recent London Daily Mail, shows how quickly the English have revived this idea, on which, be it said to their credit, they have worked more than once before:

CRUELTY AND PERIL OF PLUMAGE TRADE.

Sir Harry Johnston, the famous traveller, presided yesterday at a meeting in support of a bill to close British ports and British markets to the skins and plumes of certain birds. The meeting was held at the Whitehall rooms.

Sir Harry said if there were no insects, ticks, molluses and worms to carry the germs from plant to plant or from the blood of one animal to that of another, about two-thirds of the world's diseases would come to an end. Nearly all the rare and beautiful birds they wished to preserve were insect eaters.

"Plumage hunters," he continued, "who work for the great plumage trading houses of England, Holland, Belgium, France, and Japan, and formerly in the United States (where a prohibitory Act is now in force), obtain these skins for the most part that they may be sold in civilized countries as decorations for the heads, and dress trim-

gings of rich and thoughtless women. Women would look just as beautiful and appear infinitely wiser and better educated, if they did without these adornments. They should limit their choice to the feathers of the immense variety of birds and skins or plumes of which will not be excluded by the proposed bill."

Mr. James Buckland said that if birds, which were the natural enemies of forest insects, were annihilated every tree would perish, and man would be powerless to prevent the calamity. Yet the plumage trade was reaching out its tentacles into the innermost recesses of the forests of the world, and drawing in the skins of every one of these feathered guardians. A matter of very grave concern was the enormous number of fly-catching and parasite-eating birds that were being killed annually for their plumage in central Africa. In a warm country the kingfisher fed almost entirely on insects, of which it ate 150 a day, and that the skins of 216,660 kingfishers should be offered at the last six London feather sales was asking for trouble.

During the past 12 months the figures of some of the species sold were:

Crowned pigeons, 21,318; macaw wings, 5,794 pairs; quills of the white crane, 20,715; humming birds, 4,112;

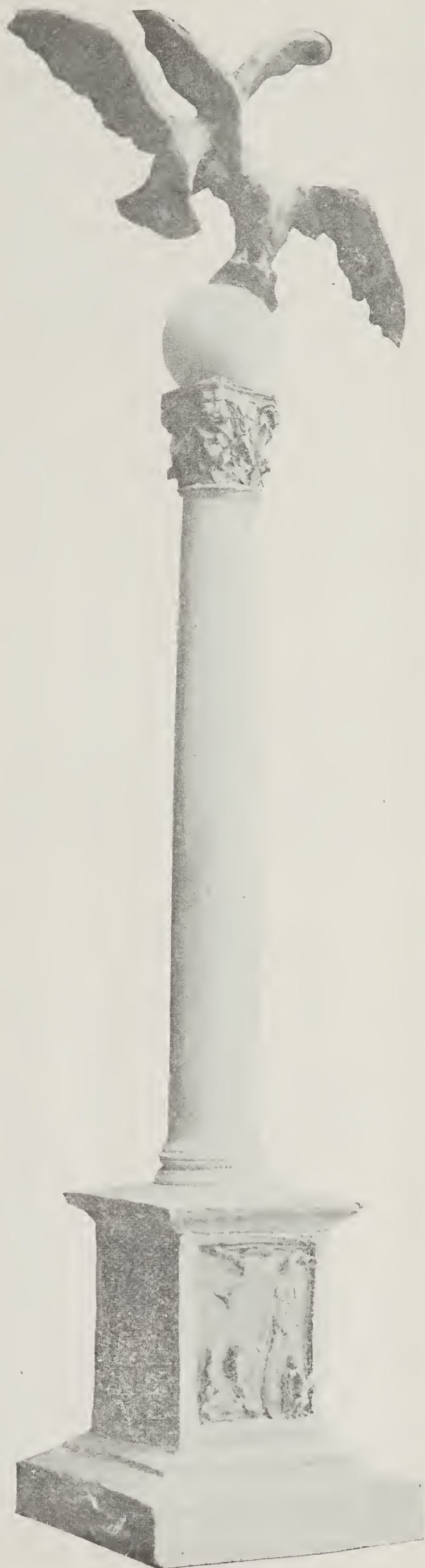
Great Britain, said Mr. Buckland, could do a noble deed by freeing the bird from the clutches of greed.

What About the Sea Gulls' New Year?

Through the courtesy of Collier's Weekly we take pleasure in presenting to our readers a model of the monument erected in honor of the California Gulls who saved the first crops, 1848, of the Mormons from the devastating black crickets as referred to by the editor in the issue of Dec., 1911. Mr. Brann's article in Jan., 1912, on the habits of the Herring Gull about its breeding grounds on Gravel Island, made a Federal Reserve by Pres. Taft's signature to an Executive Order, Jan. 9, 1913, and my own "Plea" published in the Feb., 1912 issue has sufficiently introduced readers of *By the Wayside* to this most common white sea-gull of Wisconsin. Now that more than three islands are now under Federal protection as gull rookeries in this State, it is time to sound the alarm that these useful scavenger, insectivorous and rodent-catching birds are in danger of starvation every winter, when the cold becomes so intense as to freeze over large stretches of Lake Michigan.

Already private enterprise has taken a hand in feeding these birds at many of our lake ports. We wish to call upon more of our Audubon members to interest their town and city mayors along the Great Lakes and Rivers in the wisdom of placing garbage on the ice or along shore with the beginning of zero weather. They are easily satisfied: not since the Irishman's little black pig has a more accommodating garbage disposal plant been placed at the disposition of mankind. Get your police advised of their duties to stop all shooting of these birds within town limits. That is their job not the Game Warden's.

A. C. Burrill.



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Dr. Victor Kutchin, Secretary-Treasurer, Green Lake, Wis.

The same old story---we need more members.

The editor of *By the Wayside* is desirous of collecting all available information on the occurrence, distribution, and habits of the Red-headed Woodpecker in Wisconsin during the winter months. If you have any information let us hear from you.

Legal Protection.

We are often confronted with the question, what good do all the laws do which we are continually enacting for the protection of our avifauna. And this question is given point by apparently increasing scarcity of certain species. In the attempt to explain this anomalous situation two suppositions are put forward. It is argued either that the laws are not good, or that they are of no avail in any event. And there is a good deal of truth in both

contentions. It is often also pointed out with great force that these laws will be of no value as long as there is no determined public opinion in their favor. While it is true that public opinion is not what we wish it might be, and while laws alone now matter how perfect will never solve the situation, yet we believe that there is a place for statutory protection.

In the first place, there are many people who will give up what we consider practices injurious to the welfare of the birds if there is a law forbidding them. Secondly, a good law on the statute books is a weapon in our favor, for there are those who, tho they may be but slightly interested personally, will side with us on the ethical question of law enforcement. More important results, tho based on those above, are the uniformity of regulations and the suppression of certain practices which public opinion finds it very difficult to bring about. In these two particulars we have made considerable progress of late in this country. The Weeks-McLean Bill and the regulations issued by the Bureau of Biological Survey are models at least in this country. As an example of the suppression of undesirable practices, we would cite the Tariff Proviso putting an end to Plume Traffic. Powerful as was public sentiment in this case, it was not nearly strong enough to stop the wearing of aigrettes and the like until it expressed itself as a law. What importance European Bird Lovers attach to these legal achievements we will show elsewhere.

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THE BIRD OF THE MONTH

The Herring Gull.

Inasmuch as Mr. Burrill is asking us to care for the Herring Gull especially in winter by feeding it, let us become a little better acquainted if possible with this beautiful bird. Of course not only the herring gull, but all other birds and all plants and animals as well have a beauty which can be and is appreciated by those who have become familiar enough with living things. But this bird is one of the creatures which appeals even to a person who is not fond of animals. It is a large bird, easily seen and not very shy if it is not annoyed. When fed and protected it will become rather tame. Indeed, the sailors whose ships it follows and who feed it the refuse from the kitchen become very fond of the birds and consider them as tokens of good fortune. And why shouldn't

they? The gulls often follow the ships far from land and are the only living things to be seen on the wide expanse of the ocean. The bright plumage makes them pretty to look upon: the pure white of the underparts; the pearl of the upper parts or mantle as it is called because when they are resting lightly on the water the darker shade gives the appearance of a mantle worn on the back: the broad white tail; the gracefully formed pure white head; all are resplendent in the bright sunlight against the dark waves and foaming white caps on a clear brisk day. Now they will circle over the steamer searching every corner of the deck; at such close range we may see clearly their powerful, hooked, bright waxen yellow beak and their carmine feet held close to the body. Now they will fly in a flock at some distance seeking to find food. Or again they will lazily follow in the wake and at such times they will often show you what easy work it is to soar. They simply make themselves comfortable, spread their wings and glide along, tilting occasionally now this way now that as some breeze disturbs their balance slightly, but never once flapping their wings. Don't you wish you might move as gracefully? Some of the herring gulls' relatives, the albatrosses, are still more expert and have been known to soar for hours without apparently moving their wings. Just how they do it, we don't know, but we feel rather certain that their large wings and powerful wing muscles have something to do with it. If there is a lake near your home, watch this

spring for the gulls, for they will be back as soon as the ice breaks. Try to see one soar,—it is a pretty sight. And just think, there are women in this country and elsewhere who would be willing to have these birds killed for the sake of being able to wear one of their wings on a hat!

Suggestions to Teachers

As was pointed out in the November issue, systematic ornithology is fundamental to the study of bird habits, especially such as pertain to distribution, habitat, and the like. It is also true that when some of these problems have been worked out that we can use them to teach classification. So we shall attempt to present in this and following numbers a scheme based as largely as possible on habits, habitat, color and form rather than on smaller details of structure and anatomy. This we do not with any idea of superseding systems which include the latter characters, but rather with the idea of enabling beginners to more readily familiarize themselves with the larger groups of birds.

Before proceeding farther, we should get clearly in mind the limits of the proposed scheme. In the first place, while it is intended to cover Wisconsin birds only, it is needless to point out that this classification will apply equally well in regions of very nearly the same avifauna. Also, we want to emphasize the fact that only the more important groups will be included. Likewise no attempt whatsoever will be made to classify species or even genera,—this will be left to the individual to work out from his bird books.

Let us consider first of all what a bird is. The definition of a bird is very simple; it is this: a bird is any animal that has feathers. If we want to characterize them further, we can truthfully say that birds are vertebrates; are warm-blooded; have the hind pair of limbs adapted to walking, swimming, perching, and the like; usually have wings; and so we might name many more characteristics of the group.

With this brief sketch of the structure of birds, let us pass on to a consideration of their habitats and activities. If you will mentally review the birds you know you will find that each one has a more or less definite set of surroundings among which it is found. Correlated with these surroundings are certain characteristics which enable the bird to live there. For example: the chicken which lives on the ground has strong legs and toes which it uses to scratch for food; the woodpecker has strong claws and a stout bill which can cling to bark and drill into wood. This is what may be called the correspondence of adaptation and habitat. Hence we may use a bird's habits and habitat as a basis for classification.

The larger divisions of the following scheme of classification are based on differences in habitat. Tho birds were original entirely terrestrial, as is shown by the fact that all return to land to breed, many have secondarily changed their habitat. Thus we speak of aquatic birds, marsh birds, and land birds; it would be more correct, however, to call them water loving birds, marsh loving birds, and land loving birds. Altho we could subdivide still further, it is considered expedient to use only these

three groups as a basis for division. We would then group the chief orders occurring in the northern United States as follows:

I. Water-loving birds:

- (a) Pygopodes
- (b) Longipennes
- (c) Anseres

II. Marsh-loving birds:

- (a) Herodiones
- (b) Paludicolae
- (c) Limicolae

III. Land-loving birds:

- (a) Gallinae
- (b) Columbae
- (c) Raptores
- (d) Cocyges
- (e) Pici
- (f) Macrochires
- (g) Passeres

Let us consider group I a little more closely. The birds placed under these three orders typically obtain their food from bodies of open water, either from the surface or below it, or objects which have been washed ashore. Because of the convenience it affords to aquatic habits, these birds all have webbed feet. The power of diving is somewhat variously developed. Further classification may be made as follows:

A. More or less expert divers:

- (1) Pygopodes—expert divers comprising the loons and grebes. Plumage dull colored on the whole.
- (2) Anseres—duck-like birds comprising the ducks and geese. Ability to dive various, plumage often bright in the males at least.

AA. Not characteristically diving birds:

- (1) Longipennes comprising the gulls and terns. Characteristically white birds, usually pure white below in mating plumage, pearl gray or slightly darker above; head or tips of wings often show areas of black.

Exception: The black tern whose head and body is jet black. It has however, a slate gray mantle. It is nearly white in fall and immature plumage.

Note: The terns are not typically swimming birds, yet they possess webbed feet and are very similar to the gulls. They are seldom found away from open water and secure their food by darting down and seizing it from near the surface of the water.

An Historical Sketch

A. C. Burrill.

Do you know, the year 1913 was one of the most momentous in the protection of our native birds in the history of this nation, aye, in the history of this very state we live in. Let me enumerate:

January 9. The president signed the executive order creating a federal bird reserve in Wisconsin, Gravel Island reserve and adjacent islands for sea gulls, etc.—the first national reserve requested by the people of this state through its conservation commission. You recall that Ex-President Roosevelt created twice as many bird reserves as all

the presidents before him, up to about 50. The number of federal bird reserves is now (July, 1913) 64.

March 4. The president signed the McLean bill to protect *all* migratory birds, to prohibit *all* spring shooting and *all* night hunting everywhere in the United States.

May 9. Our legislature passed a law (No. 37S, now Chap. 73, Sect. 1498 a & b) requiring deputies of the state game warden's department to educate the citizens of this state on the conservation of fish and game. The state warden now has a board of lecturers.

May 14. Our legislature sent a Joint Resolution (introduced at my request by Capt. Larsen of Marinette) to congress calling for the establishment of bird reserves on all the vacant islands of the Great Lakes which are not privately owned.

June 21. Our legislature passed an annual appropriation of \$20,000, (No. 206S, now Chap. 528, Sect. 1498—25) requiring the game warden to propagate our native game birds in suitable parts of the state. This work begins this spring.

September 1. State forester Griffith decreed that all state parks should be henceforth closed to hunting at all seasons, thus making them the first Wisconsin *state* bird reserve,—thus saving them to the enjoyment of all the people:

Audubon Wild Life Refuge No. 1 Interstate Park, St. Croix Falls.

Audubon Wild Life Refuge No. 2 Marquette Park, below Prairie du Chien.

Audubon Wild Life Refuge No. 3 Devil's Lake Park, Devil's Lake.

Audubon Wild Life Refuge No. 4

Peninsula Park, Fish Creek, Door Co.

Audubon Wild Life Refuge No. 5 Brule Park, Douglas Co.

Audubon Wild Life Refuge No. 6 University Grounds.

And what are we going to do with this university refuge? We hope to make it a demonstration reserve for encouraging similar nature reserves all over the state. Do you know, Kaiser Wilhelm gave 50,000 marks (\$12,500) the other day to the German society for the establishment of nature preserves?

October 1. President Wilson signed at noon the regulations for administering the McLean law.

October 3. President Wilson signed the federal tariff law stopping the importation of egret plumes and parts of any wild birds not for scientific or school study, admitting only ostrich plumes or feathers of domestic fowl.

October 16. Our university president, Dr. Van Hise, and the deans, following my suggestions, ordered the closing of the 1,000 acre domain to hunting or rifling of any kind of its natural treasures, the grounds being posted during the November hunting season, and patrolled under the direction of the State Game Warden, beginning Dec. 1.

Dec. 5. The Wisconsin Audubon Society voted to appeal to the citizens of this State to establish Bird and Game Refuges on private property in every county of this state, whether of an acre or of a square mile in area. The same night, the annual meeting of the Wis. Fish & Game Protective & Propagation League in the Assembly Chamber of the Capitol, endorsed the move and pledged to cooperate.

By The Wayside

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No. 5

AN INTERESTING BLUE BIRD FAMILY

By L. Claude

Near our home, there is a little plum thicket much beloved by bluebirds, and on the 26th of May, I saw a pair of blue birds near a hollow plum stub; they were caroling and talking to each other after the manner of happy blue birds and as the nest was still empty, it seemed as though they were congratulating each other on having just finished it.

On the 28th there were three eggs in the nest; it was evidently the second brood as it was so late in the season. Now that the eggs were laid, the blue birds were very quiet, going to the nest and leaving it in silence.

On the 13th of June, the young were hatched and the parents were busy attending to their wants. On the 17th, I noticed that when the male bird came to feed the nestlings, he was followed by a fully fledged young blue bird, and the latter joined his father in scolding me so severely, that they soon had an interesting audience of all the birds in the neighborhood, who were not too busy to come.

When I came to visit the blue birds nest the next time, the male bird was followed by the same nestling, and the nestling held a worm in its beak. This

seemed rather unusual, as young birds are apt to swallow their food promptly. The next day he appeared again with an insect; this time the little fellow came to the nest and leaning in, fed the young ones, then lingered looking in, as the old birds do. He was still very young himself, and when he came next time, evidently intending to feed the little ones, he uttered the low chattering notes used only by young birds, and finally went away without giving up his food. He was not as much afraid of me as his parents, though he watched me intently, and once when his mother was afraid to feed the nestlings, he bravely came and did it.

I soon saw that this young bird was learning to feed the other nestlings regularly; though he was rather awkward about getting to the nest, and always had to hunt for a good place to alight when he came to it, instead of going directly to a certain spot as his parents did.

The second day after I had first seen the young bird feeding the nestlings, he was working as regularly as his parents, feeding the young and cleaning the nest just as they did, except that

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THE U. S. A. TARIFF BILL*

Numerous letters received during the last three months of 1913 from foreign correspondents, and from articles which have appeared in Continental newspapers, are strong evidence of the feeling which is quickly growing in civilized lands with regard to the traffic in birds' skins and feathers.

Germany.

Professor C. G. Schillings, the distinguished naturalist, author of "With Flashlight and Rifle" and "In Darkest Africa," says:

"The United States has found the only satisfactory solution of this question. Only direct prohibition will reach the core of the matter; all other measures would be an ineffective compromise. . . . We German friends of nature and of the birds, convinced too of the great economic importance of the latter, only wait anxiously that England, too, may get its Feather Importation law. *We certainly will follow.* If Australia, North America, England, and Germany close the market, the trade will die out. The movement is quite a young one in Germany. England has had it for years and years; so you understand we cannot lead. You cannot expect this. Please publish that Germany follows. England! Then comes Germany! My new little book dealing strongly with the question is coming out in a few weeks."

Professor Schillings is not without high authority in thus speaking.

From the German Bund für Vogelschutz, Baroness Rotberg writes:—

"We are much in favour of your

Bill; it is more than probable that if it pass we shall secure prohibition in Germany. We are not going to make any concession to the trade, thinking it better to have no law at all than an insufficient one allowing the sale of many kinds of plumage to proceed as before. . . . Prohibition in England will most assuredly *not* spread the trade to the Continent. The fashion is sure to change, because France simply cannot do without the American and English markets."

At the annual meeting of the Society for Medical and Scientific Research (Versammlung Deutscher Aerzte und Naturforscher), the most important scientific society of Germany, a resolution was passed asking the government to bring in a bill prohibiting the importation of feathers of wild birds.

More significant still, perhaps, is the voice of the German trade papers. The *Kölnische Zeitung* (Nov. 5) says:

"We surmise that the fashion for aigrettes has reached its end. Paris cannot hold its own unaided by the American and English markets. A change in the fashion is therefore imminent. France has already a new hat ready for the window, trimmed with flowers or ostrich feathers only. The wholesale hat and feather trade in Germany is doing its level best to continue the fashion for the Egret and is paying large sums for these plumes. But if Paris decrees their abolition, the feathers are bound to go down in value, and a catastrophe is inevitable. *German Fashion* (Oct. 26) says:

"Thanks to the prohibition of import into America and the coming Plumage

Bill in England, the end is at hand of the use of the Egret in fashionable millinery. The trade has taken notice of the change in a remarkably rapid way. Prices for Egrets and Birds-of-paradise, which a few weeks ago were of extraordinarily high, have sunk as much as 25 per cent."

Attention is also drawn by the German papers to the fact that ostrich feathers are not debarred by either the American law or the British Plumage Bill, and that consequently they will take the place of the prohibited plumes.

France.

The Société Protectrice des Animaux de Paris, at its meeting on Sept. 18th, sent its heartfelt congratulations to those who have conducted the energetic and successful campaign in the United States, adding:

"The meeting hears the call made upon France by Dr. Hornaday for similar action, and relies upon the Société Protectrice des Animaux de Paris to begin at once a campaign to secure in France the same victory."

In a discussion at the Academy of Sciences, Paris, the principal argument put forward for the trade was that of the number of women said to be employed in France who, it was argued, would be thrown out of work. M. Perrier, Director of the Natural History Museum, protested strongly against the destruction of birds. As for the workpeople, 30,000 women employed in the artificial flower trade had been months out of work owing to the aigrette craze. He begged the Academy to decline the trade offer of

£400 for the best method of domesticating egrets in farms. It was a mere blind to gain time; everyone knew that these birds could not be domesticated.

In an article in *Le Chenil* (Nov. 13), the organ of the Jardin Zoologique d'Acclimatation, on the new American law, M. Pichot says:

"In view of the introduction of the British Bill, the feather-trade fire their last shot by organizing a Committee, calling itself independent, for the Economic Protection of Birds. The word *Exploitation* would, perhaps, better define the object of this new association, which, patronised by the London Chamber of Commerce, begins again an enquiry already made a thousand times into the status of the Avifauna of different countries, and proposes to encourage the domestication of wild species. In France the trade, feeling the coming storm, seeks to organise a league for which it solicits the patronage of certain scientific notabilities. There is no objection to that provided it is not made to cover the traffic. But that is the nice point, because the traders have sought so much to mislead public opinion by inaccurate assertions, that one must mistrust so sudden a conversion to the idea of protection."

The trade are working hard to form a similar Committee for Scientific "Exploitation" in France. M. Edmond Perrier, Director of the Natural History Museum and President of the Acclimatization Society, M. Debreuil, Secretary of the Society, Dr. Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, and many other eminent

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BY THE WAYSIDE

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Roland E. Kremers, Editor, 1720 Vilas St., Madison, Wis.

Dr. Victor Kutchin, Secretary-Treasurer, Green Lake, Wis.

A Name

In the Audubon literature of the day we are meeting ever more frequently with the idea that areas ought to be set aside where Nature may work her will hindered as little as possible by the influence of human activities. Sometimes the idea is a little different; some think we ought even encourage certain forms and repress certain others,—perhaps we ought. According to the idea or fancy of the writer, these areas are given the names preserve, reserve, refuge, or sanctuary. For some reason, possibly it is only a whim, we prefer the term “sanctuary.” Somehow, the idea that these areas are sacred to the animals or plants for which they are set aside appeals to us as implying a more genuine and hearty sympathy with the true object in view.

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men of science, have, however, refused to allow their names to be used for such a purpose.

Holland.

Professor Swaen, President of the Amsterdam section of the Netherlands Bird Protection Society, writes:

“As regards the importation of feathers we are very active, and have been preparing the public for a favourable reception of a Bill to prohibit importation. I am quite convinced that if your Bill is passed we shall have a similar Bill introduced, with your example to point to; and I can give you the assurance that our Society will do its utmost to promote action in this direction.”

Dr. Kerbert, Director of the Royal Zoological Society of Amsterdam, writes to Dr. Hornaday (Nov. 14):

“We have received your letter about the destruction of valuable and beautiful wild birds for the millinery trade, and take pleasure in informing you that we fully agree with you on this point. . . . As we read in the foreword of your interesting book on ‘Our Vanishing Wild Life,’ this great battle for preservation and conservation cannot be won by gentle tones, nor by appeals to the aesthetic instincts, but it is necessary to establish the law.”

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary A. Hardman, Academy of Sciences, Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

Wisconsin parties should apply to the University Extension Division, Madison, for colored bird slides. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnell, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

"Dixie."

It was on a cold, dreary day in late November two years ago, that we first made "Dixie's" acquaintance. We had all been wishing that we could go to a warmer climate for the winter so we were quite surprised to have a visitor arrive from the South. Of course we were very glad to see her for guests from away were rare at that time of year. She was very attractive, and proved to be a most delightful guest. She never complained of the cold or seemed to miss the flowers and green leaves of her southern home. While she did not really say so, she made us feel that she had come from the South just to enjoy our hospitality.

It may not have been very polite to

nickname her "Dixie" on such short acquaintance but Mrs. Red-bellied Woodpecker seemed too long a name for every day use. Then too, it didn't seem to suit her very well for her belly was not red but buffy. She was really very fine looking, as she had a finely barred black and white back, soft gray breast, and a bright scarlet cap set back on her gray head. She made her relatives the Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers look quite plain. Perhaps it was a good thing that the Red-head family were all spending the winter in the South, for I am afraid they would have lost their place as the family beauties if compared with their handsome southern cousin.

We always watched eagerly for "Dixie's" visits to the lunch counter as we called the piece of suet tied to a tree in front of our windows. There seemed to be something wrong with the days when we did not see her. We have had many bird visitors but never a more interesting one than "Dixie." As the only one of her kind here she seemed to belong to us as much as our canary did. Every Red-bellied Woodpecker will always be "Dixie" to us and be loved for the sake of our winter guest. As she had come to us when the birds had nearly all gone in the fall, so she left us when they were returning from the South in the spring. We are still hoping that she will visit us again.

Donna Kutchin.

Nature Study

We are coming to realize that there is need of a broad knowledge of the common things that surround the home and the community. In the past we have spent time in the study of the silk worm, the coffee plant and things remote. The common things near at home as the potato beetle, the chickadee, the corn plant, are becoming subjects of study. The test of nature study is the knowledge of these common things.

Several counties are actually interesting the young people in growing good corn, cities encouraging the growing of beautiful flowers, communities providing for the welfare of birds and wild life. Even our State University is becoming active in providing for the welfare of its bird life and the preserving of its natural beauties. All this is practical nature study as it is along positive lines and necessitates the actual doing of things.

Nature study is not the study of text-books on nature, although text-books may prove serviceable aids. It is the actual study of the concrete material that is desired. In the study of the bird life the children should be led through observation to recognize the manner of life, its values and the necessity for its preservation. The same should be the plan in the study of the plant or the insect, and in these fields the wise teacher as well as pupil may discover and learn many valuable truths. To study the thing not the book alone, should be our aim.

Nature study ought to develop an interest in the things of nature, to cultivate a power of observation leading

to the habit of accurate investigation, and to give a fund of knowledge of the common things with which we daily come in contact. It ought to enrich our lives and the lives of those about us, and result in the actual doing of the things worth while. Let us work together and lead the young people to the great heart of nature, and nature's teachings, so that they may finally feel with the gifted Bryant, that;

"To him who in the *love of Nature* holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language."

E. A. Cleasby, Portage, Wis.

About the Redhead

Elkhorn, Wis., Feb. 4, 1914.

Mr. Roland E. Kremers,
Madison, Wis.

Dear Sir:—I just received my November copy of *By the Wayside* and have read the article about the red-headed woodpeckers. I live almost on the shores of Lauderdale Lakes, near Elkhorn, Wis., in Walworth county. The red heads have been very plentiful here all winter and come to my lunch counter every day. Just saw one this morning and the thermometer at 5 degrees below zero. I saw too, a male cow-bird this morning with some English sparrows. The red-headed woodpeckers have a nesting site near my home. There are several trees dead on one side from a fire burning a large building near them a few years ago. The woodpeckers have excavated large holes in these trees and I think at least twelve pairs nested there this past summer.

I took a Christmas census for Bird-

Lore December 20th. I saw I think four red heads that day and I do not think four days have passed this winter without me seeing two or more of them. Acorns were a heavy crop here. Just a few rods from the house the ground is literally covered with them even now. We have quite a lot of timber near us, mostly oaks, so I guess the Woodpeckers have fared unusually well. During my observations lasting over a period of seven years I have never seen the red-head in my vicinity during winter before. We have had a mild winter and I have seen wild geese in December, January and February. I also saw four Wilson snipe while taking the Christmas census, and a grackle. Scaup ducks were on the open waters of our lakes during the latter part of January, so you see we have a list of birds somewhat out of the ordinary.

Yours truly,
Lula Dunbar,

(Continued from p. 33)

he never showed their absolute certainty in arriving and departing; and though showing in every motion, how young he was, he seemed to feel the same responsibility that the old birds did,—scolding and even trying to drive away any strange birds that came near the nest, and always showing great courage. He was the most charming little creature imaginable, with his soft speckled plumage, his bright eyes and pretty brave air of responsibility.

The parents did not appear to pay him any attention, except that once, I thought the female showed a slight annoyance when he came too near her. He never begged his parents for food, as one sees young bluejays do, long after they look old enough to take care of themselves.

As the days went on, the little family in the plum thicket had their share of the trials that are so plentiful in the lives of birds. And one day I noticed



Sheboygan harbor: Water-fowl on open water where they are fed. Photo by H. C. Gruebner.

that a hole had been made in the stub, so that the feathers of the young ones in the nest showed, and there were feathers on the ground. The parents and the older nestling, were much excited, so I waited, and came back the next morning; all was quiet then as the providers were away gathering food. So I got up and found that something had made the hole and killed one of the nestlings. Fearing that all would die if the dead were left in the nest, I opened the hole a little with my knife and took out the dead nestling, afterward carefully covering the hole with strips of birch bark, so that the nest was safer than before, for there had been a dangerous crack in it.

While I was doing this, the old birds and other nestling, came back, and were much distressed by my interference. But I was careful not to let them see the dead nestling, and soon left them to settle down. After that all went well with them in spite of the alarms and excitements that make a bird's life so thrilling. And one day I saw the two nestlings leave the nest. The parents and the devoted older brother or sister, (unfortunately one could not tell which it was) were greatly excited over this event, and for some time before the youngones left the nest, the female had been calling to them and encouraging them to take their first flight.

I have never seen any other young bird feeding its brothers and sisters, though I have watched many families, and Mr. C. W. Beebe, author of "The Bird," is the only other person I know, who has seen it. If any readers of "By The Wayside," have been so fortunate as to observe anything of the kind, it would be a good thing to report it.

The Doves of St. Cajetan

Everyone has heard, of course, about the doves of the church of San Marco in Venice. Much less often does one hear of the doves of St. Cajetan in Munich. And yet they are quite as great an attraction. The church of St. Cajetan stands on one of the most prominent squares of Munich. It was built in the seventeenth century by the Princess Adelaide Henriette of Savoy, wife of Ferdinand, Elector of Bavaria. In its vaults lie the bodies of emperors and kings. At its chapels the new king and his family say their prayers. But in its steeples and under its eaves the doves have set up housekeeping, and no one forbids them. Across the street is a large triangular area kept free of wagon traffic, and where four days of every week, at noon, a large crowd gathers to hear the concert of the military band. Near by is the stand of a fruit huckster who also sells little bags of grain to people who are anxious to feed the doves. And there are always buyers. You may pass at any time of day, and you will always find someone with a large flock around him eagerly picking up the scattered kernels. But sweetest it is to see some little tot of three or four, with doves on shoulders and arms, with an admiring crowd of grown-ups forming a circle round about. Munich herself is very proud of these doves, and sees to it that they are not molested. Certainly there are places in our own country where doves could be similarly made an ornament of a city square or park.

George Wagner.

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No. 6

WINTERING IN HOOD RIVER, OREGON

(Some Further Notes)

Rebecca H. Kauffman

One fine morning, after the mysterious Chinook had come up the canyon of the Columbia and the snow had quite disappeared in the Lower Valley under its warm touch, an errand took me up Oak street. Suddenly almost directly in front of me a large flock of birds, possibly two hundred, alighted among the bare branches of a big tree (the Oregon oak), that stood by the edge of the sidewalk. I recognized them at once. They were evening grosbeaks. Later in the day, a bird lover whose home is near this oak tree, told me he had seen these birds for several weeks. The next morning a sharp wind was blowing, but in spite of this, a friend from Minneapolis accompanied me to look for them. No grosbeaks to be seen or heard anywhere on Oak street, though the maple trees still hung thick with heavy pods of seed. We followed the sidewalk to the head of the avenue, where it ended in a small tract of land set with cherry trees. Delicious cherries (pink-cheeked Royal Anns) these trees had borne the last June, as we two, *mit unseren Herren*, could attest, as the tract had been for sale and a "real estate man" had

taken us all up to look it over and to see the snow-crowned Mt. Adams across the Columbia river on the Washington side, forty miles away! On this tract we espied the evening grosbeaks, their black and golden coats glowing in the bright morning sunshine, as they flitted from tree to tree and dropped down to the ground in their eagerness to appease their appetites with the unpicked cherries nature had evaporated for their use, keeping up all the while as they ate a friendly chatter and murmur of delight.

Later in the morning, we saw other groups of evening grosbeaks up on "The Heights," some of them sitting on the steps leading down to the part of the city on the river level, and all so tame, as were those among the cherries, allowing us to be near them with scarcely a sign of fear.

Mr. William Rogers Lord, in "The Birds of Oregon and Washington," says, "The explanation of the fearlessness of these birds is found in the fact that they are not familiar enough with the bird-stoning and killing propensities of human beings to keep at a

safe distance. They come from unknown homes in the Northern British forests, or perhaps far up in the unexplored regions of the Sierras, or from the Coast Range. No one has ever found their nesting place, and only one nest, and that apparently accidental, has ever been reported. They leave their summer feeding ground when severe winters drive them to the open country of Western Oregon and Washington, here to thrive upon abundant food they find in maple tree seeds, etc. The huge size of the bill indicates the use which birds make of them in cracking pine cones. They are the most beautiful winter bird in our section, and one of the most beautiful birds that we have at any time of the year. The evening grosbeak has no song proper while with us, but has such a musical conversational note that we long some day to come upon the quiet family in their summer homes; where, if their love song is one-half as sweet as the songs of the other grosbeaks, we know it must be sweet indeed." The bird of this region is called the *Western* evening grosbeak.

I have seen the evening grosbeak during two different seasons about our home at Oregon, Illinois. The first time, in the spring of 1903, when they remained about six weeks; and in May of that year, I heard that sweet song which Mr. Lord desired so to hear, suggesting, in measure, the cardinal grosbeak. Two or three years after that, when the snows were very deep all through the Mississippi Valley, the evening grosbeaks again visited Oregon, Illinois, and vicinity. One morning in January, when the snow

lay deepest, a young friend came in haste from "the Dr. Mix Home" to call me there to see a flock of these birds getting their breakfast on the hackberry trees that fringed the bank of Rock river and overhung the terraces and verandahs of that beautiful home. Every two or three days a great number of them came there to feed on the hackberries, till they had eaten them all up. How long after they stayed in the neighborhood I could not learn. Their lodging place was on an island below the Burlington Railway bridge, two or three miles farther down the river,—a sheltered region hemmed in by the river bluffs and screened by timber. It is likely they had come down from Manitoba, following the "food line" southward, which they do when the winters are severe in that part of the country. The evening grosbeak of the Mississippi Valley is brighter colored than the Western evening grosbeak, having not so much of the olive-yellow shade and old-gold of its Western confrere, but having the same white patch on the wings. "Bird-Lore" of November–December, 1911, has a fine colored plate of the evening grosbeaks.

About the time I was making frequent trips to watch the evening grosbeaks at Hood River, the "Portland Oregonian" contained a long illustrated article concerning the grosbeaks in general, and in which was the following, which is particularly interesting to us human creatures in these days of equal suffrage successes:—"The grosbeak family discipline is built upon equal suffrage lines. One day the father does all the marketing for the

family, while the mother sits near by, the next day the mother hunts the food and feeds the family while the father bird sings in the tree tops and preens his feathers, hunting up only one mouthful of food to every six or seven brought by the mother." Mr. W. L. Finley says, "I have watched a good many bird families, but I never saw the work divided as it is in the grosbeak family. I have watched at some nests where the young are cared for almost entirely by the mother and have seen others where those duties were taken up largely by the father. Many times I have seen both parents work side by side in rearing a family, but the grosbeaks seem to have a way of dividing duties equally, alternating days of rest and labor, that is particularly their own."

I followed the way of a street near the Columbia river, and somewhat paralleling it, and was interested in observing some hanging nests,—one on a cottonwood (the *Waucoma* of the Indian), one on an Oregon maple, and one swinging quite near a house on an oak. They were the nests of Bullock's oriole. To me they seemed smaller than those of our Baltimore oriole, not so evenly woven, nor so closed in at the top. However, they were "last year's nests," and had lost some of their shapeliness.

In "Birds of the United States and Canada," Nuttall, is the following paragraph in regard to the rough-winged swallow:—"We are indebted to Audubon for the discovery of this species so much allied to the preceding bank swallow, who first observed it near

Bayou Sara, and afterwards in South Carolina. Of its habits he says nothing; but it is rare, and he thinks its habitual residence may prove to be far westward,—perhaps the valleys of the Columbia." I believe it was my good fortune to see this bird in its nesting time. We had arrived in the Hood River Valley in the early spring of the winter previous to which I have been writing, and it was about the middle of May after our arrival that, as I sat in front of one of the large windows of the lobby of the Hotel Oregon, my attention was attracted by two birds along the eaves of the roof of the long, low, one-storied wooden building running out to the corner on the side of the street opposite. I at once knew them to be swallows, but I also knew that I had never seen their like before. I watched them carry very daintily, material for their nest, bits of grass, and some soft stuff, and disappeared entirely from sight. I marked the spot with my eye carefully, and went over many times and looked the eaves over well. The roof was covered heavily with the green moss common to old buildings in a rainy winter climate, some of which the birds used, where it was dry, for their nest. There was a break in the outer edge of one of the shingles just at the eaves, and there was a tiny round hole just beneath. Into this the birds went, and their nest was clear out of sight. After awhile I could see them take in food for their nestlings, but, somehow, to my regret, I missed them bringing their young out to fly away.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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In all the discussion pro and con in the case of the English sparrow, we do not often come across the argument that the species is an intruder. This fact is frequently brought home to us. There is a certain park where we frequently go to study birds,—a beautiful place; marsh and water, hillside and meadow, thicket and woods lie within a small area; an ideal place it is for bird life, and the forms assembled are as various as the surroundings. Here, of a beautiful morning, it is a pleasure to listen to the birds' joyous chorus and to see their active movements. As is often the case in city parks, the line of demarcation is sharp. How depressing it is after a morning's happy outing to return home, to exchange a varied chorus for the discordant bickering, squabbling notes of the house sparrow,—for the separation of the habitats of our native birds and the sparrow are nearly as distinct as that of park and residence districts.

Why should this be? Is it because the European House Sparrow has so completely monopolized urban localities as to drive out all other birds, or

is it because the cities are not attractive or fit surroundings for our native forms? The truth of the matter probably contains elements of both explanations. The sparrow is a very pugnacious, monopolistic sort of individual and his numbers are such as to enable him to crowd or drive out others. And yet birds as a whole are not unused to competition,—their whole existence is a struggle,—the survival of the fittest. So the conclusion is that our homes are not attractive homes for the birds also; a conclusion that is substantiated by a scrutiny of our residence sections. It is a sad reflection that as a nation we do not live on better terms with our feathered neighbors who as a whole are so ready to trust us if we will but be kind and considerate to them.

Game Preserves in Illinois

The following clipping is from a recent number of the "Mount Morris Index," published in Mount Morris, Ogle County, Illinois:

"Official announcement of the selection of Col. Frank O. Lowden's entire farm in Nashua township for a game preserve has been made by the State Fish and Game Commission. The farm will be stocked with ringnecked pheasants, quail, prairie chickens and other game birds, and no one, even the owner of the land, will be permitted to hunt the game within the confines of the preserve. All rabbits, squirrels and game which are within the preserve are also protected by the law. The purpose of the game preserve is to protect the birds, permitting them to thrive, and in a few years, it is

(Continued on page 46)

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters to this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give name, age and address of the writer and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois writers sending to Miss Mary A. Hardman, Academy of Sciences, Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin writers to Mr. Roland E. Kremers, Madison, Wis. To each writer whose letter is published will be sent an illustrated leaflet on some bird. For the best letter each month we will send a second leaflet. Preference will be given to letters about the bird study for the month and to original observations.

Any Wisconsin society may, by paying the express, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books by applying to Mr. Kremers.

Wisconsin parties should apply to the University Extension Division, Madison, for colored bird slides. Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Miss Bunnel, Academy of Sciences, Chicago.

A Key to the Orders of Birds

(Continued from December)

Group II. Marsh Birds or "Waders,"

Chiefly medium to large sized birds whose legs are generally long in proportion to the size of their bodies.

a. Order *Herodiones*. Herons and Bitterns.

Large birds (except the least bittern) that have the habit of standing motionless until their prey, frogs and fishes approach and then "spearing" them.

b. Order *Paludicolae*. Rails and Coots. Chiefly medium sized birds that skulk in the rushes being more often heard than seen.

N. B. The coot forms an exception to the statement that this group of birds are marsh inhabiting. It often swims about in flocks or singly like

the ducks, but is also often met with, like its relatives, skulking in the marshes.

c. Order *Limicolae*. Sandpipers and Plovers. Medium or smaller sized birds that are often light colored on under parts. They inhabit the shores, mud flats, and sand bars of rivers and lakes or ponds. They are characterized by their nimbleness and skill of flight.

Group III. Land Birds.

This group comprises by far the largest number of all our birds.

a. Ground birds. Order *Gallinae*. Chicken-like birds.

b. Arboreal birds. Order *Pici*. Woodpeckers. Type Red-headed woodpecker.

c. Aerial birds. Order *Macrochires*. Swift, Hummingbird, and the Night-hawk family.

d. Birds of Prey. Order *Raptores*. Hawks and Owls.

e. Perching birds. Order *Passeres*. This order occupies most diversified habitats, the individuals are chiefly medium sized, while some are most diminutive, rivaling the hummingbird. Ex.: The blackbird, finch, swallow, warbler and thrush families.

Note: The two cuckoos and the kingfisher occurring in these regions are not classified among the above orders because it will be easier to learn the individuals from pictures and descriptions than to trace their classification through a so large and diversified group of birds as the five above orders.

Subdivisions in the Order Passerss

I. Birds of Prey:

Shrikes.

II. Aerial:

Swallows—characterized by bluish upper parts, except the bank swallows.

III. Field and Orchard:

1. Blackbirds, — Various colored, bill tapering, family includes blackbirds, meadow-lark and the orioles.

2. Finches and sparrows, bill usually short and conical, well suited to crack seeds. Color pattern often streaked.

3. Flycatchers, a family of plainly colored birds (gray and white usually) which have the habit of perching, and then making short flights after a passing insect. Examples—Pewee, kingbird.

4. Wrens and Thrashers. diverse as to size, but usually have brown as the predominant color (except catbird) usually prefer tangles and underbrush.

IV. Woodland:

1. Warblers, small restless, usually brightly colored birds. The great number are known as migrants only, appearing for a few days at a time, but often in large flocks. Maryland yellow throat and some other forms are not typically found in the woodlands.

2. Vireos, generally inconspicuously colored, not nearly as active as the preceding, and larger.

3. Kinglets, Diminutive, “greenish” birds which derive their name from the presence of a colored crown area in the male.

4. Nuthatches, General color slate gray above and white below. They secure their food by crawling over trunks and branches, head up or head

down—it makes no difference, in search of insects and insect eggs.

5. Thrushes: Medium sized; back usually some shade of brown (except bluebird). Breast always spotted at some age or other.

Note: Birds not classified—Crow, Jay, Horned Lark, Creeper, Chickadee, Tanager, Waxwing.

(Continued from page 44)

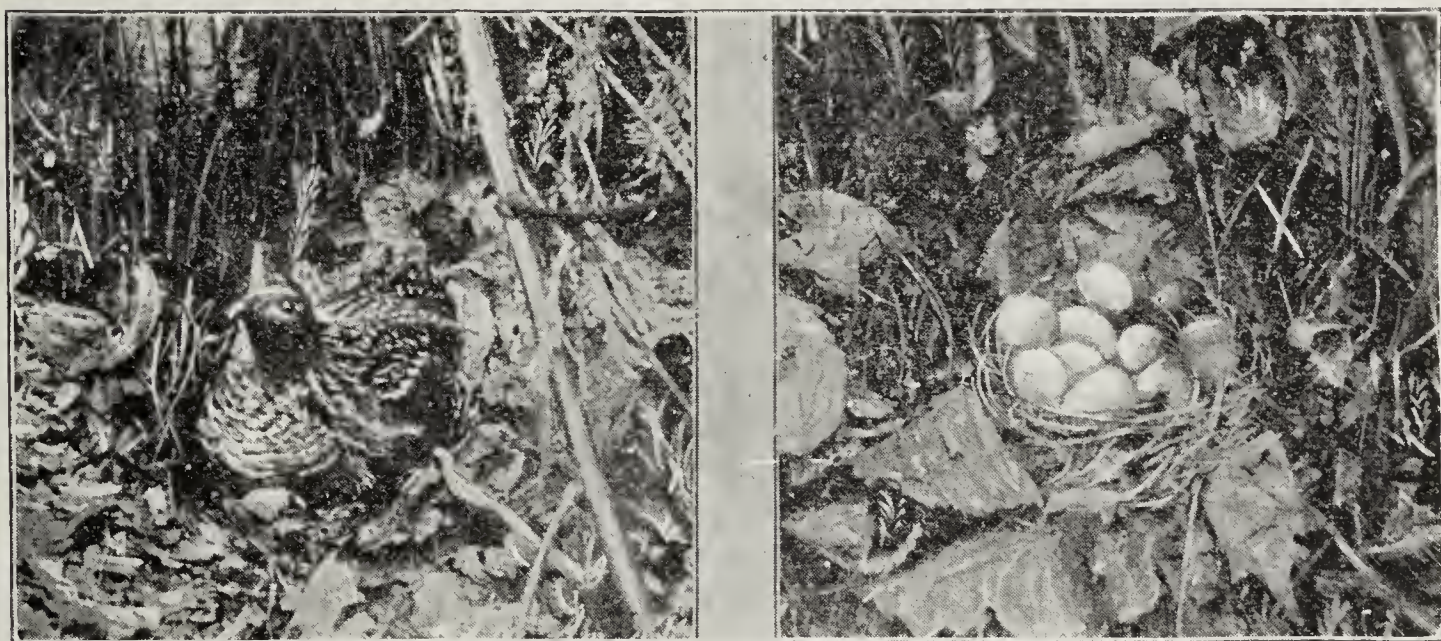
believed there will be plenty of good hunting. A certain tract will be set aside in each county of the state and heavy penalties will be imposed upon those who violate the law.”

Sinnissippi Farm is the name of the farm alluded to in the clipping. It is the property of Colonel and Mrs. F. O. Lowden, who make their home at one of the most beautiful parts of the estate. Sinnissippi Farm includes about six thousand acres, lying for over five miles along the east bank of the Rock River, in Ogle County, Illinois, and is a pretty well-wooded tract. In addition to the native trees and shrubs, the owners have taken great pains and thought in setting out a great variety of shrubs, plants and trees, among them many young evergreens, thus affording the most attractive home for the wild creatures that love to stay there, as well as an ideal place of shelter. The last two seasons eggs of the English pheasant have been obtained from the Illinois State Game Warden, and the place is the domicile of these graceful birds, who find large pans of galvanized iron filled with shelled corn by one of the attendants and set at vari-

ous sheltered spots near the clumps of young evergreens. Early in the month of this last December, I saw a brilliant Kentucky cardinal hopping upon the lower branches of a young white pine near one of these pans. Last winter a member of Colonel Lowden's family regularly fed a pair of these cardinal birds on the ledge of a window in her sleeping room; and it would seem as if they have become resident in this locality, as another pair of them have been seen at different times this winter several miles north of Sinnissippi

Farm. This tract is set aside without any charge by the owners, but the State Game Warden, Mr. Dittmar, will pay from one cent to twenty per acre for tracts suitable for game preserves. Now, would it not be fine if these game preserves could be kept from hunters indefinitely. The State of Oregon has an excellent system of game preserves, under the efficient care of the State Game Warden, Mr. Finley, and the owner signs a strictly binding form of printed contract, to hold the matter.

Rebecca H. Kauffman.





Suggestions for the Use of the Key

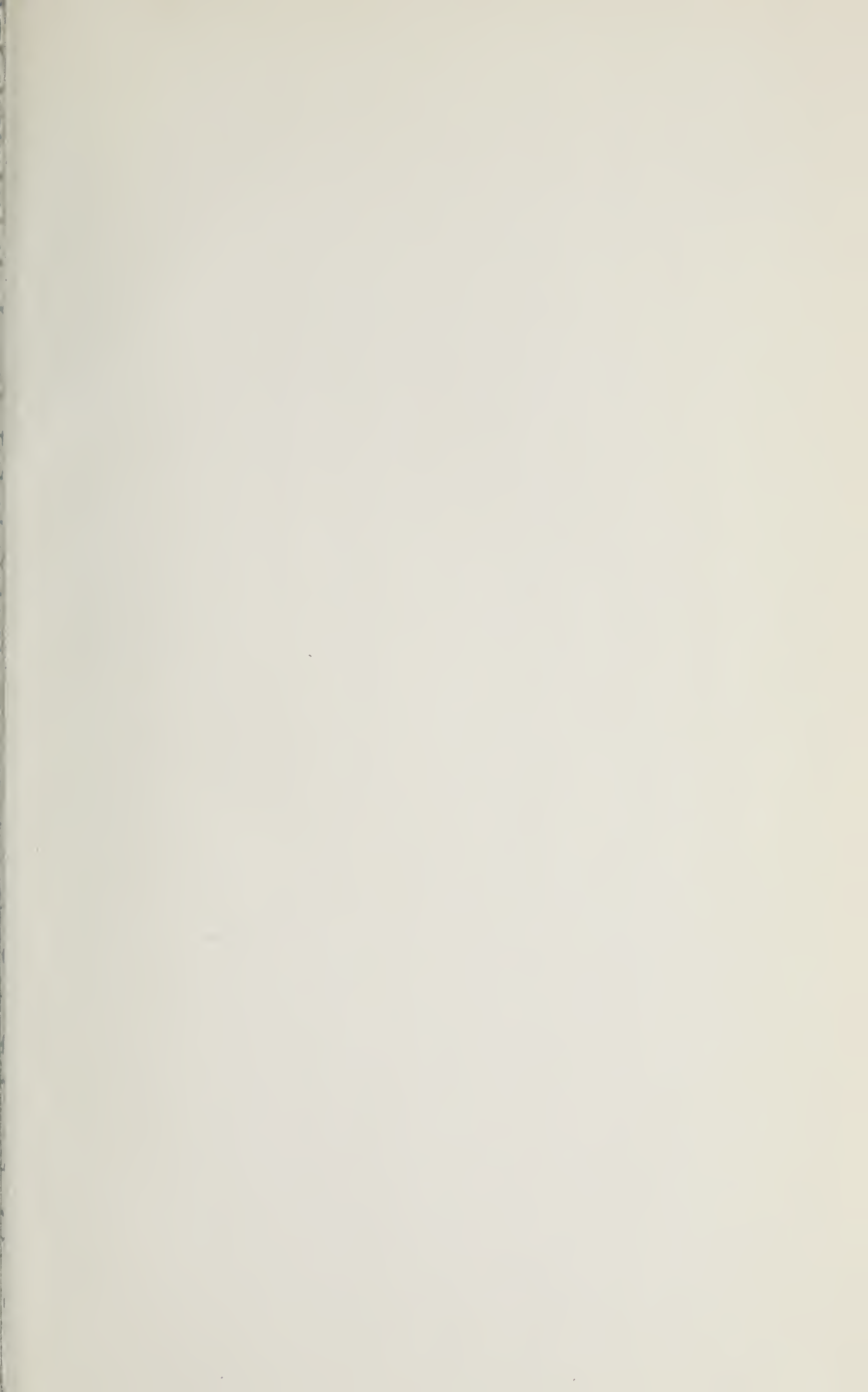
In previous issues we have published an attempt to classify birds on characters not concerned with minute anatomy. This classification presented no new arrangements, but rather used a different basis than most keys do. The motive of this attempt was not to render systematic bird study more rigid, for it does not do this, but rather to place in the hands of the beginner who desires to use field glasses and reference books a different method of attack.

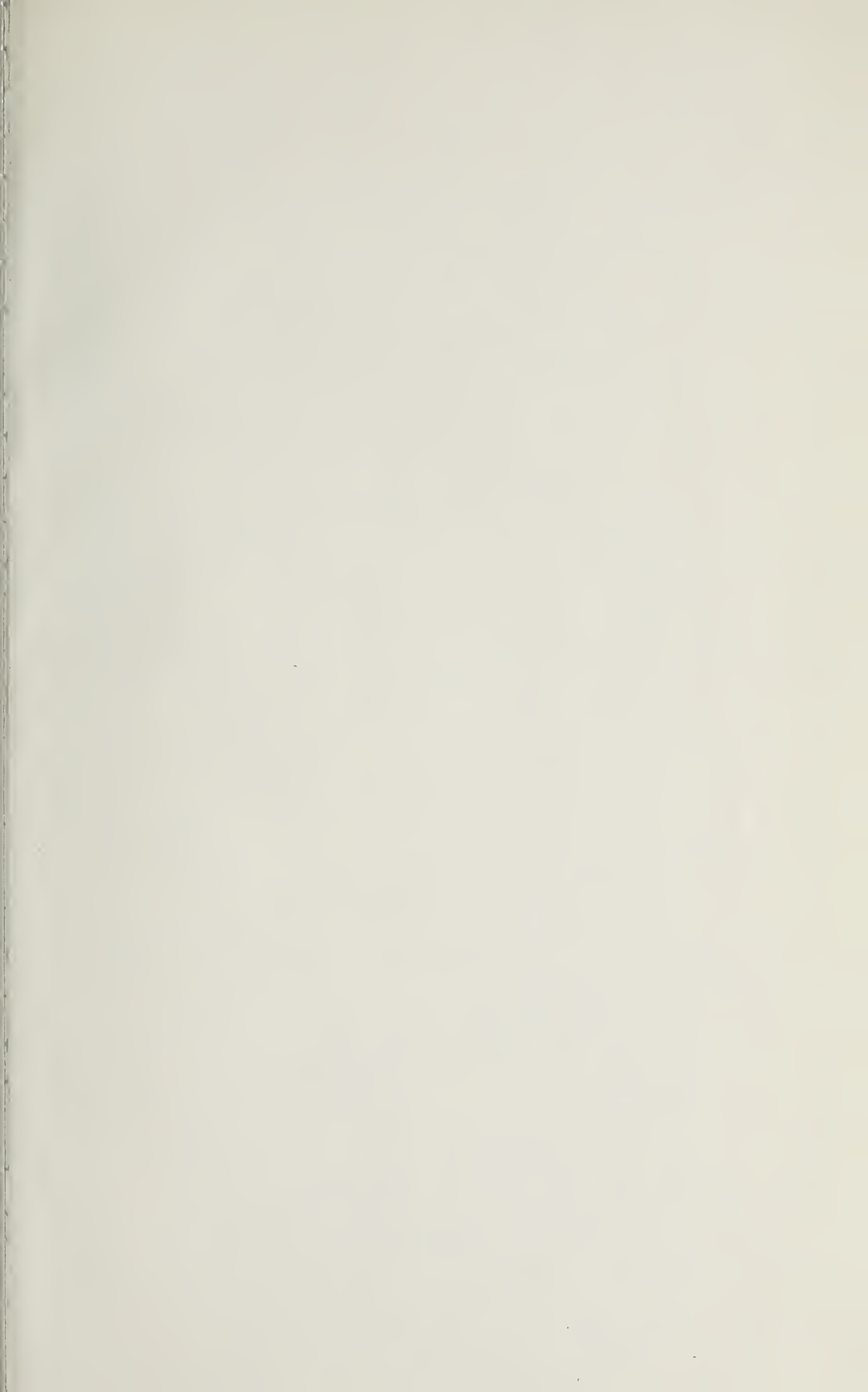
It was previously pointed out that a bird's habits fit it for a certain habitat and that the habitat wherein a given bird may be seen may be used as a means of identifying the species in question. Thus for example, if you see a bird swimming on a lake, you may guess with fair assurance that it belongs under group one or one of the named exceptions. However, you may chance to see a marsh wren skulking in the rushes and you would try in vain if you sought to identify it among the three orders grouped as "waders." Then you will object that the key is no good for here is a bird which surely dwells in a marsh, yet does not come under the list of marsh loving birds! The point is this, in calling the marsh wren a marsh loving bird you have done Dame Nature violence, for she never intended originally that master marsh wren should live amongst the rushes. We can see no reason why he could not live just as well in any other thicket, and as a matter of fact we do find him in wavy hay fields where you can walk safely even though the ground be moist and springy. But there are birds, the bittern for example, which would look out of place anywhere except in a marsh. Their long legs enable him to wade across the pools with ease but they would enable

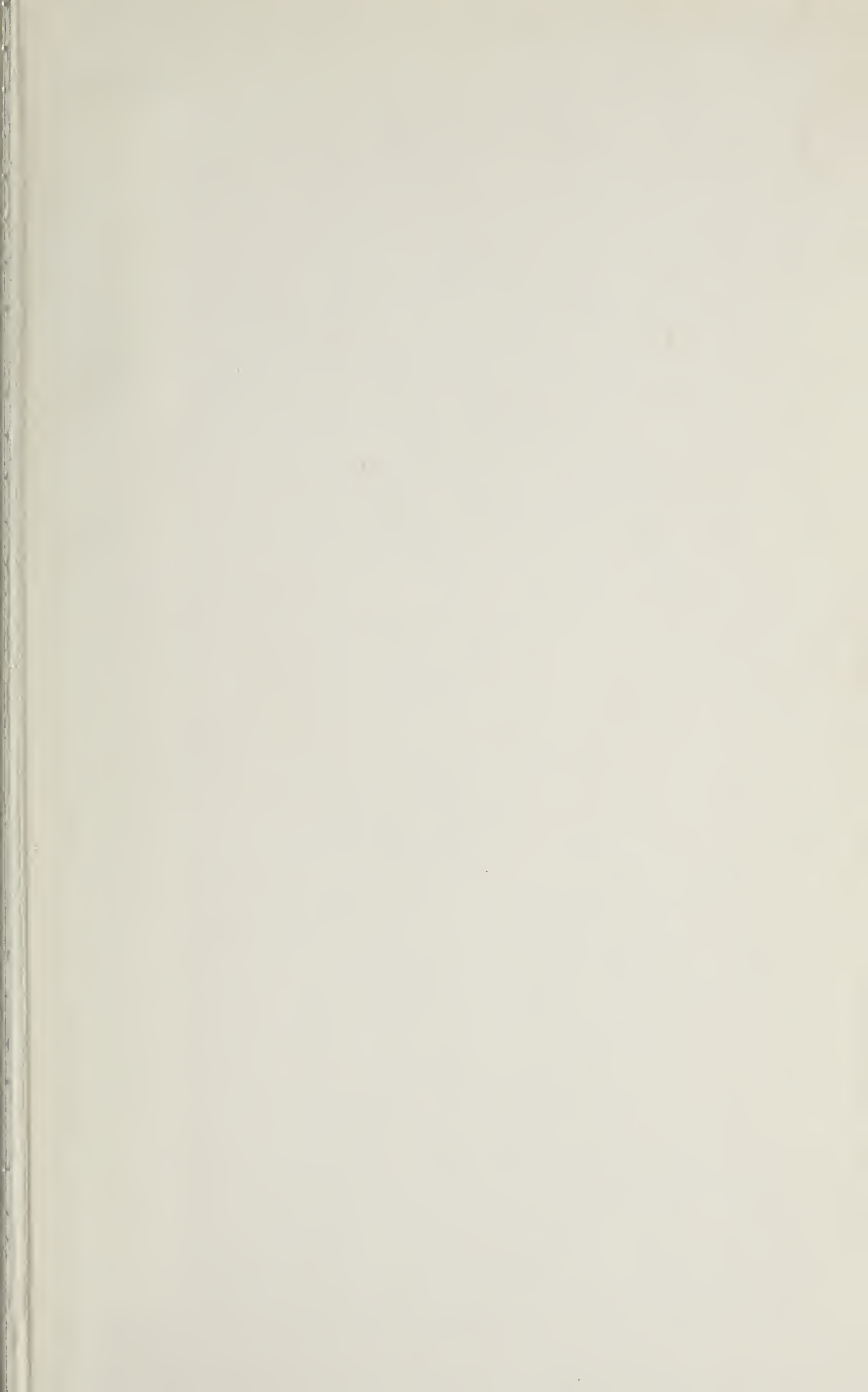
him neither to swim nor to slink deftly through a bramble thicket. So in using the key, be careful to first see that the bird is built as it were to fit into the habitat to which you assign him. This may seem to be setting you a considerable task, but a few trials and a little thought ought to clear your understanding of the matter.

Another method that we have used in this key may be called the theory of types. That is to say, we have selected a given bird and have grouped all similar kinds together. We have mentioned individuals and have let them stand for groups. So the student when he has become acquainted with a new species, should on meeting still a different species resembling the first, associate the two as possibly belonging to the same group but as being two representatives thereof. Thus when a beginner has learned to know the difference between a hawk and an owl in their haunts, should be able to tell by comparing mental pictures to which group may belong the next bird of prey he chances to see. This principle sounds ridiculously simple; it is by no means so and is often of the greatest aid to the observer afield who does not care "to shoot every strange bird on sight." A very good way to acquire this sense of the appearances of birds as species, families and orders is to look at pictures, noting the salient characters of individual or group according as one desires to use the information. Carry a mental picture, it is often the quickest way of identification.

In conclusion we want to urge that this scheme of learning groups and habitats is no quick and easy road to a knowledge of systematic ornithology. It is put forward in the hopes that it may direct some beginner's efforts which might otherwise be desultory and unavailing.







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